THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

MARCH 14, 1914 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

The Street of Seven Stars—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PAIGE

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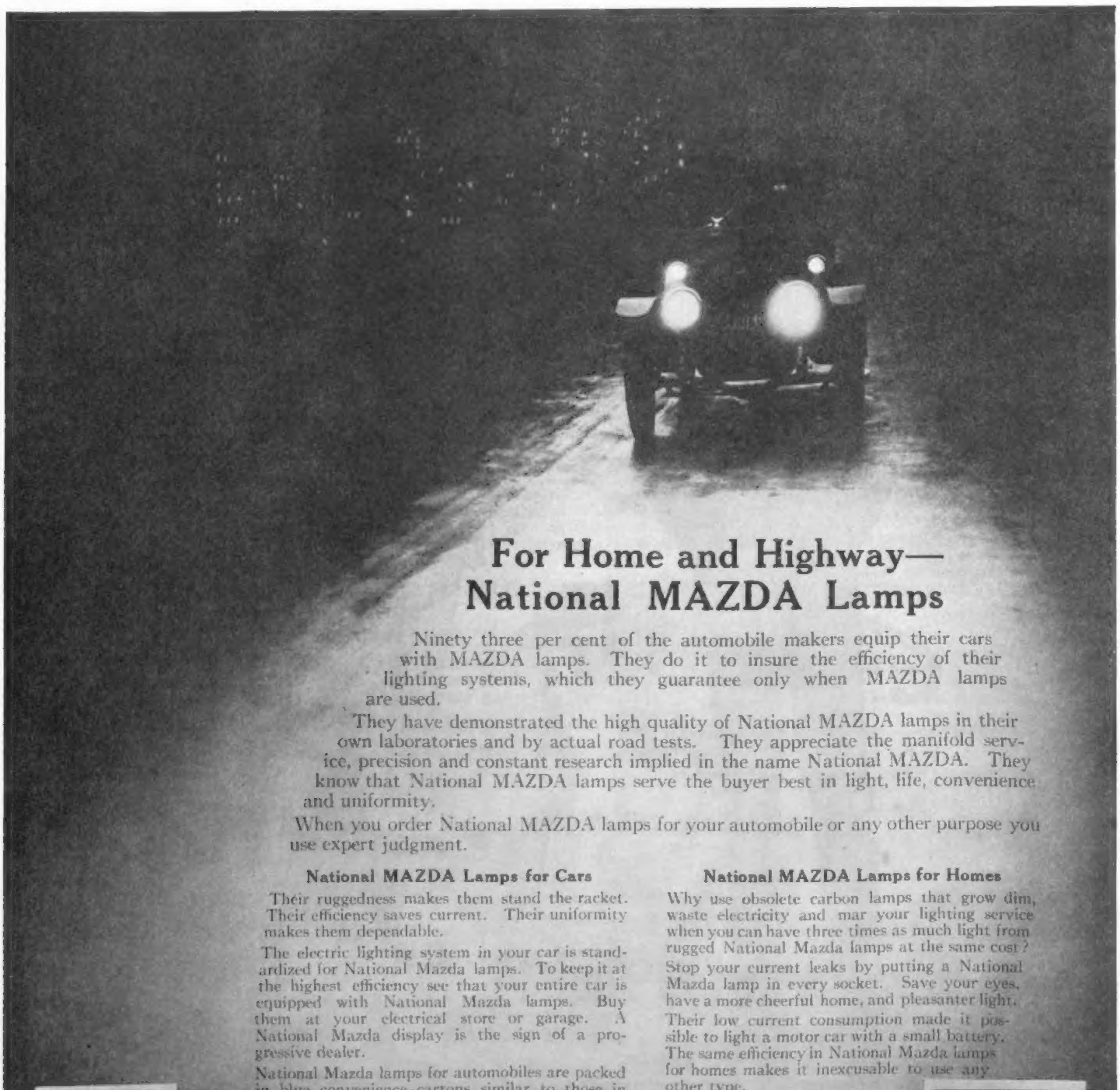

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THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Without a Word the Big Soprano Inspected the Dusty Floor Beneath Her Bed

THE old stucco house sat back in a garden, or what must once have been a garden, when that part of the Austrian city had been a royal game preserve. Tradition had it that the Empress Maria Theresa had used the building as a hunting lodge, and undoubtedly there was something royal in the proportions of the salon. With all the candles lighted in the great glass chandelier, and no sidelights, so that the broken paneling was mercifully obscured by gloom, it was easy to believe that the great empress herself had sat in one of the tall old chairs and listened to anecdotes of questionable character; even, if tradition may be believed, related not a few herself.

The chandelier was not lighted on this rainy November night. Outside in the garden the trees creaked and bent before the wind, and the heavy barred gate, left open by the last comer, a piano student named Scatchett and dubbed "Scatch"—the gate slammed to and fro monotonously, giving now and then just enough pause for a hope that it had latched itself, a hope that was always destroyed by the next gust.

One candle burned in the salon. Originally lighted for the purpose of enabling Miss Scatchett to locate the score of a Tschaikowsky concerto, it had been moved to the small centertable, and had served to give light if not festivity to the afternoon coffee and cakes. It still burned, a gnarled and stubby fragment, in its china holder; round it the disorder of the recent refreshment, three empty cups, a half of a small cake, a crumpled napkin or two—there were never enough to go round—and on the floor the score of the concerto, clearly abandoned for the things of the flesh.

The room was cold. The long casement windows creaked in time with the slamming of the gate and the candle flickered in response to a draft under the doors. The concerto flapped and slid along the uneven old floor. At the sound a girl in a black dress, who had been huddled near the tile stove, rose impatiently and picked it up. There was no impatience, however, in the way she handled the loose sheets. She put them together carefully, almost tenderly, and placed them on the top of the grand piano, anchoring them against the draft with a china dog from the stand.

The room was very bare—a long mirror between two of the windows, half a dozen chairs, a stand or two, and in a corner the grand piano. There were no rugs—the bare floor stretched bleakly into dim corners and was lost. The crystal pendants of the great chandelier looked like stalactites in a cave. The girl touched the piano keys; they were ice under her fingers.

In a sort of desperation she drew a chair underneath the chandelier, and armed with a handful of matches proceeded to the unheard-of extravagance of lighting it, not here and there, but throughout as high as she could reach, standing perilously on her tiptoes on the chair.

The resulting illumination revealed a number of things: It showed that the girl was young and comely and that she had been crying; it revealed the fact that the coal pail was empty and the stove almost so; it let the initiated into the secret that the blackish fluid in the cups had been made with coffee extract that had been made of Heaven knows what; and it revealed in the cavernous corner near the door a number of trunks. The girl, having lighted all the candles, stood on the chair and looked at the trunks. She was very young, very tragic, very feminine. A door slammed down the hall and she stopped crying instantly. Diving into one of those receptacles that are a part of the mystery of the sex, she rubbed a chamois skin over her nose and her reddened eyelids.

The situation was a difficult one, but hardly, except to Harmony Wells, a tragedy. Few of us are so constructed that the Suite "Arlesienne" will serve as a luncheon, or a faulty fingering of the Waldweben from Siegfried will keep us awake at night. Harmony had lain awake more than once over some crime against her namesake, had paid penances of early rising and two hours of scales before breakfast, working with stiffened fingers in her cold little room where there was no room for a stove, and sitting on the edge of the bed in a faded kimono where once pink butterflies sported in a once blue-silk garden. Then coffee, rolls and honey, and back again to work, with little Scatchett at the piano in the salon beyond the partition, wearing a sweater and fingerless gloves and holding a hot-water bottle on her knees. Three rooms beyond, down the stone hall, the Big Soprano, doing Madama Butterfly in bad German, helped to make an encircling wall of sound in the center of which one might practice peacefully.

Only the *portier* objected. Morning after morning, crawling out at dawn from under his feather-bed in the lodge below, he opened his door and listened to Harmony doing penance above; and morning after morning he shook his fist up the stone staircase.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" he would say to his wife, fumbling with the knot of his mustache bandage, "what a people, these Americans! So much noise and no music!"

"And mad!" grumbled his wife. "All the day coal, coal to heat; and at night the windows open! Karl the milkboy has seen it."

And now the little colony was breaking up. The Big Soprano was going back to her church, grand opera having found no place for her. Scatch was returning to be married, her heart full indeed of music, but her head much occupied with the trousseau in her trunks. The Harmar sisters had gone two weeks before, their funds having given out. Indeed funds were very low with all of them. The "*Bitte zum speisen*" of the little German maid often called them to nothing more opulent than a stew of beef and carrots.

Not that all had been sordid. The butter had gone for opera tickets, and never was butter better spent. And there had been gala days—a fruitcake from Harmony's mother, a venison steak at Christmas, and once or twice on birthdays real American ice cream at a fabulous price and worth it. Harmony had bought a suit, too, a marvel of tailoring and cheapness, and a willow plume that would have cost treble its price in New York. Oh, yes, gala days, indeed, to offset the butter and the rainy winter and the faltering technic and the anxiety about money. For that they all had always, the old tragedy of the American music student abroad—the expensive lessons, the delays in getting to the Master himself, the contention against German greed or Austrian whim. And always back in one's mind the home people, to whom one dares not confess that after nine months of waiting, or a year, one has seen the Master once or not at all.

Or—and one of the Harmar girls had carried back this scar in her soul—to go back, rejected, as one of the unfit, on whom even the undermasters refuse to waste time. That has been, and often. Harmony stood on her chair and looked at the trunks. The Big Soprano was calling down the hall.

"Scatch," she was shouting briskly, "where is my hairbrush?"

A wail from Scatch from behind a closed door.

"I packed it, Heaven knows where! Do you need it really? Haven't you got a comb?"

"As soon as I get something on I'm coming to shake you. Half the teeth are out of my comb. I don't believe you packed it. Look under the bed."

Silence for a moment, while Scatch obeyed for the next moment.

"Here it is," she called joyously. "And here are Harmony's bedroom slippers. Oh, Harry, I found your slippers!"

The girl got down off the chair and went to the door.

"Thanks, dear," she said. "I'm coming in a minute."

She went to the mirror, which had reflected the Empress Maria Theresa, and looked at her eyes. They were still red. Perhaps if she opened the window the air would brighten them.

Armed with the brush, little Scatchett hurried to the Big Soprano's room. She flung the brush on the bed and closed the door. She held her shabby wrapper about her and listened just inside the door. There were no footsteps, only the banging of the gate in the wind. She turned to the Big Soprano, heating a curling iron in the flame of a candle, and held out her hand.

"Look!" she said. "Under my bed! Ten kronen!"

Without a word the Big Soprano put down her curling iron, and ponderously getting down on her knees, candle in hand, inspected the dusty floor beneath her bed. It revealed nothing but a cigarette, on which she pounced. Still squatting, she lighted the cigarette in the candle flame and sat solemnly puffing it.

"The first for a week," she said. "Pull out the wardrobe, Scatch; there may be another relic of my prosperous days."

But little Scatchett was not interested in Austrian cigarettes with a government monopoly and gilt tips. She was looking at the ten-kronen piece.

"Where is the other?" she asked in a whisper.

"In my powder-box."

Little Scatchett lifted the china lid and dropped in the tiny gold-piece.

"Every little bit," she said flippantly, but still in a whisper, "added to what she's got, makes just a little bit more."

"Have you thought of a place to leave it for her? If Rosa finds it it's good-by. Heaven knows it was hard enough to get together, without losing it now. I'll have to jump overboard and swim ashore at New York—I haven't even a dollar for tips."

"New York!" said little Scatchett with her eyes glowing. "If Henry meets me I know he will ——"

"Tut!" The Big Soprano got up cumbrously and stood looking down. "You and your Henry! Scatchy child, has it occurred to your maudlin young mind that money isn't the only thing Harmony is going to need? She's going to be alone—and this is a bad town to be alone in. And she is not like us. You have your Henry. I'm a beefy person who has a stomach, and I'm thankful for it. But she is different—she's got the thing that you are as well without, the thing that my lack of is sending me back to fight in a church choir instead of grand opera."

Little Scatchett was rather puzzled.

"Temperament?" she asked. It had always been accepted in the little colony that Harmony was a real musician, a star in their lesser firmament.

The Big Soprano sniffed.

"If you like," she said. "Soul is a better word. Only the rich ought to have souls, Scatchy dear."

This was over the younger girl's head, and anyhow Harmony was coming down the hall.

"I thought, under her pillow," she whispered. "She'll find it ——"

Harmony came in, to find the Big Soprano heating a curler in the flame of a candle.

II

HARMONY found the little hoard under her pillow that night when, having seen Scatch and the Big Soprano off at the station, she had come back alone to the apartment on the Siebensternstrasse. The trunks were gone now. Only the concerto score still lay on the piano, where little Scatchett, mentally on the dock at New York with Henry's arms about her, had forgotten it. The candles in the great chandelier had died in tears of paraffin that spattered the floor beneath. One or two of the sockets were still smoking, and the sharp odor of burning wick-ends filled the room.

Harmony had come through the garden quickly. She had had an uneasy sense of being followed, and the garden, with its groaning trees and slamming gate and the great dark house in the background, was a forbidding place at best. She had rung the bell and had stood, her back against the door, eyes and ears strained in the darkness. She had fancied that a figure had stopped outside the gate and stood looking in, but the next moment the gate had swung to and the *portier* was fumbling at the lock behind her.

The *portier* had put on his trousers over his night garments, and his mustache bandage gave him a sinister expression, rather augmented when he smiled at her. The *portier* liked Harmony in spite of the early morning practicing; she looked like a singer at the opera for whom he cherished a hidden attachment. The singer had never seen him, but it was for her he wore the mustache bandage. Perhaps some day—hopefully! One must be ready!

The *portier* gave Harmony a tiny candle and Harmony held out his tip, the five hellers of custom. But the *portier* was keen, and Rosa was a niece of his wife and talked more than she should. He refused the tip with a gesture.

"*Bitte, Fräulein!*" he said through the bandage. "It is for me a pleasure to admit you. And perhaps if the *Fräulein* is cold, a basin of soup."

"*We Want You to Have This. It Isn't Much, But it May Help*"

The *portier* was not pleasant to the eye. His nightshirt was open over his hairy chest and his feet were bare to the stone floor. But to Harmony that lonely night he was beautiful. She tried to speak and could not, but she held out her hand in impulsive gratitude, and the *portier* in his best manner bent over and kissed it. As she reached the curve of the stone staircase, carrying her tiny candle, the *portier* was following her with his eyes. She was very like the girl of the opera.

The clang of the door below and the rattle of the chain were comforting to Harmony's ears. From the safety of the darkened salon she peered out into the garden again, but no skulking figure detached itself from the shadows, and the gate remained, for a marvel, closed.

It was when—having picked up her violin in a very passion of loneliness, only to put it down when she found that the familiar sounds echoed and reëchoed sadly through the silent rooms—It was when she was ready for bed that she found the money under her pillow, and a scrawl from Scatchy, a breathless, apologetic scrawl, little Scatchett having adored her from afar, as the plain adore the beautiful, the mediocre the gifted:

Dearest Harry [here a large blot, Scatchy being addicted to blots]: I am honestly frightened when I think what we are doing. But, oh, my dear, if you could know how pleased we are with ourselves you'd not deny us this pleasure. Harry, you have it—the real thing, you know, whatever it is—and I haven't. None of the rest of us had. And you must stay. To go now, just when lessons would mean everything—well, you must not think of it. We have scads to take us home, more than we need, both of us, or at least—well, I'm lying, and you know it. But we have enough, by being careful, and we want you to have this. It isn't much, but it may help. Ten kronen of it I found tonight under my bed, and it may be yours anyhow.

Sadie [Sadie was the Big Soprano] keeps saying awful things about our leaving you here, and she has rather terrified me. You are so beautiful, Harry—although you never let us tell you so. And Sadie says you have a soul and I haven't, and that souls are deadly things to have. I feel tonight that in urging you to stay I am taking the burden of your soul on me! Do be careful, Harry. If any one you do not know speaks to you call a policeman. And be sure you get into a respectable *pension*. There are queer ones.

Sadie and I think that if you can get along on what you get from home—you said your mother would get insurance, didn't you?—and will keep this as a sort of fund to take you home if anything should go wrong—— But perhaps we are needlessly worried. In any case, of course it's a loan, and you can preserve that magnificent independence of yours by sending it back when you get to work to make your fortune. And if you are doubtful at all, just remember that hopeful little mother of yours who sent you over to get what she had never been able to have for herself, and who planned this for you from the time you were a kiddy and she named you Harmony.

I'm not saying good-by. I can't. SCATCH.

That night, while the *portier* and his wife slept under their crimson featherbeds and the crystals of the chandelier in the salon shook in the draft as if the old Austrian court still danced beneath, Harmony fought her battle. And a battle it was. Scatchy and the Big Soprano had not known everything. There had been no insurance on her father's life; the little mother was penniless. A married sister would care for her, but what then? Harmony had enough remaining of her letter-of-credit to take her home, and she had—the hoard under the pillow. To go back and teach the violin; or to stay and finish under the Master, be presented, as he had promised her, at a special concert in Vienna, with all the prestige at home that that would mean, and its resulting possibility of fame and fortune—which?

She decided to stay. There might be a concert or so, and she could teach English. The Viennese were crazy about English. Some of the stores advertised "English Spoken." That would be something to fall back on, a clerkship during the day.

Toward dawn she discovered that she was very cold, and she went into the Big Soprano's deserted and disordered room. The tile stove was warm and comfortable, but on the toilet table there lay a disreputable comb with most of the teeth gone. Harmony kissed this unromantic object! Which reveals the fact that, genius or not, she was only a young and rather frightened girl, and that every atom of her ached with loneliness.

She did not sleep at all, but sat curled up on the bed with her feet under her and thought things out. At dawn the *portier*, crawling out into the cold from under his feathers, opened the door into the hall and listened. She was playing, not practicing, and the music was the barcarolle from the Tales of Hoffmann. Standing in the doorway in his night attire, his chest open to the frigid morning air, his face upraised to the floor above, he hummed the melody in a throaty tenor.

When the music had died away he went in and closed the door sheepishly. His wife stood over the stove, a stick of firewood in her hand. She eyed him.

"So! It is the American *Fräulein* now!"

"I did but hum a little. She drags out my heart with her music." He fumbled with his mustache bandage, which was knotted behind, keeping one eye on his wife, whose morning pleasure it was to untie it for him.

"She leaves today," she announced, ignoring the knot.

"Why? She is alone. Rosa says ——"

"She leaves today!"

The knot was hopeless now, double-tied and pulled to smooth compactness. The *portier* jerked at it.

"No *Fräulein* stays here alone. It is not respectable. And what saw I last night, after she entered and you stood moon-gazing up the stair after her! A man in the gateway!"

The *portier* was angry. He snarled something through the bandage, which had slipped down over his mouth, and picked up a great knife.

"She will stay if she so desire," he muttered furiously, and raising the knife he cut the knotted string. His mustache, faintly gray and sweetly up-curled, stood revealed.

"She will stay!" he repeated. "And when you see men at the gate, let me know. She is an angel!"

"And she looks like the angel at the opera, *hein?*"

This was a crushing blow. The *portier* wilted. Such things come from telling one's cousin, who keeps a brush-shop, what is in one's heart. Yesterday his wife had needed a brush, and today —— *Himmel*, the girl must go!

Harmony knew also that she must go. The apartment was large and expensive; Rosa ate much and wasted more. She must find somewhere a tiny room with board, a humble little room but with a stove. It is folly to practice with stiffened fingers. A room where her playing would not annoy people, that was important.

She paid Rosa off that morning out of money left for that purpose. Rosa wept. She said she would stay with the *Fräulein* for her keep, because it was not the custom for young ladies to be alone in the city—young girls of the people, of course; but beautiful young ladies, no!

Harmony gave her an extra kronen or two out of sheer gratitude, but she could not keep her. And at noon, having packed her trunk, she went down to interview the *portier* and his wife, who were agents under the owner for the old house.

The *portier*, entirely subdued, was sweeping out the hallway. He looked past the girl, not at her, and observed impassively that the lease was up and it was her privilege to go. In the daylight she was not so like the angel, and after all she could only play the violin. The angel had a voice, such a voice! And besides, there was an eye at the crack of the door.

The bit of cheer of the night before was gone; it was with a heavy heart that Harmony started on her quest for cheaper quarters.

Winter, which had threatened for a month, had come at last. The cobblestones glittered with ice and the small puddles in the gutters were frozen. Across the street a spotted deer, shot in the mountains the day before and hanging from a hook before a wild game shop, was frozen quite stiff. It was a pretty creature. The girl turned her eyes away. A young man, buying cheese and tinned fish in the shop, watched after her.

"That's an American girl, isn't it?" he asked in American-German.

The shopkeeper was voluble. Also Rosa had bought much from him, and Rosa talked. When the American left the shop he knew everything of Harmony that Rosa knew except her name. Rosa called her "The Beautiful One." Also he was short one krone four hellers in his change, which is readily done when a customer is plainly thinking of a "beautiful one."

Harmony searched all day for the little room with board and a stove and no objection to practicing. There were plenty—but the rates! The willow plume looked prosperous, and she had a way of making the plainest garments appear costly. Landladies looked at the plume and the suit and heard the soft swish of silk beneath, which marks only self-respect in the American woman but is extravagance in Europe, and added to their regular terms until poor Harmony's heart almost stood still. And then at last toward evening she happened on a gloomy little *pension* near the corner of the Alserstrasse, and it being dark and the plume not showing, and the landlady missing the rustle owing to cotton in her ears for earache, Harmony found terms that she could meet for a time.

A mean little room enough, but with a stove. The bed sagged in the center, and the toilet table had a mirror that made one eye appear higher than the other and twisted one's nose. But there was an odor of stewing cabbage in the air. Also, alas, there was the odor of many previous stewed cabbages, and of dusty carpets and stale tobacco. Harmony had had no lunch; she turned rather faint.

She arranged to come at once, and got out into the comparative purity of the staircase atmosphere and felt her way down. She reeled once or twice. At the bottom of the dark stairs she stood for a moment with her eyes closed, to the dismay of a young man who had just come in with a cheese and some tinned fish under his arm.

He put down his packages on the stone floor and caught her arm.

"Not ill, are you?" he asked in English, and then remembering. "*Bist du krank?*" He colored violently at that, recalling too late the familiarity of the *du*.

Harmony smiled faintly.

"Only tired," she said in English. "And the odor of cabbage ——"

Her color had come back and she freed herself from his supporting hand. He whistled softly. He had recognized her.

"Cabbage, of course!" he said. "The *pension* upstairs is full of it. I live there, and I've eaten so much of it I could be served up with pork."

"I am going to live there. Is it as bad as that?"

He waved a hand toward the parcels on the floor.

"So bad," he observed, "that I keep body and soul together by buying strong and odorous food at the delicatessens—odorous, because only rugged flavors rise above the atmosphere up there. Cheese is the only thing that really knocks out the cabbage, and once or twice even cheese has retired defeated."

"But I don't like cheese." In sheer relief from the loneliness of the day her spirits were rising.

"Then coffee! But not there. Coffee at the coffee house on the corner. I say ——" He hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Would you—don't you think a cup of coffee would set you up a bit!"

"It sounds attractive," uncertainly.

"Coffee with whipped cream and some little cakes?"

Harmony hesitated. In the gloom of the hall she could hardly see this brisk young American—young, she knew by his voice, tall by his silhouette, strong by the way he had caught her. She could not see his face, but she liked his voice.

"Do you mean—with you?"

"I'm a doctor. I am going to fill my own prescription."

That sounded reassuring. Doctors were not as other men; they were legitimate friends in need.

"I am sure it is not proper, but ——"

"Proper! Of course it is. I shall send you a bill for professional services. Besides, won't we be formally introduced tonight by the landlady? Come now—to the coffee house and the Paris edition of the Herald!" But the next moment he paused and ran his hand over his chin. "I'm pretty disreputable," he explained. "I have been in a clinic all day, and, hang it all, I'm not shaved."

"What difference does that make?"

"My dear young lady," he explained gravely, picking up the cheese and the tinned fish, "it makes a difference in me that I wish you to realize before you see me in a strong light."

He rapped at the *portier's* door, with the intention of leaving his parcels there, but receiving no reply tucked them under his arm. A moment later Harmony was in the open air, rather dazed, a bit excited, and lovely with the color the adventure brought into her face. Her companion walked beside her, tall, slightly stooped. She essayed a fugitive little side-glance up at him, and meeting his eyes hastily averted hers.

They passed a policeman, and suddenly there flashed into the girl's mind little Scatchett's letter.

"Do be careful, Harry. If any one you do not know speaks to you, call a policeman."

"Do You Know, I Like Peter as a Name"

III

THE coffee house was warm and bright. Round its small tables were gathered miscellaneous groups, here and there a woman, but mostly men—uniformed officers, who made of the neighborhood coffee house a sort of club, where under their breath they criticized the government and retailed small regimental gossip; professors from the university, still wearing under the beards of middle life the fine horizontal scars of student days; elderly doctors from the general hospital across the street; even a Hofrath or two, drinking beer and reading the Fliegende Blaetter and Simplicissimus; and in an alcove round a billiard table a group of noisy *korps* students. Over all a permeating odor of coffee, strong black coffee, made with a fig or two to give it color. It rose even above the blue tobacco haze and dominated the atmosphere with its spicy and stimulating richness. A bustle of waiters, a hum of conversation, the rattle of newspapers and the click of billiard balls—this was the coffee house.

Harmony had never been inside one before. The little music colony had been a tight-closed corporation, retaining its American integrity, in spite of the salon of Maria Theresa and three expensive lessons a week in German. Harmony knew the art galleries and the churches, which were free, and the opera, thanks to no butter at supper. But of that backbone of Austrian life, the coffee house, she was profoundly ignorant.

Her companion found her a seat in a corner near a heater and disappeared for an instant on the search for the Paris edition of the Herald. The girl followed him with her eyes. Seen under the bright electric lights, he was not handsome, hardly good-looking. His mouth was wide, his nose irregular, his hair a nondescript brown—but the mouth had humor, the nose character and, thank Heaven, there was plenty of hair. Not that Harmony saw all this at once. As he tacked to and fro round the tables, with a nod here and a word there, she got a sort of ensemble effect—a tall man, possibly thirty, broad-shouldered, somewhat stooped, as tall men are apt to be. And shabby, undeniably shabby!

The shabbiness was a shock. A much-braided officer, trim from the points of his mustache to the points of his shoes, rose to speak to him. The shabbiness was accentuated by the contrast. Possibly the revelation was an easement to the girl's nervousness. This smiling and unpressed individual, blithely waving

(Continued on Page 56)

Harmony Came In, to Find the Big Soprano Heating a Curler in the Flame of a Candle

SOCIETY IN OUR CITY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Be Lively — But be Truthful. Go as Far as You Like Along Those Lines"

THERE is a tiny little tragedy going on in society in our city day by day. I do not think people generally have noticed it, but all the society editors know about it and it makes our hearts ache. There are four of us society editors—one girl from each paper—and we know most of the many, many little tragedies going on in society; but we think the case of Mrs. Homer Sage is the saddest of them all. Sage is not her real name. Nowhere in this story do I use real names. I should not dare!

Mrs. Sage's husband came to our city in the early days and made considerable money, but he lost nearly everything in one of those booms that used to strike our country as regularly as winter and summer. Then he died, leaving his wife, who was much younger than himself, with nothing much but a good social position.

It takes money to maintain a social position even in a city the size of ours, and poor Mrs. Sage has barely enough to live on; yet she hates to give up society. I suppose she is more to be pitied than blamed, for that seems to be about all there is left in life for her. She is a dear soul, always kind and good-natured, and always willing to tell the girls who do society for the papers anything she knows in the way of news or gossip—sometimes going to great lengths to do us favors.

People wonder why she persists in going round to parties and other affairs when she has none of the pretty clothes other women wear, and is so shabby; but it seems to give her the utmost pleasure to do those things, and so we try to help her by dressing her up a bit.

Perhaps I had better explain now that the society editors in our city are also the society reporters. All our papers have rather limited staffs, and one girl is supposed to be able to get all the society news and edit it too. I am told that in large cities the papers have very extensive society staffs and that many of the society reporters are men. I am afraid a male society reporter would be regarded out our way in the same light as a grown man wearing a watch on his wrist is regarded. He certainly would not do in society anyway.

Poor Mrs. Sage has just one evening outfit—at least we have never seen her in any other. It consists of a suggestion of a waist, fashioned out of an old chiffon automobile veil, caught in the back at the waist-line with a coral brooch, brought forward carelessly—oh, so carelessly—over the shoulders into demisleeves, and fastened at the girdle. This girdle is of crushed ribbon. The skirt is almost as crushed and is an ancient silk affair, draped in the prevailing mode.

She has one pair of white silk stockings, a present from some one years ago, which appear at dances only. White kid slippers, which have been cleaned almost to the lining, complete her costume. Seldom are her garments sewed, pins taking the place of threads and doing valiant service. A pin was really never supposed to do what her pins have to do. But, as I say, we dress her up.

What Happened to the Cary Girls

ON HER first appearance at a social function this season we truthfully described the coloring of her gown. At the Subscription Dance she wore "a robe of cream lace over white charmeuse"—to hear us tell it. And at the Charity Ball, which is the biggest social event of the season, where everybody wears their newest and prettiest costumes, we had her "charming in a rose gown of embroidered chiffon, trimmed with rare lace."

She has never made any comment on our efforts, but I hope she appreciates them.

It was at that same Charity Ball we also dressed up the Cary girls—but in a very different way.

The Cary girls come from a small town down the state. There are three of them and the youngest is about twenty. Their father is immensely wealthy. He made millions out of cattle. I am told he is as plain as an old shoe and that his good wife is the same way; but his three daughters have all been educated in the East, as is the custom with our wealthy people nowadays; and I fear they have become alien to our soil—at least they seem to think they have.

I am told they are very conscious of their wealth and position in their home town and hold themselves superior to the people round them. We had been hearing for some time through their admiring friends in our city that the Carys were planning an assault on the local social citadel, and that they would burst on us at the Charity Ball; but it so happened that none of the society editors knew the girls by sight.

We always wait in the women's dressing room at the Charity Ball to take names and notes on the gowns as the guests are laying off their wraps. There was a new girl with us that night who had just gone to work on the Democrat, and it was her first big affair.

She was a shrinking little body, anyway, and was greatly flustered; so the rest of us were helping her, because we knew nearly everybody who came in. If we did not we asked—and a case of a woman refusing to give her name at a Charity Ball was almost unheard of. That is what she is really there for.

Finally four girls came fluttering in like so many butterflies and I recognized one of them as a local girl.

"Ask Miss Jones who those folks are with her," I said to the girl from the Democrat. She timidly approached the group; but Miss Jones was chatting gayly with some one, so the new girl turned to the trio of gorgeously gowned young women—I heard afterward they had those gowns made in New York especially for this occasion—and inquired their names. They favored her with a combined stare.

"I—I want them for the papers," she explained tremblingly.

"Oh," said one of the girls with great hauteur, "we don't care to go in for that sort of thing!"

"Not at all!" declared another. "You cannot have our names."

"Dear me, how impertinent!" echoed the third; and the poor girl crept back to us utterly crushed.

Of course we found out they were the Cary girls and we were all quite indignant, though we know that attitude—that "Don't care for that sort of thing!"—very well. It is a common attitude on the part of near-society people. They seem to think it impresses us with the idea that they are different and somewhat above the ordinary run of people and customs, though frankly it merely gives us a headache. We know very well they do care for "that sort of thing."

So we plotted a plot against the Cary girls. We dressed them up. Had they been polite to that shrinking new girl they would have appeared in the four newspapers of our city, in their proper alphabetical order, about as follows:

C

Cary, Miss Grace—Lavender charmeuse, with tunic of pearl-embroidered lace.

Cary, Miss Lucy—Cream chiffon over gold-colored charmeuse.

Cary, Miss Alice—Pale green brocaded crêpe de Chine, with frills of tulle, edged with rhinestones.

As a matter of fact, it was printed in each paper like this:

C

Cary, Miss Grace—Lavender serge, trimmed with self-tone braid; corsage bouquet of gloria roses.

Cary, Miss Lucy—Yellow brilliantine, made en princesse; necklace and fan chain of large corals.

Cary, Miss Alice—Green velvet, with large white-lace medallion garniture.

Now the general color combinations were the same in both instances and there was method in this. We figured that a woman reading the latter descriptions the following day would perhaps try to recall just what those Cary girls had worn, and vaguely she might bring to memory the fact that those were the color schemes; but in the rush and bustle of a big ball details of dress are not likely to be remembered long. You see, we did not want to lay ourselves open to the charge of deliberate perversion of facts.

For the benefit of any man reader who may be interested I might say that the costuming of the Carys as it appeared in our papers was atrocious, particularly for such an event. Ask your wife!

The copyreaders and the proofreaders at our offices did not notice anything wrong in that dressing up, of course, even if they took the trouble to go through the long alphabetical list of guests and gowns, which I doubt. They are all men; and to all men in newspaper offices cerise chiffon, cut on the bias, represents the beginning and end of women's apparel.

The papers in the Carys' home town copied the descriptions, and I hear everybody in the town believes that was what the girls really wore, and are extremely critical of their taste. I know that all the women in our city are constantly remarking: "Well, you'd just think that people with that much money would ——" and so on.

As for the Cary girls, little Miss Jones, whose houseguest they were, tells me they seemed very anxious to see the papers the next day, which was strange in view of the fact that they did not care for that sort of thing; and that they seemed greatly agitated after they had seen them all.

Mrs. Crimmins Tells Her Life Story

ON THE very heels of the Cary girls at the Charity Ball that night there came a woman of an exactly opposite type, but one that is also quite common. She rushed on us as soon as she got through the door, throwing her wraps behind her, calling us "Girls!" and making a terribly gushy fuss over us.

She is a climber, who believes that publicity is the key to social success in our city; and I have only to reach into a pigeonhole in my desk for a letter she sent me soon after her arrival in the city a year or so ago. In quoting it I am using fictitious names:

My dear Miss Sidney: Please find my daughter's picture inclosed—Miss Henrietta Watson. We have recently come to your city to live permanently, and any time you should care to call I can give you reference as to our social standing in ——, our former home. There we were members of the —— Methodist Episcopal Church—the most exclusive set—and were prominent in church and club societies. I was a member of the —— Art Club—a very select body. Having always lived in ——, and both my family and my first husband's family being prominent socially, we had a wide circle of friends. My daughter Henrietta took vocal culture from Mr. —— and sang at formal affairs and religious meetings quite frequently.

Since coming to your city last June we have established a new and delightful acquaintance here. I am a member of the —— Club and we immediately placed our letters in —— Methodist Episcopal Church. My first husband was very prominent in the Masonic Order in —— too. My own mother's home was in —— and she came from that place to —— fifty years ago.

Kindly publish my daughter's picture and say: Miss Henrietta Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crimmins. If possible to do so will you publish it Sunday? We take the morning paper.

Yours very truly, IDA CRIMMINS.

Now that woman is slowly but surely breaking in—not through publicity, as she fondly believes, however, but because she will not be denied.

The population of our city is about two hundred thousand, and it seems to me that most of the inhabitants are

engaged in a struggle for social recognition of one kind and another—most of the women anyway. The struggle is even keener than in a very large city or in a very old small city—and certainly more pathetic; for in the large and the old communities I think people are more apt to appreciate their limitations and keep themselves within bounds—or are kept in bounds by those limitations.

Out our way it is rather an open field. We are very new; we are so new that the children of our second generation have not yet reached the grammar-school age, and the first generation is still very much alive. We have no ancient traditions; but we are going to get them.

There is a great deal of money in our city, but it is mostly new money. There are no old, established fortunes, unless you call thirty years old; and most of our fortunes were founded inside that period—some much later. Many of them were taken from the mountains in gold or silver ore. Some were made in livestock and some in oil; others were made in irrigation projects and real estate.

Some of our gold may not glitter much, on account of the gloss having been rubbed off in sliding it back and forth across the gaming table—and some of it is even said to be a bit tarnished; but it is all comparatively new, and it is all worth one hundred cents to the dollar.

Our society does not care a whole lot about the good old days—yet. I know a number of our very nicest and most prominent women who can look back across a very few years into the rear door of a smelly mining-camp kitchen; and, though that is nothing to their discredit, you cannot blame them if they loathe the recollection of those times. Their children ran the streets of tiny mountain towns, barefooted; but their children's children will go to Yale and Harvard and the finest finishing schools of the East.

As soon as the men made their stake out in the little towns of the state, the natural impulse was to move the family to our city—then, as now, the big town of this section. The next impulse was to construct ornate houses; and then social ambitions followed as a matter of course. So, too, did society columns and society editors.

The Climbing of the Cliffs

THE social fabric of our town is as variegated as a Scotch plaid. An outsider reading the items that appear in my column under the heading In Society could not detect any difference in the social status of the Cliffs, who are mentioned in my opening paragraph, and the Adamses, who are named in my closing sentences—so far as the tone of the items is concerned; but there is a difference—a difference much wider than the column of type that stretches between them. The first item says:

The Frederick Cliffs entertained at the Grand Theater last evening. Their guests were —— and so on.

The final item declares:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Adams, of 1915 Box Elder Street, entertained a number of their friends with a box party at the Grand Theater last evening. Their guests were——and so on.

You will note that I seem to take it for granted that everybody knows the Frederick Cliffs—note, also, that "the"—and everybody in our city does know them, while I identify the Adamses by a residence number. The Adamses may be very estimable people, for all I know. I hope they are. I never heard of them before in my life. The item was handed in to me by a man in the business office, who mumbled something about their being friends of the paper.

There are a dozen other items in my column, from that and similar sources, all under the general heading In Society. Now the Adamses are not actually in society at all and I am well aware of that fact. Neither is Miss Ellen Muldowney, of 121 Delgado Street, who is mentioned in quite an elaborate item, entertaining a crowd of her young friends from St. Patrick's Parish with a taffy pull.

I happen to know that Miss Ellen is the daughter of Shoeless Mike Muldowney, a tough, saloon-keeping character over in the Fourth Ward; but very likely the Adamses and the Muldowneys take the Chronicle, and in a town of two hundred thousand people you cannot pick and choose for your subscribers, or for your society news.

As for the Frederick Cliffs, I do not believe they ever read the Chronicle at all. They received precedence in my column and in all the society columns because they are the leaders of the Smart Set of our city, and that precedence is a small bit of snobbery on the part of the society editors.

Yes, I know you have to smile at the idea of a Smart Set in a Far Western town; but we have it just the same, and it is a very serious matter to the Smart Setters and to the people who would like to be Smart Setters. The members of that coterie are the little tin gods of our tiny social world and are worshiped accordingly.

There are more than fifty of them, all told, picked and ruled by Mrs. Cliff, whose husband is generally mentioned along with her—because he is married to Mrs. Cliff. People say that Mrs. Cliff is a very clever woman, because she came to our city as a sort of rank outsider and rose to social supremacy; but, after contemplating the circle about her, I disagree with that view. They are, for the most part, very wealthy professional men, capitalists and men of leisure and their families; and most of them came originally from the East for investment, reasons of health, or just because our city is a nice place to live.

They are singularly colorless folks, with the single attribute of wealth; but they are the social What's What in our community.

Mrs. Cliff was a Southern girl of fine family and no money. She came West some fifteen years ago and married the only son of the then richest man in our state. His wife was the social arbiter of her day, and when she died the daughter-in-law succeeded to her social power—though there were two daughters.

The name of Frederick Cliff the First runs through the history of the West like a bright cord. He was an able and an honored citizen. He was a moving figure in all the political and civic life of the community. His son is a nonentity. He shares his wife's taste for social pleasure and is of no more real consequence in our city—outside of society—than Shoeless Mike Muldowney.

Money—and money only—seems to constitute the card of admission to the set of Mrs. Cliff's selection and supervision. There is one old lady in the Smart Set who used to work in overalls and jumper side by side with her husband down in a gold mine. She has money—a lot of it.

Now, of course, there are people in our city who would not wipe their feet on her; but I am talking about society—and she is in it. And hundreds of very nice women are engaged in a pathetic struggle to reach her social level. If she had children I suppose that fifty years from now they would be leading representatives of a new aristocracy, which is slowly forming before our very eyes in this Western country.

Fifty years from now, I fear, we shall have a strange, narrow-foreheaded, polo-playing, automobiling aristocracy in our city that is going to cause our Indian-fighting, bloodletting ancestors to roll right over in their graves. You can see it growing up on the verandas of the Country Club; in fact, we have everything necessary to that aristocracy right now, save the shellac of time.

"I Was Just Thinking That the Girls' Invitations Must Have Gone Astray"

Our Smart Setters, for all their exclusiveness, are not at all averse to publicity; in fact, that is the pap on which they feed. One of the best advertised of them all, next to the Frederick Cliffs, is a lady who tells us all the inside gossip and scandal—of which there is quite a bit if what she says is true. Thus the society editors treat her kindly in point of publicity. It is only a fair exchange.

Next to the Smart Set in social importance in our city—and of a whole lot more importance to the papers than the members of the Smart Set—are the families of our business men of one kind and another, all to be considered and handled in the light of advertisers. They are divided into a score or more of little sets, some just below and others far away from the Smart Set, but all in society, so to speak, and all—secretly at least—aiming toward the Smart Set proper.

There is one set I might call the Pioneer Set—staid, rich, respectable old folks—the wives of our bankers and veteran business men, wholesale grocers, big retailers and heavy property holders, whose words are the commercial law of our community. They are pioneers in that they have lived in the state a long, long time; and when they die the papers tell how much they contributed toward the upbuilding of the commonwealth. I hope they did, for few of them ever contributed very freely to much of anything else.

The Pompous Pioneer Set

IN TRUTH, I think—though it is a mean thing to say about a lot of nice old men—they were rather sutlers to the advance guard of civilization; they set up stores and banks in the wake of the star of empire and fattened off the army of trail-blazers far out in front. I am afraid our real pioneers—the buckskin-coated, coonskin-capped kind of the pictures—have not much money now, because the sutlers took it away from them long, long ago by foreclosure and otherwise.

However, what I am calling the Pioneer Set represents our Old Families—at least the oldest families we have. Lineage has never cut a great deal of figure in our social world, even up to recent years; but of late I have been hearing some vague talk about family. We have our Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, and all that sort of thing; but one could not get very far on just that alone.

It is the young married set and the young unmarried set that furnish most of our social activity. At stated and carefully regulated intervals the Pioneer Set gives pompous functions—such as receptions—to pay off the obligations of the year; and these functions bring forth, along with the real social luminaries, including stray members of the Smart Set, a weird array of old residents of no social consequence, who were really supposed to be dead. They come in apparel of ancient vintage, spend an uncomfortable half-hour on the far outskirts of the throng, and go away feeling quite honored.

The Pioneer Set—particularly the men—do not want their old acquaintances to get the idea that they are stuck up, though they have nothing to do with them at any other period of the year. It is affairs of this nature that try the soul of a society editor, for we have to be very particular about names and gowns, and the details of decorations.

The members of the young married set entertain at their homes, at the University Club, and at the Commercial Club, which is the leading men's club of the city and is

(Concluded on Page 53)

"Not at All! You Cannot Have Our Names"

A Non-Combatant of Baseball

YOU poor simp"—I am opening my daily mail—"I always thought you were the worst baseball writer in this town and now I know it. When you say the umpire was right in calling that man out at the plate yesterday you only prove what I have claimed ever since I began reading your punk. I claim they could put all your brains on the back of a flea and it could lope from here to California without raising a sweat. I was present at that game myself and I could see the man was safe a mile. Everybody round me said the same thing. You ought to go to Youngstown and have Reese examine your head. You ——"

I read this letter no farther. Obviously the writer aims to hurt my feelings. Mr. Reese, of Youngstown, Ohio, is an individual of some note in the baseball world, who makes a specialty of tinkering up ballplayers. He bears the title of the Bonesetter. The letter-writer's implication is quite plain to me; so I try another letter from a large stack.

"*Deer ser*," it runs: "i em a suckshriber to ure pape but i see you sade Jek Daubert is a beter firz basemen playr then Stuffy Mickennez soe i gez ure just a dirty lire and a cruke and i ——"

Nevertheless I am a baseball writer. I am a chronicler of daily events on the diamond for a morning newspaper in one of the big-league cities of the East; and I gather from the mass of letters I receive that there is a slight difference of opinion among our 341,682—sworn statement—subscribers as to my qualifications for the job. However I have compared notes with scores of other baseball writers, and they report similar dissensions among their readers; so I judge that baseball fans are contrary by nature. I judge, too, that writing letters on baseball runs baseball a mighty close second as our national pastime.

Writing baseball is mainly a pretty soft situation, and from the bottom of my heart I thank the man who invented it; but I must say there are times when my job does not wholly appeal to me—there are two times, to be exact. I am not counting mailtime.

Along about the middle of July, when I am baking on a shelf in some westbound Pullman, inhaling smoke and cinders, and listening to the guttural snoring of a carload of lusty ballplayers—strange how those fellows can sleep, even in an oven!—I get to thinking that I have a hard life.

I get to thinking of a lot of things I would rather do than travel with a baseball club in the summer—things involving fixed and immovable beds, and quiet slumber, undisturbed in the early morning by a clatter of conversation and an intermittent bellow from some double-lunged athlete at the far end of the Pullman yelling, "Heads up!" the ballplayer's warning to his dressing fellows that a woman is passing through the club's private car on her way to the diner—and to beware of their language.

Off to the Spring Training Camp

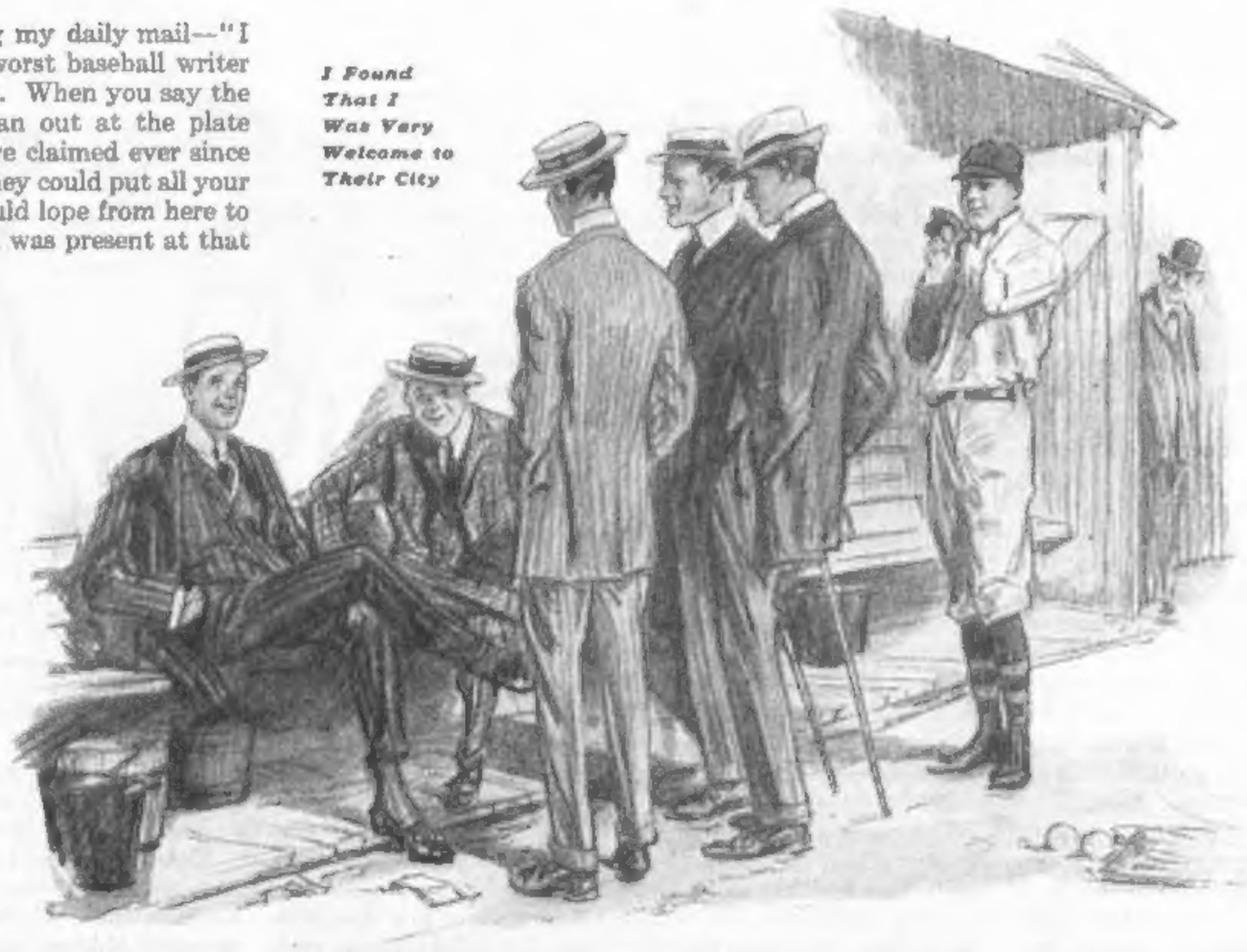
THE other time when I am neither carefree nor happy is the springtime, when I go South with a big delegation of ballplayers to watch the process known as spring training, which has two purposes—the limbering up and conditioning of the older players and a managerial examination into the possibilities of the youngsters.

I go there to make daily reports of a column or so to my paper on what happens in the training camp. Nothing much ever really does happen in a training camp, but I have to evolve that column or so just the same. The mental strain is terrific.

My first experience with a big-league club was on a spring training trip. I was not a baseball writer then and had no particular ambition to become a baseball writer. I was a general reporter, with a slight leaning toward politics—and out of a job. Running over in my mind the list of baseball writers of my acquaintance, it occurs to me that few of them have been baseball writers throughout their newspaper careers, and most of them came, as I did, from some minor-league city, so to speak, to the major leagues—just as the ballplayers come.

I had always taken more or less interest in baseball, however, and at one time I had even written baseball in a small way. In the minor-league town out West I came from the newspapers leave the matter of writing the ball games to some callow young person who generally wears clever clothes and carries a big red-backed scorebook in his side pocket in plain view. Usually he does uptown hotels after he gets through writing about the ball game, and if he displays some reportorial efficiency he eventually graduates to the regular local staff.

I Found That I Was Very Welcome to Their City



I had passed through such a period. I was such a callow young person. I had the clothes and the red-backed scorebook—I remember both very distinctly; but I had practically forgotten that chapter in my life when I went East. I knew, of course, that baseball writers were regarded as more important in the big-league towns, because I had seen their pictures in the papers, with their names in big black type over their stories; but I think I had some hazy idea that they were a specially sporty breed of newspaper men—some sect peculiar and distinct from other branches of the journalistic game.

I know now that almost any newspaper man could become a baseball writer on short notice, though I do not mean to intimate that any newspaper man would.

I applied to a managing editor for a job one day in late March, and after listening for some time to my recital of my ability he suddenly interrupted me with a brusque:

"Have you ever done baseball?"

I said I had. I did not say how I had done baseball, but in other respects my answer was quite truthful.

"All right!" he said. "You can go down to Texas and join the National League club there. One of our baseball men is sick; and you stay with the ballplayers until they come home. The sporting editor will give you instructions as to what we want."

Afterward I learned that this particular managing editor viewed baseball writers as a sort of necessary evil more than anything else, which doubtless accounts for the casual manner in which he gave me the assignment. Some other managing editors view us the same way, I fear. I know his attitude caused me to lower all my previous estimates of baseball writing; but I raised them again—and even higher than before—after I had talked to the sporting editor about three minutes.

That gentleman expressed considerable astonishment that I had been selected—and as he expressed it every time he looked at me I infer that his first impressions of me were not wholly favorable; but he gave me to understand that I was taking over a considerable job and that I was now a person of some importance in his eyes—withal, a pretty lucky fellow.

He sent me off to join the training squad, which had already been in camp several weeks, with a feeling akin to awe. I felt as Mike Donlin, the famous slugger, says he felt the first time he entered a big-league camp.

"I thought those big leaguers could do anything," says Mike. "I thought they could walk a tight wire if necessary!"

And that is about what I thought too. I know I was somewhat surprised to find they were just human beings, most of them much younger than myself, with quite a sprinkling of mere schoolboys.

I was surprised, too, to find that some of the baseball writers were serious-minded men of middle age, who had little to say about baseball and a great deal to say about other things. One of them talked to me an hour on the general subject of archeology, thinking that, as I had come from the West, I might be able to give him some information about the cliffdwellers. He is one of the best baseball writers in this country and the last man you would suspect of being interested in such dead-and-gone propositions as ruins.

I found the other writers were young men with a rather humorous view of life—especially of baseball, when they mentioned baseball at all—and I found they were one and all suffering from training-camp ennui, which came to me in a pronounced form later on. I found, too, that I was very welcome to their city. The fact that I had never been in a training camp before gave me a peculiar value in their eyes. They felt I might have a fresh viewpoint that would be productive of ideas for stories. I welcome other verdant young men the same way now.

The ballplayers were much more offish toward me, and I heard one of the older men ask a veteran writer:

"Who's the busher?"

The players regarded me the same as they regarded a recruit ballplayer just out of the high grass, and it was months before I had a speaking acquaintance with all the men in the club. I am not very backward about trying to make acquaintances, either.

There were seven baseball writers in the camp when I joined, most of them more or less famous in their calling; and I have never seen a group of men so courteous and kind to a newcomer. They coached me along in my work as carefully as though they had known me and been personally interested in me all my life; and I have seen them coach others the same way. It is a spirit that I find prevails more generally among baseball writers than among any other bunch of fellows I have ever encountered. It seems to be almost an unwritten code.

A Daily Column About Nothing

ALL that was some years ago; and every spring since then I have been going South in the middle of February to spend six weeks in some tiny town dragging out my daily column or so of happenings where nothing much ever happens. I have never been able to get away from writing baseball—to tell the whole truth, I have never tried. I know many baseball writers who endeavor to maintain a cynical pose toward baseball and give the impression that their calling rather bores them than otherwise; but I am free to state that I still like the game; and I can think of no more congenial occupation than writing baseball—except, as I am explaining, during the spring training season.

I do not know who picked out Southern training camps for ballplayers in the first place; but whoever it was had no particular regard for the personal comfort of baseball writers—I'll say that for them. Baseball managers claim that the smaller the town the better it is for training purposes, so the ballplayers will have no side attractions from their work; and it seems to be my luck to draw the extra-small ones—generally some little town in Texas, where the night life is limited to three or four moving-picture shows.

Even the Texas climate cannot make up for a drafty room in a hotel that apparently dates back to the days of Sam Houston; and Texas is supposed to have the best climate in the world—for baseball training. It is not the best climate in the world for baseball writing, however. Some of the big-league clubs have lately commenced to invade Florida, and others have always trained in Georgia and at Gulf ports; but there are generally several clubs in Texas every spring.

Weather is the most important consideration in spring training—and weather is largely a matter of luck, no matter where you go. One spring it may rain constantly and the next spring a ball club may not miss a single day of outdoor work. It takes a resourceful manager to condition a club when the weather is bad throughout a training period, but it takes an even more resourceful baseball writer to produce a daily column or so under such conditions.

The first squad to strike a training camp nowadays is usually made up of from fifteen to twenty-five recruits, an old catcher or two, the trainer, the manager and the baseball writers. The regulars, or veterans, come straggling along a couple of weeks later, singly and in small detachments; and by that time the manager has thoroughly inspected his youngsters and the baseball writers are pretty well out of ideas.

. Occasionally during those first couple of weeks in the camp, when only the unknown recruits are present and I am building my daily column or so on feeble foundation, I am struck by a strangely reminiscent strain in what I write. It seems to be a vague echo of something I have heard before. I suppose it is my imagination; but there is no denying that there is a lot of sameness to every February and early March day in a training camp, and I am afraid to look up the files of my paper for fear a certain suspicion should be confirmed.

Every writer sends his paper an average of, say, a thousand words a day from the camp. Some—I, for instance—will go as high as two thousand to twenty-five hundred words daily throughout the training period. Some writers, too, will supply other papers besides their own; so the amount of matter sent out daily from the camps occupied by clubs from the larger cities—such as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston—is enormous.

The ordinary force carried by a telegraph office in a town the size of that extra-small town which I frequent in the spring would be inadequate to handle even a portion of our daily file; so the telegraph companies send several experienced operators there every year, who do nothing but dispatch the press matter over direct wires connecting the camp with the newspaper offices of the East and West.

A Cure for Ball-Shy Batsmen

WE USED to have a writer with us in the spring who was very ingenious in thinking up ideas for stories. He had the most active imagination I have ever known in a training camp. One year he thought up a way to keep timid batters from pulling away from the plate when the ball was delivered by the pitchers—an almost fatal batting weakness. His idea was that if a rope was tied to the timid batter's leg and yanked from the opposite side of the plate every time he started to put his free foot in the water-bucket—as the ballplayers describe the act of pulling back from the whizzing ball—it would cure him of the habit.

He suggested his idea to the manager. Any time he had an idea for a story he suggested it to the manager or some ballplayer, and he was generally sure of sanction sufficient for his purpose—the same being quotation marks. The manager and the ballplayers know it is a tough job getting stories in the training camp and are duly helpful.

"That sounds all right," said the manager, concerning the rope theory.

He would have said it sounded all right if the writer had suggested painting the ballplayers pink, just to be agreeable. So the writer enlisted the aid of a very timid recruit, who had no notion what it was all about, and put his scheme into practice. The result was a column story for all hands, but he nearly broke the recruit's neck with the experiment.

As there are only recruits in camp for the first two weeks of the training season, naturally I have to write about the recruits; and I look them over almost as eagerly as the manager in his quest for real baseball talent, which is nearly as scarce as interesting news features about the young men. I am familiar with them all in a general way before I ever lay eyes on them. I have probably printed their pictures in the paper some time during the winter, for as soon as a youngster is acquired by a big-league club his minor-league record is exploited at great length; but my readers are supposed to be thirsting for information on how the young men shape up in training and I do my level best to assuage that thirst with a flood of observation.

If there is a real character among the kids—some youth with a quaint personality—I deem myself mighty lucky, and that young man gets a pile of publicity before the veterans show up. When they come the recruits are promptly forgotten, because the fans would rather read about some one they know.

The year that Chief Meyers, the big catcher of the New York Giants, appeared in the training camp, he was as manna from heaven to the baseball-writing brigade. He is an Indian—a Mission Indian. Had he been the greatest natural ballplayer that ever showed up in camp he would not have received half the attention he got because he is an Indian.

Then it so happened that during the practice games on the training field Meyers commenced belting out home runs. Of course he was hitting loose pitching, for the pitchers were still lobbing the ball round; but they were none the less home runs—and he is an Indian. Enough! The papers in New York fairly teemed with tales of Meyers' prowess. He got credit for hitting twenty-seven home runs in practice that spring; and this record created quite a commotion among the fans, though ordinarily, I think, the fans take training-camp stories with some little salt.

Anyway, as the club neared home and Meyers found out how he had been press-agented by the writers, he got pretty much worried. He called one of them aside the day the club hit New York and said:

"I don't care so much about myself, but I've just got to make good for you boys."

That afternoon in an exhibition game against Yale, as I recall it, and with a big crowd looking on, Meyers whaled out two home runs. I do not believe he got another home run that particular season; but the two were sufficient—the writers were vindicated.

However there is not always an Indian in camp; so some other nationality must be made to answer. If there are no characters or heavy hitters there is generally a pitcher with a new delivery. Whatever became of those boys with the sinker ball and the nothing ball and all those other freak curves of bygone springs, anyway? I cannot even remember their names now.

Most recruits seem to be phenoms in the spring, as I can prove by any number of stories I have written in the past; and they were not creatures born of my imagination, either—at least not always. Once in a while a manager will find himself with a crew of youngsters in which there is not a single glint of future promise—and those are long, hard springs for the baseball writers too; but generally there is a phenom in the spring. You may not hear so much of him after that, but he has his day—sometimes his several days—late in February and early in March.

A baseball writer is no more of a clairvoyant than is a manager, however, and he cannot tell that some flashy lad he is industriously advertising, and who seems to be a real find, is going to blow up in two weeks. Neither can he tell that some other gawky-looking lad, who is apparently so clumsy he cannot get out of his own way, is going to turn out to be a great star. He has to take them—and write them—as he finds them, which explains the springtime phenom.

Over two-thirds of the recruits seen in the spring training camps, and who get much publicity just because they are there, are never heard of again. They go back to the bushes and stay there. I see some of them go with real regret too—they would make good material for me up in the big leagues.

One day gets to be very much like another in the training camp, so far as the work of the players is concerned; and very little things are seized by the baseball writers for stories. We had an old catcher with us one year as a coach for the young pitchers; and for his own personal convenience he cut out a round piece of ordinary rubber matting, about the size of a hot-water bag, which he used as a home plate. He could roll it up and stick it in his pocket when not in use, and it saved him the bother of looking for the regular plate every time he wanted to warm up a pitcher.

All the writers in camp used that bit of rubber for long stories, and I have seen it printed and reprinted on the sporting pages all over the country. I believe we called it a device to cure wildness in young pitchers; and it seems to me the Western Union collected enough in tolls on the famous portable plate to make it worth preserving as a relic.

There is not much nourishment for us in the routine of the training field. From nine o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon the big squad is working at batting and fielding practice, or in the sliding pit, which is nothing but a hole dug in the ground and filled with sand, where the manager teaches the boys to run bases; and ten hours of this sort of thing every day for a couple of weeks, or of watching the veterans play handball and lawn tennis, gets mighty monotonous to a man looking for news.

Over Two-Thirds of the Recruits Go Back to the Bushes and Stay There

It is a welcome change when the manager finally divides his squad into two teams and starts playing a little real baseball. Then come week-end trips to near-by towns for exhibition games, for every little bit helps to pay expenses during the training season; and, after all, there is no training for a ballplayer so good as playing ball. Sometimes a manager will have enough ballplayers in camp to send out three teams for Saturday and Sunday games; he always has enough for two big squads.

When the club finally breaks camp and starts for the North the players are divided into two bodies. One is made up of the regulars, with a few recruits the manager wants to keep his eye on; and the other is composed of recruits, with one or two veterans to steady them. This delegation is known as the second team—or the Yanigans. Why they are called Yanigans I do not know; but all big-league recruits, when banded together in a team, are called Yanigans. Individually and alone a recruit is called a busher. The second team disappears into the recesses of the South for a series of exhibition games in the smaller towns, and we hear mighty little of them until they rejoin the main body up North.

The Troublous Northward Trail

THE first team plays exhibition games in the larger cities, working home by easy stages, in order that the players may gradually become accustomed to the climatic changes. All the baseball writers are generally with the main body, and it is on the trek North that we are apt to have our real troubles.

No secretary of a ball club ever yet mapped out his itinerary with reference to the convenience of the baseball writers; and I guess no secretary ever will, though a lot of them have been baseball writers themselves at that. Half the time a secretary will figure on catching a train about five minutes after an exhibition game is over; and that means the baseball writers must write their stories while the game is in progress and leave them to strangers and chance to reach the telegraph offices. Most likely it would not affect the fate of the nation if the stories never reached the wire, but how are you going to explain that to a fretful sporting editor whose sole obsession is copy? You cannot explain it. He must have his copy.

It takes a big-league club about two weeks from the time it abandons the training camp to reach home, the arrival usually being timed a few days ahead of the opening of the regular season; and those are two weeks of travail—as well as travel—for the baseball writer. Managing editors, sporting editors and fans may not believe it, but a spring training tour is no pleasure trip—not for the baseball writers—or for the baseball players, either, for that matter, as a ballplayer's salary does not begin until the season opens. It is not even a pleasure trip for a baseball secretary, unless the club should happen to break even on training expenses.

Without counting exhibition games, I watch approximately one hundred fifty-four games of baseball every season. Half of these are on the home grounds and half in the other cities of the big leagues. The first year I became a baseball writer I also became quite a fan and found a thrill in every game; but since then I view the pastime more dispassionately. I followed a club that won a championship that first year; and it was only human nature, I think, that I should take a deep personal interest in the fight. Since then, however, I have been unable to work up

Baseball Fans are Unquestionably the World's Champion Letter Writers

any partisan feeling over a ball game, though I am none the less interested in the game itself.

The writer-fan is by no means uncommon, though I doubt whether as much personal prejudice or bias enters into baseball writing as some fans seem to think. I know one famous writer who was a big-league ballplayer in his time, and who, all in all, has been following the game for nearly thirty years—and he is as much of a fan today as any bug that ever infested the bleachers.

Technically speaking, I suppose I am a baseball reporter, but I hold a small pink card which proves that I am a duly qualified member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, and, as such, "entitled to the press courtesies of the National and American Leagues of Professional Baseball Clubs."

Press courtesies mean free admission to the ball yards of the big leagues; but my little pink card will avail me nothing at the press gate of one park next season if the president of the club keeps his word. He told me late last season he was going to bar me out, because of something I said about him or his ball club in the paper.

Years ago a popular pastime with irascible magnates was the barring out of baseball writers whose comments did not suit the views of the owners—and it is still occasionally done.

In the old days when there was but one big league in the land and a gentleman of very economical tendencies was the owner of the New York Giants, he barred from his ball park, among other baseball writers, Charles Dryden, a well-known humorous writer on the national game, because Dryden stated in print that the owner had ordered his ballplayers to eat soup with a sponge—so there should be no waste of soup!

The bar proved quite a boon to Dryden, because he continued to write the ball games just the same, but from a brand-new angle. He ostensibly peered through knot holes or interviewed the goats on the cliffs above the ball park, and before long he had the whole city laughing at the owner.

The magnate now and always is recognized as a sort of official target for the baseball writers; and, though most of the magnates I know are pretty good fellows, some of the others present large, shining and peculiarly inviting marks. There is really no closed season on the owner of a ball club, so far as the baseball writers are concerned, though he is not molested a great deal during the summer, when the pennant race occupies the center of the diamond.

However it is not regarded as at all improper to fry him at any time—summer or winter. All the various shortcomings of a ball club are frequently charged to the poor magnate, and sometimes unjustly; but that is one of the penalties of being a magnate, I suppose.

The small pink card I have referred to cost me five dollars. I could be a baseball writer without being a member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, of course; but as one of the chief reasons for organizing the association was to clear extraneous parties from the press boxes at the ball yards, I gladly subscribe my five dollars and declare myself in, heart and soul.

After a long and patient study, I must confess my inability to explain the psychology of the fan who wants to sit in a press box, where he has no business; but the fact remains that before the association took hold you could find almost everybody but baseball writers in the boxes. You cannot see the game from most press boxes as well as you can from the stand, and the average baseball writer would not sit in the box if he could avoid it; in fact, many of them do sit elsewhere as a matter of choice.

The World's Champion Letter Writers

THE Baseball Writers' Association of America is officially recognized by the baseball authorities as having control over the press boxes, and it is also a factor in framing up the scoring rules. As a general thing, the official scorer in every city is a baseball writer.

In addition to reporting the occurrences on the ball field, I occasionally write a column of comment, editorial in nature, giving my views on this and that in the baseball world; and it is such a column that provokes a storm of letters of the type I have quoted at the beginning of my article. Baseball fans are unquestionably the world's champion letter writers. I concede them the title, not only on my personal observations but on what the other baseball writers tell me—and the fans run largely to anonymous letters too.

Not all of them are written in a spirit of criticism, by any means. Some fans like to air their views and I am glad to furnish the air. Others ask questions; in fact the queries are so numerous that I devote a separate department to them every day, and some mighty queer interrogations are shoved at me.

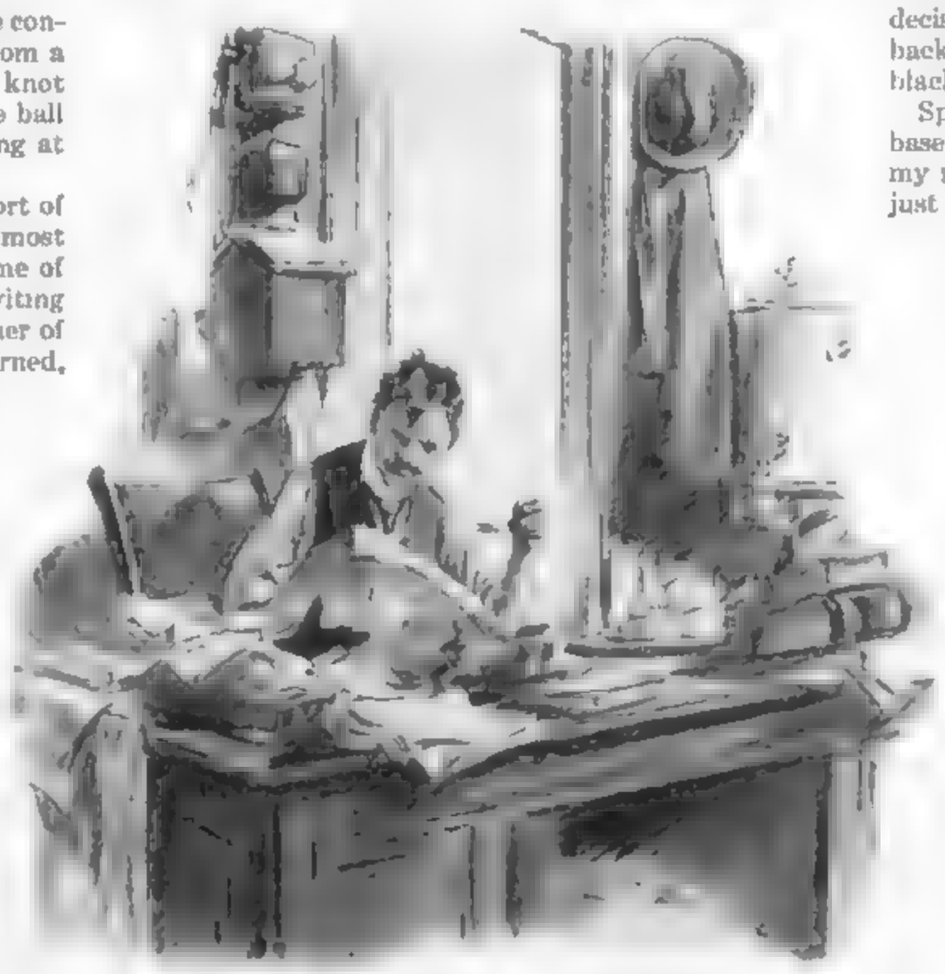
A slight error in a story of a ball game rarely escapes the eagle eye and facile pen of the fan. I marvel at some of those letters. I marvel that the letter writers can spare the time to write them, for they are generally very long. I marvel, too, at the class of people who write. Rich man, poor man, beggarman perhaps—and certainly one inmate of Sing Sing—all drop me a few lines. Doctors, lawyers, merchants and the chief of a fire department have found time and occasion to take a pen in hand.

The letter writing has its greatest vogue in the summer. In the winter my mail drops off to an occasional query, which proves to my mind that, though the fans may continue to read baseball, they are not interested in it to any great extent.

The circulation department also feels the reaction, for baseball sells thousands and thousands of papers during the season. It is important enough in that respect for every afternoon paper in the big-league cities to get out daily extras carrying the scores of the games, and those extras are a big expense to the publishers.

Without knowing anything about advertising rates, I venture to say offhand that the space devoted to baseball by the newspapers of this country every year would cost millions of dollars if paid for at the usual rates; and when you come right down to cases it is given free to advertise what is after all a private business proposition—as much so as a theater. It is given gratuitously, however, because baseball is a great circulation getter—and circulation, in turn, gets advertising, as I understand the proposition.

Nearly every newspaper in the big league cities carries at least two baseball writers nowadays—especially in the cities where there are both American and National League clubs. One writer is assigned to follow each club. They are



How are You Going to Explain to a Fretful Sporting Editor Whose Sole Obsession is Copy?

mostly high-salaried men, as salaries go in the newspaper game, where philanthropy of the Henry Ford variety has never prevailed to any alarming extent.

I believe that, years ago, it was the custom in most newspaper offices to assign the man handiest to cover the ball game, and little variety was expected or desired. There was no particular style of writing, save in a straight-away news fashion, telling what happened, without any digressions; and, though that style still prevails to a great extent and is preferred by many fans, the specialists have introduced a lot of frills of one kind and another.

Baseball has contributed many a picturesque word and phrase to our language, and most of our slang originates on the ball field or in the press box; but there is a growing prejudice among baseball fans against the use of slang in baseball writing. Of course any description of a play in ordinary baseball language is technically slang, and you could not tell it in any other way without getting involved in a lot of words; but some writers are fond of interlarding their stories with a weird patter of their own manufacture that must be wholly unintelligible to the average reader. I know it is unintelligible to me.

I like slang when it is cleverly employed. I do not use much of it myself, because I do not think I can use it cleverly; but I like it. Last season a Chicago newspaper conducted a voting contest among its readers on the proposition of slang in baseball writing, and the fans were considerably divided in their preferences. Curiously enough, however, baseball people—magnates and players—seem to be more opposed to the slang than the run of fans.

In baseball writing we now have the humorist—or alleged humorist; and we have the analytical writer—or expert. Once a man even undertook to write every game in verse, but he stopped about the second inning of the third game. Pegasus was left on the bases. The analytical writer is a figure shark and dabbles in what we call the dope. He can figure out the whys and wherefores of baseball to the fineness of the hair on a frog's back, and he is a marvel at comparisons and prophecies. If he hits .500—which would give him an even break on his season's prophecies—he feels that the year has not been misspent. There is no game so uncertain as baseball, and the very uncertainty of it makes the analytical writer the most popular among the fans who take their baseball seriously.

There are millions of that sort of fans—millions! There are millions of them in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, without considering the other cities of the two big leagues at all. I not only respect the fan who takes baseball seriously—I love him. I love him because he is responsible for my having a job. There may be times when I feel annoyed because the fan who takes baseball seriously bawls in my ear; but if it were not for him there would be mighty little baseball.

The Raging of the Fans

I HAVE particular reference to the fan who regards an inoffensive-looking young man in a Philadelphia uniform as a peculiar menace to the civic well-being of Pittsburgh or Chicago, even though the young man may have come originally from Paducah, Kentucky, and still resides in that city—except in the summer, when he has a room, with board, in Philadelphia. I have reference to the fan who holds that the umpire is a felon whenever he renders a decision against the home club! Such a fan is the financial backbone of baseball; he may write me letters until he is black in the face, but I shall continue to love him.

Speaking for myself, I may say that I endeavor to write baseball in a light vein—to call it nothing worse, as some of my readers have called it. I endeavor, however, to state just about what occurred as I saw it, and I rarely try to go behind the face of the returns and dissect or diagnose. What happened is enough for me.

I see a baseball game about as the fan in the grandstand sees it. I see a pitcher give a base on balls perhaps, or an infielder make an error, and a man is safe on first. Then I see some strong, two-fisted young fellow step lightly forward and bludgeon the ball into the right-field stand—and the game is won or lost, as the case may be. I have no secret insight into the workings of the managerial mind and I cannot tell by what intricate mental or physical processes the result aforesaid was arrived at—and that is a fact.

There may be baseball writers—and, indeed, there are—who can figure it all out for you on paper; but not yours truly. There is undoubtedly such a thing as inside baseball, but I admit the most I have seen of it was written and not played, which shows you that I am singularly unobserving.

Baiting the fans of a rival city is a favorite diversion of some baseball writers. There is a very famous Western writer who dearly loves to prod the New York fans, and he can start a wild bleating among the goats of the Gotham fans any time he cuts loose. He is of the analytical type of writer; and just before a World's Series—especially the last three, in which the Giants were engaged—he wrote a series of articles comparing the players in the opposing clubs by an arithmetical system of his own.

In nearly every case he rendered a solemn verdict against the New York players. Now I have no doubt his findings represented his honest judgment, based more on personal knowledge and observation of the players than on his figures perhaps; but he had a way of presenting them that incensed the New York fans, who are among the most easily incensed fans in the land. There was refined cruelty in his methods.

A New York paper printed his stories daily and then printed extracts from the letters that came pouring in denouncing the writer. Staid and unemotional business men worked themselves up to the verge of hysterics over the articles, and several letters were received wanting to know where the writer would sit during the New York games—the intimation being that he would meet with physical violence. Thousands of people who had never read that paper before, perhaps, eagerly sought it every day, and thus circulation was increased—and all hands were happy but the readers.

There is another baseball writer in New York who can drop an edition of his newspaper into the Brooklyn tube almost any time and out will boil a peck of petulant epistles from the infuriated Brooklyn baseball fans, who resent his aspersions on the weaknesses of the Trolley Dodgers. That writer diverts himself considerably at times by poking up the inmates of Brooklyn, as he calls them; for though New York and Brooklyn are one and the same as a city, they are as far apart as war and William J. Bryan when it comes to baseball. There may be much truth in

(Continued on Page 77)

BUCK'S LADY FRIEND

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The Leading Man Favored Georgine With a Slow, Deliberate Smile

THE members of the Titan Company, comparing notes, agreed that something was the matter with Buck Parvin, though opinion was divided as to what that something might be. A subtle change had come over the spirit of that casual and careless son of the silent drama, a change that manifested itself in many ways and was, therefore, open to many interpretations by his associates.

Jimmy Montague, director, actor and mainspring of the western branch of the Titan Company, noticed it first. A director notices everything first, which is the reason why he holds his job.

Buck began to develop distressing lapses of memory, forgetting the business of his scenes, thereby costing the company something in wasted film and drawing heavily upon Montague's small stock of patience.

"No, no, no! I told you to hand Jack the letter before you made the exit! I rehearsed you twice, and you go sleep-walking over the sidelines and ball up the entire scene! What's the matter with you lately, Buck? Get on to yourself, and for pity's sake don't jump so when I speak to you!"

When reproved while the camera was clicking, Buck would start guiltily and look toward the director, thus committing another crime beyond excuse or pardon. In the movies, where everything goes by looks and gestures, nothing registers quite so heavily against realism as a startled glance in the wrong direction. It makes an awkward break in the action of the scene and attracts undue attention to the machinery, which for the sake of the illusion should remain hidden. Hamlet, pausing in his soliloquy to exchange ribald greetings with the stagehands, could do no worse.

Charlie Dupree, artist with a camera and aware of it, noticed a growing inclination on Buck's part to linger in front of the lens and register full-face photographs rather than action.

"What's got into Buck lately?" he complained. "That mug of his would stop an eight-day clock, but every chance he gets he shoves it square in front of the box and holds it there. He can't think he's pretty, so what ails the sucker?"

"I know," growled old Jennings, the assistant director. "Buck is beginning to think that he can act. So long as he was just an ordinary extra man you could depend on him to do as he was told. Then Montague went out of his way to put him on the regular payroll with the rest of us, and now, confound it, the roughneck actually thinks that he's an actor!" Jennings, a graduate from the legitimate, could never forget that he had been two seasons on the kerosene circuit with Keene. The memory of those distant triumphs was often with him. At such times he lowered his voice a full octave, swore strange oaths, said "me" instead of "my," and treated the entire company with lofty condescension.

Bill Cartwright, presiding genius of the projecting and assembly rooms, where negatives are scrutinized for defects and the strips of film trimmed and patched together in order that they shall tell a smooth and connected story, was amazed to receive a request from Buck for scraps of waste film, always from scenes in which he had played a part.

"You can have as many of 'em as you like, Buck," said Cartwright; "but I'm blest if I see what you want of 'em! They're only negatives, you know."

"They'll do fine for souvenirs," said Buck, putting the scraps carefully away in his pockets. "And say, when you trim up the courtroom scene that we made today—the one with me on the witness stand—save me a strip of that, will you?"

"That's funny," thought Cartwright. "Buck Parvin's been working here for a couple of years off and on and he never asked me for any film before. Wants to lug it round and show it to his friends, I suppose. A regular kid's trick!"

Jack La Rue, the leading man, who was not popular with Buck but was nevertheless so popular with himself that the general average did not suffer, noticed that Buck's sombrero was adorned with a large celluloid button upon which was a bald statement of fact and a somewhat impertinent query:

"I'm somebody's baby; whose baby are you?"

A rush of judgment to the head warned La Rue to withhold comment until Buck was out of earshot, thus postponing the crisis.

Myrtle Manners, the leading woman, as wise as she was pretty, and once an object of dumb adoration on Buck's part, noticed that his eyes no longer followed her, and being a woman she drew certain conclusions from that. Being a sensible woman she said nothing.

Ben Leslie, the property man and Buck's chum, a lean, loose-jointed individual with two eyes that were open most of the time, noticed all these things and many more, shaking his head over some of them.

"Nothing to it—Buck's got it bad," he reflected. "All I hope is that it ain't a widow woman with children. A ready-made family is the worst kind of a family what is, and Buck's just the particular kind of a darn fool that would fall for a widow."

The finishing touch was added when Buck appeared at the studio one Monday morning, disguised in a starched pink shirt, a high white collar and a flowing crimson necktie. Buck's taste ran joyfully to violent pot-pourris of color, but a white collar and a stiff shirt were things that demanded explanation.

"Your nose is bleeding, Buck," began Leslie, by way of opening the subject.

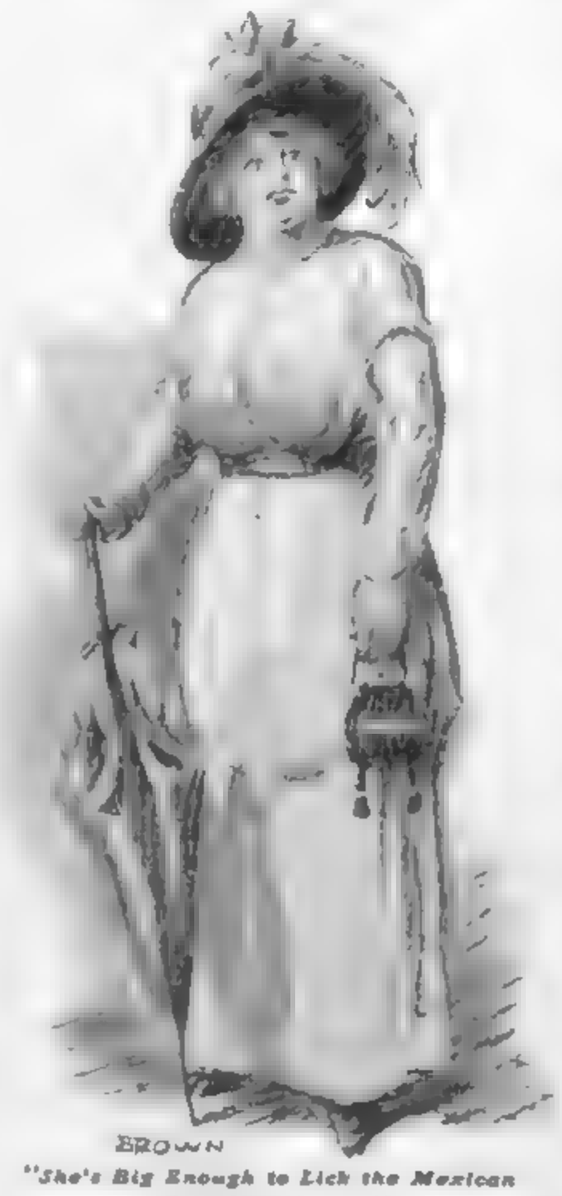
"It is not!" said Buck, startled into putting his hand to his face.

"Oh, beg pardon, that's a necktie, ain't it? Why, of course it is! And a white collar too! What are you made up for this morning, Buck?"

"This ain't no make-up. Can't a feller buy any new clothes without getting bawled out for it? I paid for 'em; that's all you need to know."

Jack La Rue appeared, trim and natty as a leading man should always be, swinging a light bamboo cane. He was in time to catch the last sentence and his dark eyes took in the situation at a glance, twinkling mischievously as they rested upon the collar.

"Howdy, Ben! Who's your friend? . . . Why, as I live, it's Buck! And all dolled up like a sore thumb! Now you're getting some sense. When are you going to scrap-heap those Kansas City boots and that cowboy hat?"



BROWN

"She's Big Enough to Lick the Mexican Standing Army!"

"I Knew That Man Would Flirt the Minute I Laid Eyes on Him!"

Buck grunted deeply, but did not reply.

"What's the celebration?" persisted La Rue. "Why the boiled shirt and the collar?"

"No celebration at all; just something to make little boys ask questions."

"Oh, well, if that's the case I'll ask you one: Who is she?"

"That's some more of your business!" was the reply.

La Rue grinned at Leslie.

"I'll bet Buck has been telling her that he's an actor," said he, and there was malice behind the bantering tone. "A regular actor, eh, and now he's got to dress the part to make good. What?"

The shot went home. Buck's face flamed suddenly, shaming his cravat.

"I reckon I got as much right to call myself an actor as some folks I could name," said he doggedly. "It wasn't me that quit in that last stunt picture, and I didn't holler for a double in the riding stuff because I had a toothache. I can still manage to set up in the middle of a hawss without using my teeth to hang on by."

La Rue laughed mockingly and sauntered away toward his dressing room. Buck looked after the handsome leading man with sullen eyes.

"Ben," said he, "I can stand just so much of that feller's society and then he goes against me. I ain't hunting trouble, but one of these days Mister La Rue is going to crowd the limit too far and I'll swing an uppercut on him. Yes, sir. I'll move his nose up on top of his head so the rain'll run into it and drownd him. Who give that four-flusher any license to meddle in my private affairs? Has he been made chicken inspector round this town, or what?"

"Then it ain't a widow," said Leslie, immensely relieved. "It's a girl."

"I ain't said if it is or it ain't," replied Buck. "I ain't said a word, but take it from me there's class to her."

"Uh-huh," said Leslie. "Blonde or brunette?"

"What difference does that make? They all look pretty good to me. I ain't never had so many of 'em on a string that I could afford to be particular about a color. I'm in luck if I can ketch 'em one at a time. . . . Say, Ben?"

"Say it; your mouth's open."

Buck glanced behind him and lowered his voice mysteriously.

"She's red-headed, Ben," he whispered, "and believe me, she's some woman!"

The property man received this interesting confidence in a singular manner. He rose to his full height, which was considerable, and solemnly extended his hand.

"Red-headed?" said he huskily. "Goodby, Buck. Goodby, old scout. I thought you had

a chance until you pulled that line on me. It's all off now. Goodby." And Ben sat down suddenly with the air of one who will not trust himself to speak further.

"Sa-a-y, where do you get all this goodby stuff?" demanded Buck. "I ain't going anywheres that I know of."

"That's the pitiful part of it," said Leslie, wagging his head slowly from side to side. "You're on your way, but you don't know it yet. You won't know until it's too late."

"Won't know what?" asked Buck, bewildered as much by Ben's manner as by his words.

"I'm surprised at you," continued the property man. "At your time of life and with your experience! Didn't anybody ever tell you that strawberry blondes are dangerous?"

"How do you mean—dangerous?" asked Buck suspiciously.

"Why," said Ben, "everybody knows that red-headed women have got the marrying bug in the most aggravating form. It's always been that way with 'em. Didn't you ever read history?"

"Nothing but The Life of Jesse James," said Buck. "What's history got to do with it?"

"A whole lot. Look at Cleopatra and Sappho and Helen of Troy and the Queen of Sheba and all those female kidnapers! Red-headed, wasn't they?"

"How in Sam Hill do I know?" said Buck. "They was before my time."

"Well, it would pay you to look 'em up," said Ben. "All red-headed women are the same. If a fellow comes along and they like his looks, they nail him before he can bat an eye. Just bing! and they've got him. It seems to go with the color of the hair. They're natural-born wives, every one of 'em, and they can't help it."

"Aw, rats!" said Buck uneasily. "I don't believe it!"

"You can laugh at me, but you can't laugh at history, and while I think of it here's an argument you can't beat. Did you ever see a red-headed old maid? Speak up quick now, did you?"

"Why, I—I—wait a minute till I think." For several seconds Buck ransacked a memory not too well stocked with women, in search of a solitary old maid with red hair. At length he was forced to admit defeat. "I don't seem to remember any just now, Ben," said he.

"Aha! Ain't that the answer? You don't remember any because there ain't any—there's no such animal. Red-headed grass widows are plenty, Buck, but you won't ever see a red-headed old maid. They all manage to get married somehow. That's because they know what they want and they go grab it. I can see your finish. She'll have you up before a justice of the peace with your right hand in the air, and you won't get it down till you swear to love, honor and obey her whole family—and support 'em too!"

"Gimme a chance to talk, will you?" sputtered Buck with some heat. "I ain't said anything about getting married, have I? I ain't even figuring on it."

"You bet you ain't!" said Ben. "No man figures on it. It's the other end of the sketch that does the figuring every time. Some fine evening this girl will take you for a walk and stop in front of a furniture store window. She'll show you a sign that says: 'You furnish the girl; we furnish the home. A dollar down and a dollar a week.' A fat chance you'll have after that! Anything that you might say would be used against you. . . . Oh, well, maybe it would be a good thing for you to settle down and marry this girl and raise a family and stay home nights and— "

"But ain't I told you," interrupted Buck in sudden panic, "that I'm just keeping company with her? I dunno's I'd call her a girl either. She's old enough to know her own mind. I don't like 'em when they're so awful young. All the time I've been going with her I ain't said a word that she could figure was serious. That's on the level, Ben; honest, it is!"

"You may think you haven't, Buck, but she knows better. You're probably compromised right up to your neck. You're as good as a married man this minute."

"Don't you bet no money on it!" said Buck warmly. "I'm over seven and I've been round the block several times. Nobody ain't kidnaped me yet. Georgine's all right in a lot of ways and mighty refined for a woman that works in a soap factory, but—well, I dunno, Ben. I'm a little skittish of that till-death-do-us-part thing. A feller might live an awful long time. And he might want a change once in a while.

"Now there was ole Four-finger Simpson down in the Pecos country. He was so mean and ornery that a yeller dog wouldn't live on his ranch. He got laid up with inflammatory rheumatism so bad that he couldn't even wiggle his ears. Doc Bowen rustled round and dug up a trained nurse for him—six feet tall, she was, and would weigh about fifteen pounds to the running foot. Her face and disposition matched up with the rest of the scenario. She was every bit as easy to look at and as nice to get along with as old Four-finger himself, and I couldn't say any worse about her if I tried.

"Greetings, Marcheese, Greetings!"

"Well, you'd never guess what she put over on Simpson. She rung in a traveling preacher and pulled a wedding ceremony on the ole coot when he was plum' out of his head. He always claimed he said 'I do' because he thought they was asking him if he wanted a drink. She didn't tell him anything about it until he was well enough to stand the shock. By that time he didn't have no more use for a trained nurse, and of course he hadn't never had no use for a wife. Ole Four-finger r'ared and pitched something awful when he found he was a sure-enough bridegroom, but Mrs. Simpson hung on like a burr in a cinch, and finally he had to pungle up five thousand dollars to get rid of her. Then Four-finger up and died suddenlike—got as drunk as a minister's son and was kicked by a mustang—and come to find out, he'd left all the rest of his property to found a home for the indignant poor. When I come away that ole woman was wearing black for him and lawing to bust the will. The boys was betting three to one that she'd do it. Huh-uh! No wedding bells for Buck! Marriage is fine, Ben, if you can pick the right party, but with millions of women running round loose and only one out of the entire bunch the right one for you, there's an awful heavy percentage against a feller before he starts."

"Better not start then," said Leslie. "By the way, have you got to the hand-holding stage yet, Buck?"

"Not yet," said Buck; "but at that I think she'd stand for it." He heaved a gusty sigh and thoughtfully fingered a red spot on his neck where the collar had chafed him. "Georgine is certainly *some* woman!" said he slowly, and lapsed into dreamy silence, during which Leslie regarded him with mingled resentment and compassion, holding his tongue because he found no language sufficiently strong to do justice to the combination.

"I'm going to meet her this evening," resumed Buck, still in pleasant reverie. "That's why I'm kind of dressed up a little. I'm rehearsing this collar and shirt. Georgine she don't like soft shirts. She says they ain't refined."

"Dream on, Romeo, dream on," murmured Leslie.

"We're going to a moving-picture theater," said Buck. "Do you remember that two-reel Western thing, with Jim playing the sheriff and me in the posse, where I ride lickety-cut right up to the camera, pull ole Pieface up on his hind laigs, and light on the ground like a circus acrobat with my hat in my hand?"

"Do you mean The Sheriff's Pal?" asked Leslie.

"That's the baby. It's been released and gets its first run this week. Georgine hasn't ever seen me in a picture. She's been wanting to, but I stalled her off, waiting for a Western one to come along."

"That riding stunt was about all you had to do in the entire picture," said Ben.

"I know it," said Buck. "It was a small part, but what there was of it was star stuff. Right square in front of the camera too. And with my hat off and all. She couldn't very well overlook me, eh?"

Leslie sniffed and made a clicking noise with his tongue, far more expressive than words.

"Say, Ben . . . do you think it would make any difference to her . . . being there beside me and . . . seeing me in the picture? You know how hard women fall for actors."

"Don't let her miss it," said Ben quickly. "If she knows a real actor when she sees one, it may save your life."

Buck ignored this unkind thrust.

"I sort of figured that it might make me strong with her," said he with a shameless grin.

Leslie groaned dismally and rose, prepared to abandon the field.

"Some people ain't worth saving," said he. "Go to it, Don Juan, but don't expect me to be your best man. I serve notice on you now that I won't do it."

"I ain't going to need a best man," said Buck. "Haven't I told you that she was just my lady friend? But say, Ben?"

"Well?"

"She sure is *some* woman!"

II

ON THE following morning Buck was early at the studio in a soft shirt and an extremely unpleasant frame of mind. The other members of the company, coming cheerfully to the day's work, gave him light greetings and received black scowls or grunts in return.

Ben Leslie, bursting to ask questions, took one look at his friend's face and retired to the fastnesses of the property room, where he leaned against the wall and abandoned himself to unseemly mirth.

At last Jimmy Montague came into view, walking briskly and puffing at a briar pipe, revolving great projects in his remarkable mind. To him went Buck, chin thrust forward, fire in his eyes and strutting like an enraged turkey-gobbler.

"Hello, Buck!" said the director. "How's tricks?"

"That was a fine thing that they put on at the Criterion last night," said Buck, ignoring the morning salutation. "That was a swell piece of cheese to hand the public!"

"The Sheriff's Pal?" said Montague. "Why, I caught it on the late run and it looked all right to me."

"Bah!" said Buck scornfully.

Now The Sheriff's Pal was one of Jimmy Montague's pet productions. Not only had he written the scenario and directed the making of the picture, but he had played the star part of the rascally sheriff; and played it very well, so it seemed to him. He was astonished and rather mystified at Buck's criticism.

"I thought it was pretty good," said Montague.

"Pretty good and rotten!" snapped Buck.

"Why, what was wrong with it?" asked Montague, between amazement and anger.

"It was cut all to pieces—that was what was wrong with it. The best stuff in it was trimmed out."

"Well, the footage ran over and we had to trim it some in spots, but I thought it got the story across all right. The audience liked it."

"Yah! A bunch of Eastern tourists! What do they know about Western stuff? You can hand them anything and they'll like it. Trimmed some in spots! I tell you, Jim, that picture was butchered in the projecting room—just butchered!"

"I don't get you, Buck," said Montague.

"Well, get me now. You remember that location stuff we did on the Verdugo road? Them chases and things?"

Montague nodded.

"You remember that scene where you had me come riding down behind the posses and do the fancy dismount?"

"Ye-es," said Montague. "I remember that. What of it?"

"Well, they trimmed it out—that's what of it! They cut that scene as much as fifteen feet. There I was, just coming in sight up the road and so far away that you couldn't tell who I was, and zip! she was cut off short! They slaughtered me in cold blood with a pair of shears. It put the whole picture on the bum."

"There goes your artistic temperament again!" smiled Montague. "It didn't hurt the picture at all, because that bit of yours didn't have any bearing on the plot. It was spectacular and all that, and if we hadn't been away over on the footage it would have been left in, but it wasn't necessary to the story and they trimmed it out."

"Yes, and you let Jack La Rue hog sixty feet in one scene, and all he did was load his gun and set down on a table! Fifteen feet would have saved my life, but I get

trimmed out! What's the use of hiring swell Western ability if you won't feature it? There ain't another man in the business could have done that stunt any better than me!"

"Pshaw!" said the director. "You must have got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning, Buck. What do you care so long as you get your money every week? Forget it!"

"Don't you think I'll forget it! When you trimmed me out of that scene you made me a lot of trouble."

"Why, how was that?"

"Never mind how it was," said Buck darkly. And not another word would he say.

To tell the truth, Montague did not press him. He had other and more important matters on his mind, and attributing Buck's outbreak to temperament he passed on into the studio.

It was Ben Leslie who got the whole story at the price of a little sympathetic silence. Ben could be wise as a serpent upon occasions, and he knew the value of a listener to one who has need of unbosoming himself. That day was taken up with location work, and during the lunch hour Ben smoked cigarettes with Buck under a pepper tree in Eastlake Park and waited for that which he knew could not long be delayed.

It began abruptly with a wild tirade against all directors everywhere, their heirs and assigns forever, touched with searing emphasis upon foot-hogs and favoritism, and wound up with a blistering curse laid heavily upon projecting-room experts and their assistants.

"Yes," said Ben, picking his cue deftly out of the air when Buck paused for breath, bankrupt of invective, "they cut and slash a film right and left, and the worst of it is that they never seem to know what to take out and what to leave in. They trim at the wrong place every time."

"And they don't know a real riding stunt when they see one," said Buck, and Ben, satisfied that he was fairly launched at last, rolled a fresh cigarette and nodded grave approval.

"Now take this sheriff picture, for example," said Buck. "I'd been waiting for weeks for that to come along. I'd been sort of promising Georgine a real treat. I didn't tell her what the stunt was going to be, because that would have spoiled it, and I wanted to surprise her. And there was other reasons why I wanted her to see me in that picture. You know that this town is full of cheap counter-hoppers that go round telling every girl they meet that they're moving-picture actors. It sounds big, and they get away with it until the girl gets anxious to see 'em on a film somewhere, and then they're smoked out because they can't make good.

"Now Georgine's awful wise in some ways. You can kid her along just so far and then she has to be showed. She never said nothing right out about it, but it didn't take me long to tumble that she classed me with the bogus bunch. First time I told her I was an actor she called me right off my perch.

"'What company?' says she quick.

"'The Titan,' I tells her.

"'Haven't they got a film running somewheres in town?' she says. 'Let's go down on Main Street and hunt one up. I'm crazy to see you act, Mister Parvin.'"

"Smart woman," said Leslie.

"You know it! Georgine she wasn't going to waste no time on a dead one. She'd met them conversational moving-picture people before. Well, I stalled her along and I had a tough job doing it. I might have taken her to see me in one or two pictures, but there wasn't anything worth seeing in 'em. No star stuff and no hawsback stunts. The first time that she ketched me in a film I wanted her to ketch me *right*."

"You wanted her to see you at your best," prompted Leslie craftily.

"That's the ticket, Ben—at my best. I reckon you'd have felt the same way about it. It's natural to want to make a good impression at the go-off. I know I don't cut much ice in a soldier coat or afoot in a crowd, but gimme my chaps and put me on ole Pieface and I'm there forty ways from Sunday. Ain't I?"

"You surely are, Buck. None better."

"Well, I waited for this picture. I had it all doped out just what would happen. Here she'd be, setting beside me and waiting all through two reels, not recognizing me in any of the scenes and getting sorer and sorer all the time and making up her mind what a liar I am—see? And I'd be saying: 'Wait now, this is going to be *good*. Stick around, kid. Don't go away.' And Georgine, madder and madder every minute, would be handing it back to me strong. And she ain't like a woman that couldn't do it neither.

"Then all at once here comes some one ripping along the road like a cyclone, hitting nothing but the high spots and mighty few of them, and hanging on by one spur coming round the turn. I nudge Georgine and say: 'Get this now; watch it close!' Right to the camera this bird comes, lickety-clip, up goes ole Pie in the air, pawing with his front feet like he always does. 'Mercy!' says Georgine, 'that man will be hurt!' And zingo! there I am out in front of the whole bunch with my hat in my hand and laughing! Can you imagine how that would make her feel—with me setting right there beside her all the time?

"I figured to give her a chance to get her breath and then I was going to lean over and whisper: 'I'll bet you never met that feller up there, did you? Wouldn't know him from a side of sole-leather maybe? I reckon I can't act at all nor ride a hawss nor nothing, eh?' Oh, I'd thought up quite a lot of good lines to pull on her."

Buck paused and, scooping a handful of scarlet pepper berries from the ground, began to flick them into the air. The bright light of romance faded from his eyes and his lower lip drooped. Ben Leslie remained discreetly silent, but his attitude expressed sympathy.

"That's how I doped it to happen," resumed Buck with a heavy sigh. "It was some little scenario, only—only the film come out of the box a blank. They trimmed my stunt out of the picture."

"You don't say so!"

"Just butchered me. I wouldn't have minded that so much if it hadn't made such a horrible sucker out of me before Georgine, after I'd been ribbing her up all the evening and promising her that she was going to see something great. She got mighty sarcastic toward the end of the first reel when she hadn't seen hide nor hair of me in the picture.

"'Lovely make-up you must have, Mister Parvin,' says she. 'Your own mother wouldn't know you. Are you sure that this is the company you're with and do they know it?'

"I had all I could do to keep her in the theater until my scene was due. 'Wait!' I'd say. 'You're going to be sorry for these cracks you're making at me. Stick for the big show!'"

"And then?" suggested Leslie.

"I tipped her off at the proper time," said Buck. 'Here it comes at the end of this scene,' I told her. 'Watch that road close and don't miss a bit of it!' And just as I was starting to make the ride, away off in the distance and no bigger'n a red ant, whack! off goes the film into an announcement!"

There was a long silence after this remark, delicately broken by Leslie:

"Was she—sore?"

Buck laughed, a strident cackle in which there was no mirth.

"Oh, no, not at all! She wasn't a bit sore. I only had to follow her four blocks with my hat in my hand before she'd as much as look at me, and it was an hour before she'd speak. I certainly did some tall explaining. I reckon I expounded the movie business from one end to the other. Sore? I should say not!"

"Did you finally get it fixed up?"

"Sort of. I'm on probation with her now. I can't play in her yard no more unless I show her I'm a sure-enough actor, and she says there's only one way I can do it and that's to bring her out to the studio some day and let her see me act with her own eyes. She says she'll believe it then, but she won't never trust a film again if she lives a thousand years."

"Are you going to do it?"

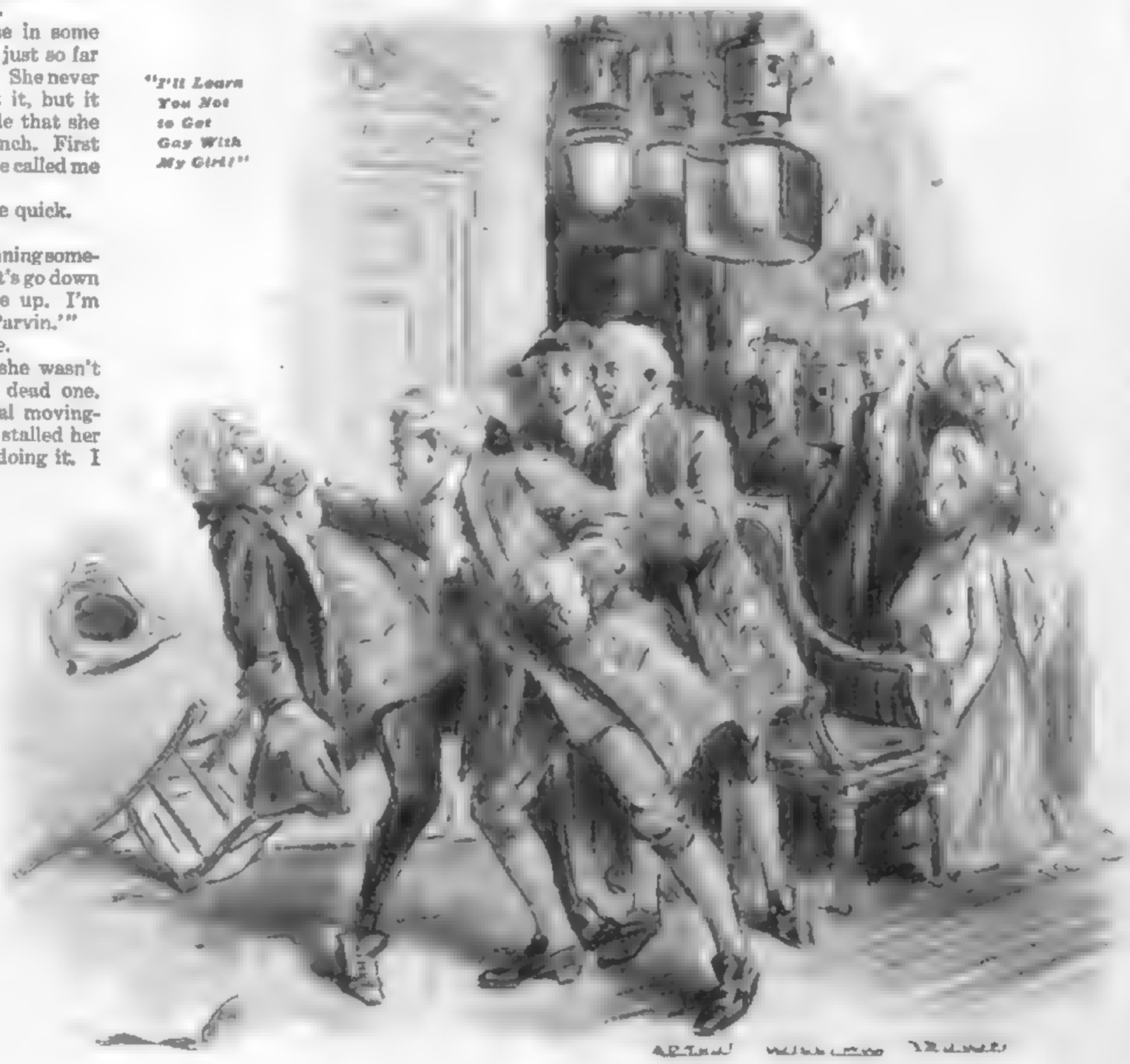
"I'm going to square myself with her somehow," said Buck moodily. "You ain't got no idea how small that woman made me feel. She had me thinking I was the little end of nothing. I ain't had such a wholesale bawling-out since I was weaned. She sure tromped my pride underfoot some, Ben. Yes, I'd make good with Georgine now if it took a laig."

"What's pride amount to when you've just escaped matrimony by the skin of your teeth?" demanded Leslie impatiently. "Don't be a fool, Buck. Let the bet go as it lays."

"You can say that all right," remarked Buck, rising and stretching himself with a cavernous yawn; "but you ain't never had a bawling-out from Georgine, and I have. That woman hurt my feelings something scandalous, and I'm going to make her apologize to me if it's the last official act of my life—*sabe?* I'm going to make her say she's sorry; and then, like as not, I'll throw her down so hard that she'll bounce!"

"Look out she don't bounce into a furnished flat," warned Ben. "If a redhead can get you to *forgiving* her it's all off. Remember Cleopatra and Sappho and——"

"Trot 'em all out!" said Buck. "In a straightaway tongue-lashing contest I'll back Georgine to win, hands down and on the chinstrap, from the whole darn smear. She sure is *some* woman!"



"I'll Learn You Not to Get Gay With My Girl!"

III

THE dressing rooms at the Titan studio are situated behind the glass-walled stages where the interior scenes are photographed. A number of narrow, dingy closets extending along a gallery serve to house the wardrobes of the regular members of the company, and in the smallest of these two resplendent creatures, partially clad in court costumes of the seventeenth century, were struggling before a mirror. The gorgeous white periwigs, the satin breeches, the silk stockings, the high-heeled slippers with jeweled buckles and the lace at wrist and throat contrasted oddly with the other articles of wearing apparel scattered about the room. Chaps, woolen shirts, bandannas, sombreros, cartridge belts and boots were everywhere, for the dressing room belonged to none other than Buck Parvin.

Charlie Jennings, a stick of grease paint in his hand, jabbed viciously at the corner of Buck's left eye. It was one of the detested duties of the assistant director to make up the extra men and such actors as could not be trusted with pigments.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE AMATEUR LAMBS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE syndicate was possessed of certain inside information of extreme import that had a bearing on the market. The syndicate always referred to the Stock Exchange and all its ramifications as the market, because that displayed an easy familiarity, the syndicate knew, with high finance. Moreover the syndicate was well aware that any person who would play the market without the advantage of inside information of great import was no more or less than an idiot, and had frequently so affirmed.

"It stands to reason," said the Principal Person, "that any man is a sucker who tries to play another man's game without knowing all the curves and angles of that game. When it comes to making money in Wall Street the men who get away with it are the men who have positive inside knowledge of what the big fellows will do. This going in and picking the stocks is worse than betting where the pea is in a shell game; but when you have the right information, then it is a cinch. How do you suppose Russell Sage and Jay Gould and Morgan and Dan Reid and all those multimillionaires got theirs?"

And he turned savagely on the Mere Member, as if that timid citizen had disputed him, which was far from the fact; for the Mere Member had been listening with admiration tinged with adoration to the wisdom of the Principal Person.

"I don't know," stammered the Mere Member. "They didn't get it from me. How did they get it?"

"By knowing what was going to happen before it happened!" shouted the Principal Person. "That's how!"

"Then," ventured the Mere Member, "we ought to make a lot, oughtn't we? We know what is going to happen before the people who are going to make it happen know it's going to happen—don't we?"

The Principal Person regarded the Mere Member with scorn.

"Say!" he snorted. "You talk like a man with a paper head!"

"But don't we?" persisted the Mere Member.

"Yes, darling, we do," assented the Principal Person. "We do, Clarice, we do. How much money have you got?"

"Money!" gasped the Mere Member. "Money? Why, I thought we were going to make money—not spend it!"

"You thought we were going to make money!" mimicked the Principal Person. "Well, you thought right—you thought righter than you ever have thought before with that omelet you carry about in your head under the delusion that it is brains; but, you wop, we can't make money without investing money."

"Can't we?" asked the Mere Member in a frightened voice. "Why, I thought that what we know is valuable. I thought ——"

"Oh, for the sake of the House of Morgan, quit having those convulsions you think are thoughts!" roared the Principal Person. "You haven't got to think. You haven't even got to think you think. All you are to do in this deal is to hitch on to me and I'll do the thinking. How much money have you got?"

The Mere Member dutifully examined his pocketbook and counted his silver.

"Forty-two dollars and eighty-seven cents," he announced, not without pride.

The Principal Person stopped, took him by the lapels of his coat and shook him a little.

A Call for Real Money

"WAKE up, Montague!" the Principal Person said. "Come out of your trance. Forty-two dollars and eighty-seven cents! What do you think we are going to buy—leftover Christmas cards or stocks?"

"But ——"

"Oh, but nothing! Rouse yourself, I tell you! We are not going to invest in kippered herring. We are going to buy stocks—s-t-o-c-k-s—and a lot of them; stocks that cost a hundred dollars a share, or more; stocks that represent big values and that will make us rich. Again, with tears in my voice, I ask you how much money have you got?"

"Do you mean how much money there is in the bank?"

"Yes—in the bank, or in your sock, or anywhere else; and, however much that is, how much more can you steal or borrow or find, or otherwise procure? In a word, how much are your total resources in real money?"

"Do you mean all my money?" quavered the Mere Member.

"All of it—every cent—and then some. How much?"

The Mere Member shuddered. He had saved a small sum. It was in a bank. His greatest joy was in making puny additions thereto now and then; and he took out his bankbook every day and added the figures put down at the time of each deposit by the blasé receiving teller.

"Do you mean ——" he began again.

"Sweet spirits of niter!" shouted the Principal Person. "Have you lost even your former primitive understanding of the meaning of the American language? Listen! How much money have you got in real money? What are your total resources? How much can you dig up? Answer now or get out of the game."

The Mere Member was dismayed. He had not figured on this contingency. When the Principal Person took him into the syndicate, because he had the sources of information, he was convinced that all he had to do was to get this information and wait a few hours to have a stream of gold poured into his pockets. This investing of his own laboriously accumulated savings had not occurred to him. He had never thought of that phase of it. "But," he protested again, thinking to stave off the Principal Person, "what difference does it make how much I have? I thought we were going to make money—not spend it."

"So we are, you miser—so we are; but has it never occurred to you that before you can sell anything on a profit you must first buy it? Has that simple postulate of elementary economics and finance never flashed into your benumbed intelligence? We can't trade in this information for stocks. We've got to buy the stocks, and then they will go up on the strength of what we know. Then we shall sell them and have a whole hatful of dough. How much have you got?"

"Oh!" said the Mere Member. "You mean we must invest in these stocks! All right! You know best." Then, searching his soul for something to prove he was not so totally ignorant of Wall Street affairs as he seemed, he asked, out of a dim remembrance of newspaper stories of doings in Wall Street: "Are we going to be bulls or bears?"

The Principal Person looked at him with infinite pity.

"Lord, be merciful to him, an idiot!" he said. "You can be anything you like," he continued, "but I suggest the rôle of jackrabbit as most fitting."

"They always are either bulls or bears," contended the Mere Member valiantly.

"Sit down!" shouted the Principal Person. "You're rocking the boat! Don't confuse that birdseed of a brain of yours with technical terms. Leave the details of this to me, if you please! Again, and for the last time, I ask you: How much money have you got?"

The Mere Member gulped.

"Nine hundred dollars in the bank," he answered, almost in a whisper; "and a fellow owes me a hundred I can get at any time."

"Regular Crœsus, ain't you?" sneered the Principal Person. "I can see you buying a private yacht with the proceeds of this transaction. Is that all?"

"All!" repeated the Mere Member indignantly. "All? Why, that's more money than you ever saw! Don't stand round here and throw on any more of these lugs with me! How much have you got, when it comes down to that?"

The Principal Person reached into his pocket and took out a small wad of bills. He handed these to the Mere Member with a magnificent gesture. "Count that!" he said.

Crossing the Rubicon

THE Mere Member counted ten one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Where did you get it?" he gasped.

"Oh," replied the Principal Person, "I got it! Never you mind how. Where's yours?"

"In the bank."

"Get it, and get that other hundred! Then we'll have two thousand to go on. Meet me at my room in half an hour and we'll talk the situation over and plan our campaign."

The Mere Member walked slowly to his bank. He went by the door, came back, entered, walked out, went back again, and stood nervously at the counter fingering a blank check. He hated to do it. He thought the cashier glared at him from his coop on one side; and he imagined the haughty president of the bank looked at him through the glass in his door, as if to say: "Here, you! What do you mean by taking your money out of our bank?" He was wabbly. Several times he was for quitting; but the thought of facing the masterful Principal Person held him in line. Finally he took a pen and, with trembling fingers, wrote a check for nine hundred dollars. It was the largest check he had ever written. It seemed to him as though he was depleting the resources of the bank. He timidly handed it to the paying teller, who gave it a cursory glance and said:

"How'll you have it?"

"In money, please," he whispered.

The paying teller looked at him contemptuously.

"I know," he said; "but what kind of money?"

"Bills—if it is convenient."

"Huh!" snorted the paying teller, and handed the Mere Member nine hundred-dollar bills.

The Mere Member stuffed the money into his pocket. He felt faint.

He walked uncertainly out on the street and stood irresolutely in front of the bank, tempted to rush back and deposit the money again; but the Principal Person had told him their information was important—was inside information with a bearing on the market—and he took a fresh grip on himself and went to the man who owed him a hundred dollars and secured that. Then he hurried to the room of the Principal Person.

"I've got it!" he almost shouted as he went in.

"Hevings!" said the Principal Person. "Any one'd think you'd robbed the bank instead of drawing out your own coin. Gimme it!"

The money was handed over and the Principal Person counted it. Then he placed it on the table with his own little wad, and picking up a newspaper turned to the financial page.

"Of course," he said, "you don't understand the financial reports; so I'll interpret them to you. Look here!" The Principal Person placed a finger on a line in a long table of figures and curiously abbreviated words. "You see—don't you?—that National Shoehorn opened yesterday at 107½ and closed at 107⅝ bid and 108 asked."

The Mere Member looked at the table and the figures and the curiously abbreviated words.

"Did it?" he inquired. "Who asked 108 for it, do you reckon?"

"Who asked 108 for it!" screamed the Principal Person. "How in blazes do I know who asked 108 for it? A passer-by maybe, or the Minister to Dahomey—or perhaps Frank Vanderlip strolled by and said he'd ask 108."

The sarcasm went clear over the head of the Mere Member.

"Does Mr. Vanderlip own any of it?" he inquired.

The Principal Person threw the paper on the floor. He grew purple in the face. He rose and stamped up and down the room; and then, controlling his emotions with a great effort, he said:

"Now see here, my precious one! It is up to me to give you a few Montessori lessons in finance. Concentrate whatever indications of intelligence you may have and listen!"

The Mere Member picked up the paper and gazed at it uncomprehendingly.

"Go ahead," he said; "but don't be too dad-blamed fresh about it. I've got as much money in this as you have—and I got the information too. Don't forget that!"

"Certainly," continued the Principal Person, lighting a cigarette. "You secured the information; but what use would that be to you if I were not here to utilize it for you? So far as I can see, it would do a Digger Indian as much good to know about the Paris fashions in advance as for you to get a piece of information that will influence the market. You know less about finance than any man in the world. Money is an incomprehensible term to you."

"I don't know about that," broke in the Mere Member. "I saved nine hundred dollars."

The Outlook for National Shoehorn

"OH, PIFFLE! When you get through with this deal nine hundred dollars will seem like street-car fares to you. Now attend to what I am about to say: You find out, on the best authority—I know it is good, for you are too innocent to have a man lie to you—that the Government intends to compose its differences with the National Shoehorn Company, discontinue the suit brought for dissolution, quit moving against it; and that the National Shoehorn Company, in return, intends to do exactly what the Government directs in the way of making over its organization, dropping its subsidiary companies and cleaning house generally."

"That's what the man said."

"Well, you tell that to me in the course of a casual conversation. To you, it is nothing but a bit of gossip; but to me—to me"—and the Principal Person beat himself proudly on the chest—"it is an important announcement of a policy that cannot fail to have a large beneficial influence on the stock of the National Shoehorn Company. Do you follow me?"

"Sure! The National Shoehorn Company won't have to go to jail, and all the people will be so glad they will buy National shoehorns and they'll make a lot of money. How much do you suppose the dividends will be on our stock?"

"Dividends! Why, you wizard of high finance, we won't get any dividends."

"What's the use of buying the stock, then, if we won't get any dividends? I'd rather have my money in the bank."

"We're not going to buy the stock to keep, you defective! We are buying it for a rise."

"For a rise?"

"Yes; for a rise. There's nothing in buying stock to keep. That's investment. We're buying this to make a quick turn. That's speculation."

"Oh, speculation! I didn't—I wasn't ——"

"You didn't what?"

"I thought this was going to be a sure thing—not a speculation!"

"It is! It is! It's a sure speculation. We know about this policy of the Government before anybody else does. We buy our stock now—and then we sit back and wait: and presently the announcement of the Government's policy as regards the National Shoehorn Company comes out—and up goes the stock by leaps and bounds! We have bought ours low. When it gets to the top we sell it and rake in the coin. It's a cinch!"

"But suppose the stock doesn't go up?"

"Suppose the sun doesn't rise tomorrow! It'll go up all right. You're sure this information is correct?"

"Sure!"

"Well, we've got it first; and we'll make a killing on it."

"But if National Shoehorn is one hundred and eight dollars a share we can't buy much for two thousand dollars."

He Hated to Do It

"We can buy two hundred shares."

"Two hundred shares! Why, that's more than twenty thousand dollars!"

"I know! I know—if we buy it outright; but we'll buy this on a margin."

"On a margin?"

"Yes; on a margin. We'll put up our two thousand dollars for a margin and buy two hundred shares. That will protect us ten points; then all we've got to do is to pay the commissions and the interest on the rest of the money for a few days, and when it gets to the top level we'll sell out—and for every dollar it goes up we make two hundred dollars on our investment! And it's a pipe, I tell you! It'll go up twenty points, and that's four thousand dollars; we'll draw down our two thousand and our four thousand profit, and instead of having a thousand apiece we'll have three thousand each. Then it will slump and we can buy it back and play it for another rise. We'll have six thousand and can buy six hundred shares; and when that goes up ten points we'll have six thousand dollars more, and so on. And in a short time we'll have all the money we'll ever need."

"But will they let us do that?"

"Let us do it! How can they help themselves? We put up our money and take the risk—and it's a legitimate transaction; and ——"

"Is there any risk? You said we'd take the risk. I thought it was safe!" And the Mere Member's voice shook a bit as he asked, but his eyes gleamed with the gleam of acquisitiveness.

"Of course," replied the Principal Person judicially, "there is no great gain to be made without the chance of a loss; but in this case it is so small as not to be worth considering. Look here!" The Principal Person produced a sheet of paper on which he had made some figures. "Here's the dope," he said. "The highest point reached by National Shoehorn in 1913 was 118 a share and the lowest was 99⅜. You see what its possibilities are. Think of that—a rise of eighteen points in that time! That means thirty-six hundred dollars. Do you get that?"

"Not yet," said the Mere Member.

"I mean that shows the possibilities of the stock. Now there isn't much dealing in this as yet, for the reason that they don't know what the Government is going to do; so we can get in cheap and get out on the bulge."

"You said it is 107 now."

"Sure, I did! Of course it's 107 now. Do you think this stock has no intrinsic value?"

"But it was 99."

"Yes, and it was 118—and once it was 185; and that's about where it will go back to, or else I miss my guess."

"How do we make all this money when we only put in two thousand dollars?"

"We make it on the rise in the stock when it becomes known that the Government is going to compromise the suits."

"Will the Government buy the stock?"

"No, the Government won't buy the stock; but the Government will practically say to all investors that this stock is going to be a good, law-abiding stock, and it's worth while investing in it. Besides, Shoehorn is paying seven per cent."

"Seven per cent what?"

"Seven per cent dividends."

"But you said we didn't get the dividends."

The Principal Person controlled himself with a great effort.

"No, my son, we don't get the dividends. We are not buying for investment, as I laboriously have tried to explain to your fatwitted comprehension. We are buying to make a quick turn."

"Then what difference does it make whether it pays seven per cent or not?"

The Mere Member's Doubts and Fears

"IT MAKES this difference: If it is a good paying stock, as it is, the people will rush in to buy it when it is known the Government is going to let up on it—and away she goes a-hooting!"

"I wish we could buy it at 99," said the Mere Member.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, why not wish a good wish when you are wishing? Why not wish we could buy it at ten cents? Then we'd make more. We got to buy it at the market, you child of Nature—at the market!"

"Well, what is the market?"

"One hundred and seven and five-eighths, with 108 asked."

"Will they ask that of us?"

"That depends. Shall we go in?"

The Mere Member looked at the little pile of yellow-backed bills—that thousand was all he had. It was a speculation. He hesitated.

"Shall we? Come on and take a chance! We can't lose, I tell you."

The Mere Member sighed.

"All right," he whispered, "if you are sure we can't lose."

"Not a chance! Come down at half past nine in the morning and we'll drop into a broker's place and have a look."

"Isn't that pretty early?"

"Early! Why, the market opens at ten and we may want to buy at the opening price. Perhaps we can get a shade off on the opening, you know. It often opens lower than it closed the night before."

"Does it?" asked the Mere Member dully. "Suppose it keeps on going down."

"Then we can make more money. The cheaper we get the stock, the more money we shall make."

"You Haven't Got to Think. You Haven't Even Got to Think You Think"

"But suppose we buy it at 107 and it goes down? Do you think we should make anything then?"

"It can't go down!" asserted the Principal Person with a fine optimism.

The Mere Member said nothing, but he had his doubts. The next morning they met at the broker's office.

"Now see here!" said the Principal Person. "You keep out of this. We've got to be careful not to tip our hand. These brokers are sharks for finding out things, and if they get a hint of what we know they'll play that stock off the board and we won't get in on it at all. You watch me and say nothing."

The Principal Person walked over to the desk.

"Good morning!" he said to the alert young man who stood behind the window.

"Good morning!" the young man replied pleasantly.

"How's the market this morning?"

"London opened up fairly strong."

"Gee!" whispered the Mere Member. "Are we going to buy this in London? I thought it was an American stock."

"Shut up!" ordered the Principal Person hoarsely, shoving the Mere Member behind him. "Keep out of this!" He assumed a professional air. "How's Steel?" he asked.

"Fifty-eight and a half."

"Anything doing in Canadian Pacific?"

"Opened up a quarter."

"Is that so? Good tone, then?"

"First class!"

They turned to go. The Mere Member tugged at the Principal Person's coattail.

"I thought we were interested in National Shoehorn!" he whispered.

"S-sh-h! Got to throw him off. Come on!"

They started away. After they had gone a step the Principal Person turned back and with a fine air of carelessness asked:

"By the way, what's Shoehorn been doing lately?"

"Pretty strong," said the young man, without looking up from a sheet of paper on which he was making some figures.

"Now you see!" said the Principal Person as they entered the boardroom, where ten or fifteen men were sitting round waiting for the market to open. "That's the way to handle these broker fellows. Don't tip your hand to them!"

They looked at the bare blackboards with the figures at the top—the abbreviated stock symbols in white and the dividend figures over them in red. The signs were Greek to both of them in most cases, though they could figure on the symbols for a few of the big railroads. They found nothing that resembled National Shoehorn.

Climbing for Shoehorn

"WHERE'S Shoehorn on this board?" asked the Principal Person of a young man who was preparing for the day's work.

He pointed to a column over which was the symbol SH. Above those letters were four sets of figures.

"There," said the Principal Person, "are the opening, high, low and closing of yesterday. She closed at 107⅝. That means 107¾, you know. We'll wait to see how she opens."

The tickers had been making preliminary buzzing and clicking sounds, and presently the man who sat on a stool near one of them sang out: "A thousand Little Steel at 58¾!"

The boy went to the column marked USS and put down with chalk 58¾.

They sat and listened and watched. Men came in and went out. The telegraph instruments clicked unceasingly. The man at the telephone was constantly busy. The clerks were grave and occupied. Two youths marked up the quotations as the man at the ticker droned them out. It was very interesting.

Finally the man at the ticker said:

"Shoehorn, 108."

"She's going up," whispered the Principal Person excitedly. "Let's watch it for a minute or two."

Presently there came more quotations:

"Shoehorn, 108½—¾—109."

"Gee!" said the Principal Person. "They're after that Shoehorn."

"Well," whispered the Mere Member, "let's buy ours."

"Hold on!" commanded the Principal Person. "You keep out of this. I'm managing this deal. Wait and see what happens."

They sat for another hour. Shoehorn advanced to 109½.

"We're losing money," urged the Mere Member. "Let's get ours now."

The Principal Person looked quite experienced.

"It's a temporary bulge," he said. "We'll wait until she drops back again."

"Well," urged the Mere Member, "I can't stay here all day. I've got to show up at the office."

The Principal Person contemplated the board wisely.

"So have I," he finally said. "I'll put in an order to buy two hundred shares at 108½, and when she drops back we'll get it there; and then tomorrow or the next day we'll come round and cash in. That information's sure to get out in a day or so."

They went to the office. The Principal Person took an order slip and wrote carefully: "Buy two hundred shares National Shoehorn common at 108½." He signed both names.

"That shows it's a joint account," he said with a knowing air. He handed the slip in at the window. "How much margin do you require?" he asked.

The clerk looked at the order.

"Two thousand dollars," he said briskly.

The Principal Person counted out the money. The clerk took it and asked:

"Does this order go for today only or until it is canceled?"

"Until it's canceled."

"Where shall I send the memorandum?"

The Principal Person gave his address. As they went out the Mere Member nudged the Principal Person.

"We didn't get a receipt for that two thousand," he said.

That had been worrying the Principal Person also, but he did not let on.

"Huh?" he said. "Don't you suppose this house is good? We'll get a receipt all right."

The Principal Person waited in that vicinity. He went into the boardroom several times and found that National Shoehorn was advancing slowly. After a visit at two o'clock he came out and said to the clerk who had taken his order:

"That Shoehorn seems pretty strong."

"Yes," the clerk replied in a noncommittal manner.

"Chances don't seem very good to get it at 108½."

"Not the way she's acting now."

The Principal Person fidgeted. He saw profits vanishing. National Shoehorn was 109½ and going strong.

"Not much chance of getting it at my price," he said again.

The clerk looked at him curiously.

"No," he replied; "but if you have a hunch on it, why don't you buy it at the market?"

The Principal Person drew a long breath. It seemed the right thing to do.

"All right," he said, with a tremble in his voice. "Buy it at the market."

The clerk took a slip off a hook, scratched out something on it, wrote a few words, and sent the slip back to the telegraph operator. The Principal Person, much excited, went out for air. The Mere Member made a call that night.

"I bought it at the market," the Principal Person told him. "There was no use dubbing round on it. It's going strong and we're in. No use being pikers. We've got to take some sort of chance."

They looked at the quotations in the afternoon papers. National Shoehorn closed at 110. "Where did we get it?" asked the Mere Member.

"Oh, I don't know—at the market. We'll get a notice in the morning. I suppose, though, we got it at about 109½, and we're a hundred dollars to the good already, for it closed at 110. Pretty quick action, eh? Made a hundred in twenty minutes!"

Next morning the notice came. It announced that the brokers had bought "for the account and risk" of the syndicate, "according to the rules of the Exchange where order is executed, two hundred shares of National Shoehorn at 110."

The Principal Person whistled.

"By George!" he said. "That close at 110 was on the stock we bought."

"But we are a hundred to the good anyhow!" commented the Mere Member gayly.

The Principal Person looked at him with pity in his eyes.

"No," he said to himself; "I cannot bear to wake him up—yet!"

They both examined the communication from the broker and read with interest the note at the bottom, which said:

"Please take notice that all marginal accounts are accepted with the express understanding that we reserve the right to close transactions when margins are becoming exhausted without further notice, and to settle contracts in accordance with the rules and customs of the Exchange where the order is executed. We reserve the right to loan, hypothecate or otherwise use all securities held as collateral or on which we make advances."

"What does that mean?" asked the Mere Member in a frightened voice.

"Oh," replied the Principal Person grandly, "it merely means that the broker has to protect himself."

"Who protects us?" asked the Mere Member.

"My son," exclaimed the Principal Person "I'll protect you! And besides, heaven looks out for children and fools. Cheer up! We'll make a killing on this."

"But didn't we buy it pretty high?"

Advice From the Oracle

"HIGH!" shouted the Principal Person. "We had to buy it at the market, didn't we? We couldn't go in and make the price ourselves, could we? It'll be 120 in a few days and then you'll be strutting round here and saying you did it."

The Mere Member went to his work. The Principal Person watched the quotations. Shoehorn stood firm at 110 for a time and then went up to 110⅛. It looked good. It closed at 109¾, which did not look so good.

Next morning the Principal Person met a broker he knew.

"How's things?" asked the Principal Person, in that easy, familiar way the brotherhood of speculators have when addressing one another.

"So-so!" the broker replied. "Fairly good tone to the market. It is showing some strength. Though I think the trading is mostly professional and that the shorts are covering, which accounts for the recent rise in the prices of a few active securities; yet there is a general undercurrent of confidence that may have a marked result in advancing values among the standard stocks."

"Gee!" thought the Principal Person. "He talks like a market letter!" But he outwardly paid close attention to the broker's patter, and when that gentleman had finished his recital of glittering generalities he said: "Think things will go up a bit more?"

"They may."

"Conservative citizen, this!" thought the Principal Person. "Nothing radical about him!" And he asked: "What do you think is a good buy for a man with a little loose money?"

"Well," replied the broker thoughtfully, "you might be able to get some action out of Steel for a quick turn, or Union, or Reading. All these look good to me for a dip in and a quick jump out on small rises."

"What do you think of Shoehorn?" And the heart of the Principal Person fluttered as he asked; but he outwardly tried to be calm and unconcerned.

"Shoehorn? Oh, Shoehorn has had a good rise in the past week or so. About done, I think."

(Continued on Page 73)

"Boy, How Long Had You Known About This Settlement Between the Government and National Shoehorn?"

When Pussy-Foot Came to Town

Virgil Totes Tales and Plays Both Ends Against the Middle

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Two Hundred Dollars! For a Live Nigger?"

"WHAT ails Virgil?" With a toploftical smirk the high-yaller Treasurer looked up from his desk to question the Reverend Baltimore Criddle. Criddle had been drowsing in his chair; two pudgy black hands that were clasped about his paunch had gradually relaxed; oily creases, compressed beneath his chin, squashed out in ridges on his white shirtfront; the silk hat was tilted forward on his nose. Criddle woke with a jerk when Virgil Custard hopped in and hopped out again, like a crippled jaybird.

"What ails Virgil?" Perkins repeated.

Criddle eased up and solemnly batted both eyes.

"Virgil feels hisse'f itchin' an' don't know zackly whar to scratch; dat's what makes him ack so fidgety."

"Rev'ren'"—Perkins stuck the pen behind his ear, which betokened a conference—"Rev'ren', is Virgil still figurin' on that extra degree an' him sellin' the reegalia? He got mightily puffed up."

"No; I let de wind out o' dat; Virgil done got flabby agin."

"I reckon we better do sumpin fer Virgil," Perkins suggested tentatively. Criddle scowled, but Perkins insisted: "Twouldn't do no harm to promise him some fat pickin's—then turn him down after the Grand Lodge meets."

"Don't give 'im nothin'; ef yo' houn' dog gits too fat he won't come when you calls 'im."

"But we got to keep Virgil pacified ——" Criddle shook his head angrily. Perkins rotated on the slick seat of his chair and went to figuring.

Flies buzzed sleepily through the semidarkness; Criddle's eyelids began to droop again with the delicious sensation of slipping off into slumber. Criddle would have slipped entirely off but for his accidental squint at the barber shop across the street. His eyes popped open very wide, showing very white against the broad black face. Both hands gripped the arms of his chair. He planted both feet squarely, half-raised himself and looked again. Then Criddle sprang up and left the chair rocking violently while he stumbled to the door. Being only half awake, his liberal red mouth hung open.

"I knowed it couldn't be nobody but Pussy-Foot—nary other nigger's got a white umbrella wid a green linin'. Ain't he done me plenty dirty at Birmingham an' Selma, widout sneakin' in here an' spreadin' tales?"

Perkins wondered why Criddle was trying to flatten himself behind the door, why he stared so fixedly at the loafers on the bench in front of Saul Jordan's barber shop. As nothing short of a riot would justify the ravenous attention Criddle bestowed on the street, Perkins rose and walked forward. His foot struck a chair; Criddle sprinted out from behind the door.

"Hole up, Criddle! Hole up! What you runnin' from?"

"Perkins! I forgot you wuz here," replied Criddle.

Warned by Criddle's fright the Treasurer advanced warily; then stood boldly in the doorway, and looked round. Criddle some way or other managed to regain his rocking chair. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to attract the Treasurer's attention—certainly not that meek, scanty, inefficient figure under its white, green-lined umbrella, who blinked mildly at the unending argument on the barber-shop bench.

Nobody ever looked a second time at Doctor Mathias, and nobody ever got an impression of him at first glance. As a matter of fact Perkins never saw him at all and, mystified, he turned back to Criddle.

"What was the matter, Criddle? I thought somebody must be fixin' to shoot."

Criddle attempted to smile. "'Twarn't nothin'."

Perkins glanced once more toward the droning street, then sat down. There was nothing else for Perkins to do.

Be it remembered, when the Reverend Baltimore Criddle first plunked down his enormous foot on one end of Washington Street all the gaping negroes marveled that the other end of the street did not tip up. The black colossus strode with an undulant swing to his long coattails, which had set every kinky head nodding. Their eyes bulged at his approach; their necks twisted to follow him as he passed. "Who's dat? Who's dat?" The grapevine telegraph sparkled and sizzled with tidings that the Reverend Baltimore Criddle had come to town.

Not so the arrival of Pussy-Foot. There was nothing spectacular or blatant about his humble coming. No herald trumpeted the advent of Doctor Mathias; he bestowed no bull-voiced benedictions. Even the barber-shop congregation would not have observed him if Saul Jordan had not laughed and pointed:

"Git on to de pussy-foot nigger, wid dat white umbrella, an' a hat what's too little, an' shoes what's too big! Looks like a bunch o' accidents ramblin' somewhar tryin' to find a place to happen."

He did look like a bunch of loose-hung accidents, this apologetic pussy-foot nigger, with his misfit clothes and silent way of shuffling about. The loafers snickered, turned their heads and forgot. This busy world habitually looked the other way and forgot Pussy-Foot—which was a valuable asset in certain lines of usefulness.

Criddle's guarded inquiries failed to develop the date of Pussy-Foot's arrival; but he had arrived—arrived with both feet in shoes three sizes too big—shoes that caught the bottoms of his breeches and held them uphitched on the straps. When the sun shone he hoisted a white umbrella; in the shadow he tucked it beneath his arm. In sunshine or shadow Pussy-Foot cuddled close to those with whom he talked, which was necessary for a timorous voice and confidential communications. He trod on nobody's toes and threatened no trouble, except to himself.

Yet the Reverend Baltimore Criddle squirmed in his chair—like a country mule hitched beside the railroad track—whenever that shambling figure passed. Criddle could not run—he had to stand hitched and get town-broke, but the whites of his eyes glared bulkily.

"Perkins, yon's dat measly nigger I been tellin' you 'bout, an' he ain't here fer no good. You 'members de time I wuz doin' well in Selma, Alabamy? Doin' mighty well—ontil Pussy-Foot come 'long an' broke me up."

Perkins glanced across the street at the spindling, weak-eyed creature under his white umbrella; then he glanced down at the competent and capacious Criddle.

"Broke you all up! How?"

Criddle never could explain that mournful miracle, even to himself.

"He don't 'pear like sech a 'swadin' nigger, do he? But he sholy injuced all my members away from me."

"Induced your members?"

Criddle dismally confirmed it.

"He done so; an' de same thing at Birmingham. Pussy-Foot is got some kind o' hoodoo fer argufyin' roun' a nigger. He gits 'em—dat's a sho fack—to jine fust one kind o' s'ciety, den anudder."

"Is he an organizer?"

"He's de topnotcher; an' de wust of it is you don't 'skiver what he's drivin' at—not ontil Pussy-Foot done cut de groun' from onderneath you."

Perkins smiled confidently.

"He needn't try to cut nothin' from onder me! I likes the ground where I'm standin'." Criddle could not smile; Perkins eyed and sized up the man across the street. "Huh! Even those loafers ain't takin' notice of him."

"'Cose dey ain't—dat's what I keeps a-tellin' you. Folks don't never take notice o' Pussy-Foot ontil he's done did what he sot out to do an' got off wid it."

"He can't put the skates under us—we're too solid with our members. Me an' you an' Virgil can hold this Coffin Club till Gabriel blows."

"Dat's it!" observed Criddle. "I believes you-all is goin' to stay wid me an' you believes I'm goin' to stand by you-all; but I feels powerful skittish to see Pussy-Foot startin' dem bumblebee talks wid you or wid Virgil."

"He looks like a tail-tucked, stray nigger."

"You ain't kotch on to Pussy-Foot. He looks dat way on purpose—jes' to throw folks off de track."

"Our members are not goin' to follow behind no sech nigger as that."

"Huh! Niggers is more or less like wimmens—you never kin tell who dey's gwine to take up wid."

Perkins thought hard.

"Criddle, that's exactly why I was thinking we ought to give Virgil a better job—'low him some reg'lar pickin's. He persuaded every member we got, an' ef this new organizer gets hold of him ——"

Criddle tossed his big head like a muley bull.

"I done tole you 'bout Virgil. He gits too biggety. Let him ramble roun' hongry fer a while."

"Hungry dog is bound to eat whatever he can get."

Criddle sat immovable, obstinate, silent. Perkins pointed across the street. "Look yonder!"

Criddle had already been looking for several minutes as Virgil Custard strolled up to the barber shop and stopped, elbow to elbow, with the so-called Doctor Mathias. Perkins caressed his tiny mustache.

"If Virgil had some place to lead 'em he might get a heap of our new members; a lot of 'em is unsatisfied 'bout those claims that we ain't paid. S'posin' Virgil takes up with Pussy-Foot?"

The meeting between the Pop-eyed Parson and Pussy-Foot seemed most casual, as one log of driftwood in the river bumps against another log, recoils and floats away. Pussy-Foot rambled off; Virgil came directly across the street toward Criddle and Perkins, wearing a smile that did not fool Criddle.

Inside the Coffin Club, with an air of jaunty assurance, he leaned against the coffin.

"Criddle, you an' Perkins is bofe together; I wants to talk about dat side degree." Ignoring Criddle's gesture of irritation he went on: "Plenty o' niggers is itchin' to jine an' I kin make a killin' on de reegalia." This was the safest thing for Criddle to do, but Virgil's confident manner antagonized him. "I kin sell dem reegalias fer fo' six bits per each, an' dat leaves me fo' an' a quarter in de clear."

Criddle knew these convincing statistics by heart. Sometimes Virgil had backed up his cart and circled round it; now he went straight at the proposition, which riled Criddle.

"I ain't gwine to do it. I done tole you so plenty times. Yo' job is to 'swade new members—an' you ain't fotch none fer more'n a munt. How is we gwine to git along widout new members?"

Then Virgil erupted:

"You better figger on gittin' along widout dem what you got." Criddle stared at him blankly and realized that the boy had found somebody to stand at his back. "Look here, Criddle; you knows good as I do d'ain't no way to git mo' new members in dis town, an' you won't lemme seek 'em nowhar's else. Ef you don't fix me up a rake-off I got to scrap roun' fer myse'f. Doctor Mathias, he say ——"

"Doctor Mathias! Doctor Mathias! Huh! You means dat Pussy-Foot? I can't beat no sense in yo' head 'bout takin' up wid strange niggers. Doctor Mathias! Huh! Is dat what he calls hisse'f? I knows ernuff to put him in de pentencherry seben times!"

Virgil wabbled and let go the coffin handle—the rock of ages was slipping from his grasp.

"Put 'im in de pen ——"

Criddle resumed his complacency.

"Jes' like I say; all I got to do is tech de wire an de white folks will do de res'. It sho would tickle dem poleeces in Savanny to lay deir hands on Pussy-Foot."

The Pop-eyed Parson, tall and slim, swayed like a wind-tormented weed. Perkins acted promptly.

"Now then, Criddle, you're talkin' business; we'll run that nigger out of town before he gets a chance to do any devilment."

Perkins snatched his hat from a nail and bolted. Criddle bounded up—nimbly for Criddle—and blocked Perkins at the door.

"Whar you goin'?"

"To wire the police at Savannah."

"No you don't! No you don't!"

"That's the cheapest way to get shut of him—let the white folks pay the freight!"

Perkins tried both end plays round Criddle, but failed to gain the door. Virgil stood open-mouthed, listening and staring from one to the other.

Criddle was in a panic—a sweaty panic—a pleading panic. A moment ago his sonorous wrath had filled the Coffin Club; now it dribbled into whining arguments:

"Don't do it, Perkins—don't do it. I hates to git any nigger in trouble wid white folks."

Perkins did not know—and Virgil had forgotten—that Criddle lived in a mighty thin glass house. Neither of them knew that Pussy-Foot carried a pocketful of rocks, and Criddle did not want to stand in the way of a volley from Pensacola. Perkins could get round all Criddle's arguments but he could not get round Criddle, who had the door corked up—bulging out like a stopper that is too big for the bottle. Perkins sat down to catch his breath.

"Perkins, you an' Virgil keep yo' mouf shet 'bout what I tole you. Dat slipped out unbeknownst. I hates a tattletale!"

Virgil began to smell a rat and sniffed round to see where it lay. He only waited for Criddle to uncork the door, then slipped out with a dubious and inquisitive whistle.

Criddle was likewise waiting for Virgil to remove himself. He rambled over to the Treasurer's desk.

"Dere's another thing, Perkins; we don't wanter raise no humbug ontil dis Gran' Lodge meetin' is over wid. S'posin' dese niggers wuz to frame up some kind o' tale on one of us?"

"That's so; but we won't have a bit of trouble getting elected."

"No, I reckon not," Criddle answered promptly, but with a minor of doubt. "We got de majority, but dese 'nority howlers is backcappin' us mighty loud. Dem death claims ain't paid—dat's what sticks in deir craw. Perkins, how many claims is we got?"

"Fourteen"—the number was on the tip of his tongue and fell off.

"I been a-ponderin'. Us better pay ole man Sanders; he's a delegate, an' got dem Bovina votes in his pocket."

"And pay the Coleman claim?" Perkins' suggestion came so nimbly that Criddle scented a secret rake-off. "Brother Coleman controls the votes from Cary Lodge. Then pay Aunt Melindy Ruggles, from Port Gibson, an' let the balance wait. Make every one of them think his turn comes next—which gathers in their votes."

Criddle nodded and followed Perkins' diplomacy until he fetched up against a snag.

"Is we got dat much money?"

"By scrapin' the bottom—that much and no more. Next Tuesday, being the first of the month, dues will come rollin' in." Sweet and full of solace was the thought of dues that would come rolling in. Criddle rolled it on his tongue until something tasted bad.

"I sholy hates to cough up fifteen hundred."

Perkins took an optimistic view.

"Is You Ever We' Striped Clothes an' Studied 'Bout Bluffin' de Bizness End of a Shotgun?"

"After the Grand Lodge adjourns we can compromise with a lot of them"—the blackest clouds being lined with silver compromises.

Criddle and Perkins understood each other. They would dole out what was choked from them before the Grand Lodge met, then buy off the most clamorous claimants and divide their benevolent profits. In such a slippery predicament Criddle desired to let sleeping dogs lie. He could not afford to have Pussy-Foot yapping at his heels—and perhaps calling on that white lawyer from Pensacola. After due and prayerful consideration Criddle did not like the tune Virgil Custard whistled when he left the Coffin Club.

Criddle would have liked it less if he had known that for six consecutive evenings Virgil had balanced himself on a three-legged chair in Pussy-Foot's room, giving the long and tangled annals of his wrongs.

"Criddle skins me out o' eve'y cent I makes."

Pussy-Foot sat on the edge of his bed, oozing sympathy at every pore and smoothing Virgil down with the soft hand that calms the bristling cat.

"Parson Custard, 'tain't no merit in fallin' out wid Rev'ren' Criddle."

"Criddle nacherly can't treat nobody square."

Virgil's thin voice arose and Pussy-Foot lifted a warning hand.

"Sh! I don't blame you fer gittin' mad; but you mus'n't never talk mad."

Virgil's lowered voice carried none the less of passionate indignation.

"Look at me! 'Swaded nigh on to eight hundred new members at one dollar per each—an' goin' hongry!"

"Brethern oughter git along nice an' pleasant ——"

"'Tain't no gittin' 'long atall wid Criddle. I 'swades a new member, an' it's jes' like leadin' a cow by de halter—Criddle rolls up his sleeves and sets in to milkin' continual, continual! I never gits another drap."

"Nary 'nother drap? Maybe dat's accordin' to de constitootion an' by-laws."

"Sho is; eve'y time I tackles Criddle fer two bits it's accordin' to de by-laws I don't git it."

Pussy-Foot settled back thoughtfully.

"Wid eight hundred members, dere must be plenty pickin's to go round. We oughter study up some way to git yo' share—but ——" His words flowed on as soothingly as the murmur of many bees—with a sting at the tail. Virgil felt the sting; but, as Criddle has correctly diagnosed, he did not know exactly where to scratch. Pussy-Foot never quite baited him to the point of exasperation; he changed the subject. "Is all yo' members satisfied wid de Coffin Club?"

"Dat dey ain't!" Virgil sprang up; the three-legged chair fell with a clatter. "Dat dey ain't! Soon as de Gran' Lodge meets dey's gwine to throw Criddle out—an' likewise Perkins. Heap o' dead niggers ain't been paid fer an' deir folks is raisin' a rookus."

"I heered Criddle wuz payin' spot cash at de graveside."

Virgil sniffed contemptuously.

"Dat's de way dey started off, wid a hullabaloo—injuced dem fool niggers to jine. De next member what 'ceasted got paid fer at de club; an' de nex' one had to wait more'n two months. After dat Criddle sot in to 'vestigate an' compromise. Him an' Perkins keeps de bigges' majority o' de money. Jes' watch dat Gran' Lodge nex' munt an' see 'em throw Criddle out."

Pussy-Foot shook his head.

"No, dey ain't. Dem niggers at Pensacola got a heap more riled dan what dese Vicksburg niggers is. Criddle warn't 'lowed to flop his coattails on the street widout some one grabbed 'im to c'lect a death claim. Dey chawed de rag mighty vig'us—wuz fixin' to soak 'im in a barrel o' tar an' trim 'im wid plenty feathers. But, Lawd! Lawd! Criddle riz up in meetin' an' give 'em a speech; den dey 'lected 'im all over agin. Dat wuz befo' dey foun' out dat Criddle done sent all deir money to Sinkersville. 'Twarn't nary cent in de treasury to pay nobody! Some of 'em got pestered an' hired a white lawyer—sicked him on to Criddle's trail."

Pussy-Foot leaned back and chuckled softly. "Ef Criddle lef' any trail nobody ever struck it. Eve'ything would 'a' been nice an' pleasant ef twarn't fer dat white lawyer; so Criddle, he 'rived away from Pensacola mighty brief."

"Pensacola?" Virgil jumped up excitedly. A forgotten something stirred in the back part of his head. "How come you knows so much 'bout Pensacola?"

"Warn't I right dar an' seed it?"

Pussy-Foot averted his eyes, veiling the fullness of what he knew. Virgil caught his shoulder and demanded:

"What was all dat rookus in Pensacola?"

"'Twarn't nothin' atall, an' not much o' dat. Jes' a little tanglement what dey blamed on Criddle. Criddle, he specify to de members dat eve'y cent 'o deir money wus lyin' in de bank. Dem ignorant niggers wouldn't let it go at dat; dey had to 'quire. White folks at de bank say 'twarn't no money dere—Criddle done drawed it all out. Criddle never tarried to have no 'sputе. Criddle hates 'sputes."

Virgil paced the floor, then halted.

"I might 'a' knowed 'twas sumpin like dat. One night a strange nigger blew into de Coffin Club an' I heered 'im bluffin' Criddle. He talked scan'lous—tole Criddle up an' down to fork over one hundred simoleons or he wuz goin' to telegraph a lawyer named—named Mr. King—yes; yes, dat's him—Mr. Henry King, at Pensacola. Criddle's face looked like ashes on the hearth when he coughed up dat money."

This exhuming of Criddle's dead-and-buried past gave Pussy-Foot a charitable pain.

"Dat's all over wid; you an' me ain't got to say nothin'."

"Say nothin'! Criddle would tell on you mighty quick—he's fixin' right now to telegraph Savanny fer de poleece to come."

One instant and the serene pool of Pussy-Foot's countenance looked as if a chunk had been flung into it—convulsions in the middle; shivering ripples that ran out to the edge and died away.

"Criddle's got too much sense."

Virgil saw through it all suddenly and completely.

"Uh-huh! Oh, yes; Rev'ren' Criddle! Dat's how come you wouldn't 'low Perkins to send a deespatch fer de chief o' poleece to come git Doctor Mathias ——"

"Git me!"

"Perkins 'low dat's de easiest way to git rid o' you. I thought mighty curious o' Criddle stickin' up so strong fer Perkins not to do it. Huh! Criddle wuz skeered you'd tell on him 'bout Pensacola."

Pussy-Foot recovered the serenity of his smile.

"I don't believe in tellin' on nobody. You an' me won't say nothin'."

"Don't know 'bout dat!" Virgil had found a club ready fitted to his hand. "When Criddle mounts one o' his high-hosses I 'members how dat strange nigger injuced him to seek a mighty low limb."

Pussy-Foot nodded unwillingly.

"He must 'a' had Criddle whar de hair wuz short. Dese Gran' Lodge officers is got more or less short hair; but we mustn't be totin' tales to white folks."

"I ain't totin' no tales—only aimed to skeer 'im."

Pussy-Foot looked benevolently secretive.

"I been knowin' dat on Criddle fer de longes'; but 'tain't no sense lettin' yo' tongue spill eve'ything out o' yo haid. 'Sides dat, one nigger can't git in trouble widout draggin' a whole lot mo'. I kin shove my bizness widout knockin' nobody back'ard. De Mysterious Twelve is he'pin' folks to live!"

The words had a deliciously awesome sound, which drew Virgil Custard closer.

"'Sterious Twelve? Never heered o' no sech lodge in Vicksburg."

"Vicksburg is 'way behin' de times."

"Is it goin' to start up?"

"Maybe so—an' de Undergroun' Railroad"—this in a whisper—"ef we kin git ernuff members." Virgil's eyes bulged wider, while Pussy-Foot elucidated: "De Mysterious Twelve used to run de Undergroun' Railroad in slavery times—he'pin' niggers git away to a free state."

"Say—dey did!"

Pussy-Foot struck his nimblest patter.

"Dey started off wid Twelve 'Postles—but dat's befo' you 'members real good—an' kep' on a-workin' plum till now. Amongst de Twelve what runs de Undergroun', 'twarn't nary Judas. Speaks mighty well for 'em, don't it, Parson Custard?"

"Sho do. Does you belong?"

"Belong? I'm de 'vance agent."

"'Vance agent! Ain't he sumpin mighty 'portant?"

"Right tol'able 'portant, but not ernuff to ack biggety. He picks out de members, pays fer dem dat dies an' likewise fer de members what lives."

"Pays dem what lives!"

This was turning benevolence upside down for Parson Custard. Pussy-Foot never shied.

"I ain't low-ratin' dese new-fangled s'cieties what pays fer dead niggers; but nobody can't he'p a dead nigger—'cept to plant 'im proper. Our members chips in one dollar eve'y quarter—fo' dollars a year. At the end o' five years ef he lives an' nothin' happens—we pays 'im two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars! Fer a live nigger?"

Pussy-Foot leaned forward confidentially—three shades blacker than a he-martin—and looking almighty solemn.

"Uh-huh! We pays 'em by 'vestments."

There were things in heaven and earth that Parson Custard did not minutely comprehend.

Ignorance darkened his face until Pussy-Foot turned on the illumination.

"'Vestments means puttin' away dollars where dey breeds mo' dollars. S'posin' you's workin' fer one dollar a day. You gits dat dollar an' spends it—which ain't nary 'vestment. S'posin' you got paid one rabbit a day an' eve'y night you et yo' rabbit—den you wouldn't have no 'vestment. But s'posin', 'stead o' eatin' dat rabbit, you puts three or fo' rabbits in a pen an' lets 'em be—mighty quick you got more'n a thousan' rabbits! Well, dat's de same way wid 'vestments. Here's yo' nigger—he frolics off his money on catfishes an' gingersnaps. We steps in an' holds de 'vestment till it mounts up to two hundred dollars."

"Dat sounds mighty nice."

"Den, agin, we pays fer 'em ef dey dies."

Virgil had been floundering out of his depth; now his feet began to touch bottom. He grinned, but still in wonderment.

"Pays 'em gwine an' comin'!"

"Bofe ways. Eve'y member is got to take out two policies—one to win on ef he dies an' one to win on ef he lives. He's 'bleeged to die—or live. I can't figger out no way fer our members to lose."

Virgil was rushing up and down the room, snapping his fingers and clacking his tongue.

"I kin 'swade plenty members wid dat. Jes' like a hoss-race whar 'tain't but two hosses. O' cose ef you bets on bofe of 'em you's nacherly 'bleeged to win. How much do I git?"

"Dollar a head cash an' five cents a head eve'y munt—jes' as reg'lar as dey pays."

Then Pussy-Foot and Virgil sat down and began to talk business in earnest.

It was long after midnight when Virgil went out on the street, chuckling to himself:

"Now den, I'll play one o' dese niggers against de udder an' mop up sumpin good."

Next morning Virgil strode into the Coffin Club twirling his cane, which, like his prosperity, had been laid away for many months. He was undeniably exhilarated; his cane cut all manner of fantastic capers; which it had no right to do. Criddle noticed this; it set his teeth on edge to see that brown-skinned nigger swinging a cane, biggety as if he had a million dollars and six bits in his pocket. Virgil dawdled about, then drifted toward the door.

"So long, Perkins. Uh-huh! I'm goin' travelin'."

"Better hustle," Criddle suggested; "train mought pull out an' leave you."

"'Tain't gwine to leave me! When dat train pulls out I'll sho be ridin' her—don't make no diffunce how much she snorts and bellers." Virgil listened for Criddle to say something, which Criddle did not. The crisis called for conversation. As nobody else was making any, Virgil volunteered: "Goin' to visit my brudder Bill." A grunt from Criddle closed the incident until Virgil remarked, with the innocence of the junior cherubim: "Bill lives in Pensacola, Florida." Then he saw Criddle flinch. "Bill, he's a great hand to hear de news; an' it jes' fell in my min' to go down an' loaf wid him a while. O' cose I ain't got no call to hang roun' here doin' nothin'."

Criddle's eyes clung to the floor. Virgil allowed him every chance to speak up, then sauntered disappointedly toward the street door.

"Oh, Virgil!" The tone was low enough for Virgil to disregard it and keep moving. He dragged one foot after the other, slower and slower, for fear Criddle might not call again. "Hole up, Virgil!" came louder, and the Pop-eyed Parson turned.

"What yer want?"

"Tarry a while an' le's talk. Me an' Perkins is been conferrin' 'bout dat side degree you wants to get up. Bein' as you fotch in a right smart sprinklin' o' new members, we 'cluded 'twarn't no more'n right to let you start up soon as de Gran' Lodge gits done."

Virgil nodded airily.

"Dat'l jes' 'bout 'low me time to loaf roun' Pensacola an' hear de news from Bill; den I'll come back."

Criddle wreathed himself in a most detaining smile.

"Better not go yit a while—wid all de members you got to talk to."

"I gives 'em a hot line o' conversation atter I gits back," which frothy suggestion and a scintillant swinging of his cane transported Virgil to the street.

The floor creaked beneath Criddle's heavy tread; his empty chair rocked hysterically; through the temporary darkness of the doorway his long coat-tails went flopping after Virgil.

"Stop dar, Virgil! Dis ain't no time to be skylarkin' roun' fer pleasure. You better stay home an' git up yo' degree." Criddle marked the lack of enthusiasm on Virgil's countenance; niggers are like fish—some days they will bite at anything, and some days they must be coaxed. With an arm round his shoulder he coaxed Virgil Custard: "Here's dis Gran' Lodge comin' on an' a big 'lection. O' cose it's goin' to be a walkover; but you got a heap o' 'fluence—an' we wants a big 'jority."

Virgil melted somewhat at this tribute to his influence; then congealed again.

"I'll consider dat 'twixt now an' train-time."

He wriggled away from Criddle and floated down the street. The Grand Organizer followed him with uneasy eyes.

"Jes' sho as dat young nigger totes his mouf to Pensacola I got to move agin—an' move quick!" Criddle was too hefty and too well-rooted to move quick.

The Pop-eyed Parson had at last caught the handle of the whip instead of perpetually feeling its limber end; but he did not know exactly how to crack it. The Coffin Club was a going concern, prosperous and popular; his rake-off on the sale of regalia was not to be sneezed at. Yet he had fallen under the fascination of Pussy-Foot, whose glittering proposition to pay negroes for living must herd in new members by the drove. Virgil halted between two opinions.

"Reckon I better keep 'em bofe a-guessin' till I gits fixed!"

It was late in the afternoon. Criddle leaned back in his chair, more than half asleep, his head resting against the wall. Perkins fumbled quietly with his papers—most of Perkins' business being strictly on the quiet. It was drowsily silent in the Coffin Club—when Bang! Bang! Bang! a hammer struck the thin partition within a foot of Criddle's head. He bounded up.

"What's dat?"

"Must be somebody nex' do'," Perkins suggested.

"Dat sto' been empty ever sence I come to Vicksburg."

Bang! Bang! Bang! A clatter of planks; the rasping of a saw. Criddle stood listening; then a slow, unwelcome intuition overspread his face.

"Perkins, is you heard o' anybody rentin' dat sto'?"

Perkins had not heard, but Criddle would have bet dollars to doughnuts he could name the meddlin' nigger who had rented it. His progress toward the front was not in the traditional and leisurely Criddle fashion, nor were his hurried and stealthy steps along the sidewalk. The door to the adjoining building stood ajar; Criddle peeped in—swapping suspicion for certainty. There was Pussy-Foot, with a real-estate agent, deciding on repairs.

Neither of them saw Criddle, however, who whirled and dodged back.

"Perkins, dat Pussy-Foot nigger is fixin' to play de same dirt he played on me at Birmingham—move in nex' do' an' waylay our members when dey comes wid money to pay dues. Dem Birmingham niggers couldn't find no argument to git by Pussy-Foot; dey jes' nacherly stopped in an' jined wid him. 'Sides dat, I got a hunch dat Virgil's gwine to work fer him—an' Virgil knows eve'y member we got."

Perkins spraddled himself in the center of the floor and waved his arms. There was no concealment about the remarks that Perkins made. Virgil heard most of them before he got inside the door—and guessed the balance. The Treasurer's impetuous arguments had driven Criddle backward into his chair, where the fat black man collapsed. Neither of them noticed Virgil. Criddle was still gasping and protesting when Perkins grabbed his hat and shot out the front door.

Virgil felt almost sorry when Criddle gazed up at him.

"Virgil, I didn't thought you would 'a' did me dataway."

"Done you whicherway?"

"Jined in wid Pussy-Foot to bust me up."

"I ain't aimin' to bust nobody; but I got to make a livin'. Doctor Mathias 'lows me a good p'centage an' a reg'lar rake-off dereafter."

Criddle spread out his persuasive palms.

"Warn't I willin' to 'low you dat side degree an' let you sell plenty reegalias fer fo' six bits?"

"No, you warn't! You ain't never spoke dem words ontil dis minit."

"Well, I speaks 'em now."

(Continued on Page 69)

"Virgil, I Didn't Thought You Would 'a' Did Me Dataway"

Teamwork in Tradebuilding

Syndicated Study of Standards, Troubles and Opportunities

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

TRADEBUILDING by syndicated effort is something more than an ambitious dream. It is an actual achievement in cases so numerous that no escape is left from the conclusion that the constructive powers of the right kind of trade association are today only half appreciated.

Training the spyglass of trade development on the future is a task that is distinctly fitted for coöperative effort. It is work for which the average individual firm is as distinctly unqualified. Only the great corporation with almost unlimited resources is able to undertake such a task. The small manufacturer or operator cannot attempt it because of the expense; and comparatively few corporations are big enough to pay the costs of a thorough and consistent line of research operated on a basis broad and scientific enough to get substantial results.

The elimination of guesswork from the methods and results of tomorrow requires two things—a clear-headed record, and an analysis of the methods and results of yesterday, considered in relation to all the facts about the conditions of the future that can be determined or anticipated with reasonable accuracy.

This is no singlehanded job. No individual manufacturer—unless he stands in the position of a practical monopolist—has a view broad enough to do this work alone. It can only be done by one who is in a position to command a bird's-eye view of the conditions of the whole industry. He must have the returns from all the precincts. Any outlook less comprehensive than this is too limited for safe and vigorous tradebuilding—especially as that work almost invariably deals with the possible increase of consumption and the possible decrease or exhaustion of the future supply of raw materials.

The National Association of Paint Manufacturers affords us an example of the modern association that is alive to the possibilities of tradebuilding, to the necessity of protecting itself against a threatened shortage of raw materials, and to the opportunity of educating the public in a wider and more intelligent use of its product.

There are many larger and stronger associations than this, and possibly many that have gone to greater lengths in this direction; but, if so, the tradebuilding work of the paint manufacturers' association is all the more representative of what live and progressive associations are doing to take care of the future, insure themselves against emergencies, and open up new fields for the production of profits.

"This Will Show You How Much Paper Trade South America Has and Who Is Getting It"

Looking Ahead Into a New Century

IN WASHINGTON this association today maintains a permanent bureau of investigation and education. Its activities now cost not far from fifty thousand dollars a year and will probably call for an increasing expenditure each year. While this bureau is constantly recording the vital paint facts of the present and comparing them with those of the past, it is reaching out with a strong and protective hand into the future. Already it is dealing with the supply of raw materials for the year 2000, and even beyond that time.

Linseed oil is the foundation material of the paint industry, and this oil is made from flaxseed. In the past flax has been commonly regarded by the American farmer as a raw-land crop. It has followed first after the breaking plow has turned the virgin soil of the prairie, and has then given way to wheat, oats, or other cereals.

If each year for an indefinite period were sure to see the turning of an undiminished area of virgin prairie soil, and if that area were sure to produce an undiminished flaxseed yield, and if the demand for linseed were equally sure not to increase, the paint manufacturers would have little cause to worry about the future supply of this raw material on which their whole industry rests. And the attitude of the individual manufacturer would have unquestionably been: "Well; what are you going to do about it anyhow? I'll have to cross that bridge when I come to it—and let the consumer pay the freight!"

The tradebuilding bureau of the paint manufacturers' association was hardly organized, however, when its specialist said, in effect:

"Gentlemen, you've got to do something about the future supply of flaxseed—and do it now; otherwise in a few years you are going to find your whole industry cramped for lack of the raw material of which you use a greater quantity than any other. The area of virgin soil to be turned by the plows of the new settlers is playing out—growing less and less each year.

"Again, the flaxfields of the Northwest are being attacked by a disease that threatens the crop. And, finally, the demand for linseed oil is yearly increasing in volume. This means that the popular fashion of growing flax only as a first crop on virgin soil must be broken up; that the disease of the flax plant must be fought and checked before it spreads beyond control; and that the farmer must be taught not only how to get a larger and better yield of flax, and plant a larger acreage of it, but also that it will pay him to do so—pay him to grow flax as a rotation crop instead of merely a wild-land crop. If somebody doesn't do this your industry will face disaster.

"You can't do business without linseed oil; and when that reaches a certain figure the consumer is going to balk at the price; he's going to use less paint instead of more. Why not get busy and increase the supply of this basic raw material, and at the same time educate the people so that they may see that it is economical to use more paint instead of less?

"Then it is well to remember that each year there are more people to use paint and more buildings to require painting. Don't let your industry dry up for lack of raw material. Expand it—and expand the supply of this essential material at the same time."

This sounded like plain common sense to the members of the paint association. They admitted that no manufacturer could possibly attack so big a problem singlehanded; but that it was just the thing for the association to go after through its bureau of investigation and education—a bureau that is supported by subscription inside the association instead of by assessment on all members.

What has been done to provide for the future supply of linseed oil? At both the North Dakota and the Montana State Experiment Stations arrangements were made to pay in part, or in whole, the expense of an active campaign in behalf of more and better flax.

Again, these financial contributions to the cause of flax research and demonstration have given the specialists in charge of the work a freer hand and larger resources; and the moral effect of these contributions has been marked. These specialists have been made to feel that a great industry is awake to the results of their work and is coöperating with them.

Though this work has been under way only four years, results have already amply justified the expense. The flax specialists have learned how to produce greatly improved crops on ground supposed to be played out for flax production. The prevailing notion that the crop cannot be grown with profit save on soil that is practically virgin has been given a knockout blow. And the scientists and their coöperators feel that they are well on their way toward the demonstration that flax may profitably be made a unit in a regular crop-rotation scheme in many of the Northwestern states.

Again, these investigations have led to a fairly complete and exact knowledge of the main disease to which the flax plant is subject, and to measures that will effectively check and perhaps exterminate this disease. The next step is to get this knowledge into the hands of the farmers of the great flax belt. This is done by bulletins mailed to flax growers, by interesting the local press in the movement for more and better flax, and by addresses delivered before large gatherings of farmers.

Object Lessons in Flax Culture

THE campaign of education is not to stop, however. The association of paint manufacturers has planned to send its own missionary direct to the farmers and preach this gospel to them at first hand. They are to be taught that flax is a high-premium crop, far too profitable to be grown merely as a wild-land tamer; that it may be grown at regular intervals and its yield greatly increased by better methods of cultivation; and that the diseases by which it is assailed may be overcome by proper treatment. Then they will be instructed—on their own ground—how to apply the methods of cultivation and protection worked out by the scientists of the experiment stations.

In a word, the National Association of Paint Manufacturers of America is taking active, aggressive measures to protect its future supply of the raw material of which it uses the greatest quantity. It is recognizing the fact that trade expansion will be impossible without this protection.

The association's scientific bureau at Washington has not contented itself, however, with work directly intended to increase the future supply of this raw material. Its business is to study every phase of paint supply and paint technology. This led its force of specialists to raise the question: Is not a large volume of linseed oil unnecessarily diverted from paintmaking—used for purposes that would be as well served by some other oil not adapted to paint manufacture?

This question led to an extensive investigation of the oil made from the soya bean—the soy bean of agriculture. The association investigators did not, of course, lose sight of the possibility that this oil might be found as well adapted to paintmaking as linseed—they were open to conviction on that point.

If they were able to establish it as a reliable and safe substitute for linseed they would be more fortunate than

they expected; but if they could clearly prove that soya oil was as well fitted for certain other lines of manufacture consuming large quantities of linseed, practically the same purpose would be served and a wasteful and unnecessary diversion of this precious material would be checked.

The thoroughness with which this line of investigation has been prosecuted is suggested by the fact that the bureau has about fifty varieties of soy beans in cultivation in every state in the Union. The work of the laboratory keeps pace with the production of these demonstration fields. Already the findings of the laboratory have determined the fact that the oil of the soya bean is as well adapted to soapmaking and certain other lines of manufacture as is linseed, and that it can be produced far more cheaply.

Before the investigation is finished the variety of soya bean producing the best oil will be determined, and also the general locality most favorable to its growth will be found. Then the campaign of education will be carried forward to the farmer.

This bureau is also experimenting in much the same way with the Chinese oil nut, introduced into this country by David Fairchild, of the Department of Agriculture. After laboratory experiments that clearly establish the value of this nut as a source of oil supply, the association, through its bureau, has established in various parts of the country numerous plantations of these nut trees. Before these come into commercial bearing, ample time will have elapsed for the laboratory to determine by a long series of experiments the exact place, if any, in paint manufacture that the nut oil will be entitled to take.

At any rate there is little likelihood that these experiments will not, at least, lead to a great saving in the total consumption of linseed oil in various other industries

"We don't propose," declares a leader in the association, "to leave a stone unturned in conserving our future linseed-oil supply, or in increasing it to meet the needs of an expanded trade. This is purely association work—it could not be successfully prosecuted by an individual manufacturer. It's distinctively teamwork, and this single phase of the association's work in providing for the future supply of raw material will be worth millions of dollars. And, at the bottom, it is really a work for the benefit of the consumer. No chart is needed to show that."

Official Fence-Tests for Paints

THE effort of the laboratory is to discover every paint fact that is of vital value to the consumer, the dealer and the manufacturer. Its range of experiments is wide and no work is done for the benefit of any individual manufacturer. Its labors all deal with the broad problems of paint technology, and its reports go to all members of the association.

To determine the comparative durability of paints compounded on different principles, the bureau has erected in different sections of the country demonstration fences. These are scattered from Washington and Atlantic City, in the East, to Fargo, North Dakota, in the West; so that the effects of the widely differing climatic conditions may be tested. These fences are of both metal and wood.

"One single fact," says Mr. Heckel, the secretary of the association, "established by these experiments is worth far more than the total cost of the bureau to the paint industry. I refer to the finding that two or more standard white pigments, in combination, with or without a moderate percentage of the inert reënforcing pigments, produces a paint that is in every way superior to any made with one pigment alone. Rather technical—but any painter will understand what it means! Fixing that one principle means economy for every paint user that heeds it."

A cardinal virtue of the progressive modern business association is that it does not live unto itself alone; it furnishes a ready and convenient agency of coöperation with other industries with which, by the very nature of its product, it must touch elbows.

The Cypress Association—one of the livest associations in the United States—found that a serious check to the popularity of that wood was the fact that painters had difficulty in getting it to take and hold a good coat. Here was a problem that vitally concerned both the cypress and the paint industries. An appeal was made to the paint manufacturers, and the laboratory at Washington was charged to find the answer. It not only experimented but also threw out a dragnet in the hope of catching a straw of valuable suggestion from the experience of the great body of journeyman painters.

A promising lead came in from a Pittsburgh painter, who declared that the use of benzol in his priming coat solved the difficulty. The soundness of this practice was verified by a series of tests and the satisfactory results were related in a terse bulletin that was placed in the hands of hundreds of thousands of painters throughout the country. Still another valuable fact established by this association agency is that tinting adds to the durability of paint instead of detracting from it.

The association laboratory, with its corps of five experimental scientists, is the basis of a consistent educational work intended to place its findings before the paint trade and paint users of America. One activity of the educational division of the association is that of dealing with questions and problems of almost every sort, which are sent in to the individual paint dealers and manufacturers. For example, an engineer in Mexico lately appealed to a paint manufacturer for information. He stated his situation in practically these terms:

"I believe paint is the best kind of insurance against the decay of wooden buildings—but I'm up against a hard proposition. It's a question of cost. I have just finished building a large number of railroad sheds and plantation barracks. To import paint enough from the United States to cover them would be too costly. But we have a good quality of native asphaltic oil. Can you show me the way out so that I can paint these buildings at a low cost and thus set a good example?"

This problem was passed up to the association laboratory in Washington, and the head of the educational campaign promptly sent detailed directions to the engineer that enabled him to combine the native asphaltic oil and pigments with American coloring and drying materials—thus producing a cheap and effective paint, well adapted to its purpose, at a low cost.

The Association Has Standardized Quality, Weight, Thickness, Color and Terms of Delivery

The association's free consultation office is extensively appealed to by paint users and dealers in foreign countries, and such inquiries are given the most careful attention. Because not many paint manufacturers in the United States now do an export trade is no sign that such a trade will not spring up at some future time—and this machine for tradebuilding is not overlooking any possibility for future expansion if it knows it! The association tradebuilder is on the job every day, and makes a business of keeping his eye on every lead that promises an increased output some time in the future.

This year the educational bureau of this association has sent out more than a million and a half pieces of literature, varying in character from a bulletin treating of the proper materials and colors for the painting of schools and hospitals to a leaflet dealing with paint-durability tests. It has even prepared advertisement posters for final distribution to retail paint dealers—hangers intended to emphasize the economy of a consistent and systematic use of paints. One of these little tradebuilders carries the catchline:

"Paint is cheap—lumber is dear! 'Good paint costs nothing,' say the thrifty Dutch."

A Library of Paper Statistics

"WE TRY," says Secretary Heckel, "never to lose sight of the cardinal purpose to stimulate in every possible way a larger and more intelligent consumption of paints—and that means of good paints. And this educational bureau is yielding such material returns to the industry, as a whole, that nothing could induce the members of the association to discontinue it or to disband. They know the value of teamwork in tradebuilding, and they're looking for chances to develop it in new directions."

In the library of the American Paper and Pulp Association, in New York, are several sets of charts that vividly illustrate the broad, constructive tendencies of modern association work at its best. These are maps of trade tendencies that present in a few graphic lines the history of the past and a forecast of the future, both as to supply and demand. They tell the story of paper consumption in this and other countries as concisely as a clever cartoon delivers its message of satire.

There is hardly a question bearing on paper consumption, paper prices or the trend of the trade to which these charts will not furnish an instantaneous answer. Lately a manufacturer, who has his eye on the future and who is planning for the expansion of his plant, called at headquarters and laughingly remarked:

"I don't suppose this association can tell me offhand about how much print paper this country is going to use in 1918?"

"No," was the quick answer, "but we can tell you exactly how much the United States will use of this product provided the demand increases for the next five years at the same rate as for the last five—that's easy. We have it all charted."

This new association member stared in silent astonishment as a chart was placed before him and the pencil of the secretary pointed to the figure of the projected consumption for 1918.

When he had recovered himself he asked:

"Couldn't give me as good a line as that on what pulp prices are going to be then, could you?"

The Educational Bureau Has Even Prepared Advertisement Posters

"Not quite," was the answer; "but we can show you all that can be found out as to the visible supply of spruce timber in this and the other countries from which American manufacturers are now drawing their supplies of pulp, and the rate at which the prices for that material have advanced from year to year."

"All this talk about the Panama Canal," resumed the manufacturer, "has set me to thinking about the possibilities of South American trade. Probably there's nothing in it for me—but you know a fellow likes to let his imagination run a little now and then, and dream about finding a new market that others have rather overlooked. It might be a very comfortable thing to have a foreign outlet if things should tighten up in this country."

Instantly the secretary drew another chart from a long, shallow drawer and remarked:

"This will show you how much paper trade South America has and who is getting it. You'll not need a second glance to show you that Germany hasn't overlooked that market. See the high line? That's Germany. But here we are—'way down at the bottom, in the also-ran class. And you can see, too, that those South American countries are coming up in their paper consumption. Look at the consumption chart and you'll get all the figures on that score for each country."

"Think of it!" interrupted the amazed manufacturer. "The whole business, all doped out according to population and every other way that a live man could think of! Why, what you've shown me already is worth the price of admission. All I've known about supply and demand up to this time has been guesswork. I'll take my chances on getting my share of the trade—but it's a comfort to know that I can reach out my hand and get the big information about the drift of the forces that are at the bottom of the whole industry. I guess I feel a little like a ship's captain who's been trying to steer without chart or compass, and then has suddenly found both of 'em placed in front of him. It's great! Have you any more information that measures up in importance alongside this?"

"What kind of power do you have?" inquired the secretary.

"Water—part of the time anyhow," was the laughing answer; "some of the time too much and again too little."

"That's just the point!" exclaimed the secretary. "Of course when you can't make pulp because you have too much or too little water, you've got to buy pulp or shut down your mill. And you can't shut down, because you must keep up delivery on your contracts."

"You've hit it exactly," interrupted the manufacturer; "and sometimes I've had to pay so much for pulp that there was no money in making it up into paper. That's happened to me plenty of times."

Coöperative Cost-Finding

"YES," returned the secretary; "it's happened to all of them. That's why we've prepared a special chart showing the tendencies of pulp prices in connection with the rainfall — month by month. You'll notice that pulp prices are lowest in the months of normal rainfall; and this chart shows you at a glance just what those months are—taking the average of experience for several years back."

"You bet!" came the quick response. "And I can see just the months when I'm going to buy pulp at the bottom price to carry me through the periods of high water and low water."

"Do you know," persisted the secretary, "just how *much* it costs to produce your grade of paper?"

"Well, I think I do," answered the manufacturer.

"Here," continued the association official, "is a chart showing the average cost, month by month, of certain manufacturers, who furnish us with the records of their costs, all figured on the same basis and in exactly the same way. That average is the solid black line. The lighter dotted line is the cost record of a new member who stood out against furnishing cost data to the association for quite a while; but finally he adopted our system of cost-finding and sent in his data for comparison with the costs of his competitors.

"Notice that his line is above the other most of the time. He's been the busiest man in the business ever since he received that comparative-cost chart. He's overhauling his mill and his methods, and is trying to stop leaks and waste and to get on a basis where he can meet competition. Incidentally he insisted on telling me that he'd been selling two grades of paper at a loss, thinking he was making a small profit. Of course he has stopped that. He raised his prices in those grades as soon as he found out that he had been selling below cost."

"I'll go home and begin to think and grow," declared the manufacturer. "No more groping about in the dark for me—not when I can get the benefit of the kind of facts you've spread out here before me in black and white! I know I've got to furnish the punch to make my own business go; but I can see where a lot of light is coming in to help me put the punch where it will count. You just watch me cuddle up to this association from now on!"

This association maintains in Washington a trained and competent man who gives his entire time to collecting the facts that have a vital bearing on the paper and pulp trade of the world—the facts that every individual manufacturer should know in order to plan his operations in a broad and intelligent way. He works through the Department of Commerce, the consular service and other branches of the Government.

This, however, is only half of his job. The other half is to so digest and present the meaning of these facts in order that the busiest manufacturer may gather at a glance their real significance in relation to his own business. Though this constructive work is done fundamentally for the benefit of the members of the association, the policy of the organization is not to withhold information from a manufacturer who has not yet become a member.

"The more every paper manufacturer knows about his business," says Arthur C. Hastings, president of the association, "and the more intelligent his methods are, the better for the industry as a whole. Ignorant competition is the most dangerous competition in the world; intelligent competition is the safest for the trade and the consumer.

"If every manufacturer in the association applied the same system of cost-finding that a few of us use and all were willing to give to this office the figures thus obtained we could then make a cost-comparison chart that would be really comprehensive—and for that reason vital to every member. This could easily be done under the code system without any exchange of individual cost information or any danger of it. When every member is in a position to see at a glance just where his costs are above or below the average throughout the whole membership he will be in possession of the most vital piece of information possible. This principle is now applied to a certain extent, but it will reach its maximum of value when every manufacturer in the association coöperates in its application."

The conservation of raw material is a vital problem in the paper industry and one that no individual manufacturer, no matter how extensive his operations, can hope to cope with single-handed and alone with any promise of success.

This is distinctly a task for coöperative effort. Within the last ten years the average price of spruce wood has risen one hundred per cent; and as spruce is still the dominant material for pulp-making, it is evident that conservation of supply is an urgent necessity in this industry.

Today Germany is the foremost competitor in the world's paper trade; and a large factor in the preëminence of the German manufacturers is the fact that much of their supply is drawn from the immense spruce forests of Finland and other parts of Russia, where both labor and material costs are remarkably low. Today the American Paper and Pulp Association has on foot negotiations for a large supply of pulp from the Russian districts where costs are lowest. These protective negotiations were the direct result of the association's thorough and scientific study of the future supply of raw material.

Another conservation measure pushed by the association is a line of extensive experiments to determine what native woods may successfully and profitably be used as substitutes for spruce in the making of certain grades of paper. One of these experimental plants is located at Wausau, Wisconsin, and is operated jointly with the United States Government.

"As an association," says President Hastings, "we recognize that the spruce forests are rapidly receding from the point of manufacture, as the volume of the supply of this most important raw material used every year is increasing rapidly. This means that we must do something about our supply—and do it at once or we shall be pinched out. The paper situation is peculiar—especially in this country. Consumption and demand are increasing at an enormous pace; the price of raw materials has also shown a steady and rapid increase; the cost of labor has gone up by leaps and bounds."

Fraudulent Practices Stamped Out

"ON THE other hand, the price of paper has not kept pace, by a long way, with the upward movements of these costs. Consequently the only hope of the paper industry lies in more intelligent methods of manufacture and business administration, and in looking as far as possible into the future in the matter of protecting the supply of raw material.

"Without the syndicated study of these big problems the men in this industry could not have the clear and definite knowledge of the conditions in store for them in the immediate future that they now have. Our membership represents eighty per cent of the product in our line, and this gives the association access to the manufacturing facts of practically the whole industry. In other words, through business teamwork we have a grasp on the problems of the present and the future that would have been wholly impossible to any individual manufacturer acting alone."

Standardization of product and of trade practices must be recognized as one of the most valuable and constructive forms of association work. It is as much a part of trade-building as is a consistent and direct effort to conserve the supply of raw materials, or to discover through scientific investigation new materials to take the place of those that are being exhausted. Here again the paper association furnishes an example of consistent teamwork in trade-building along the line of standardization. On this point an association official says:

"Within a very few years paper has been sold on short count and short weight, though marked full count and full weight. How this practice obtained the foothold it did is difficult for an outsider to understand. When packages were not standardized the unscrupulous dealer found his opportunity in the chaos and confusion of packages and markings, which he understood, but which the buyer did not understand. Two men would quote prices for apparently the same thing; but when it came to actual delivery there was a decided difference. The goods were marked one size and one weight in the delivery of the crooked dealer, but the bundle contained less weight and fewer sheets. The association has gone after this matter hard. Today no legitimate mill or legitimate jobber can follow this practice without getting into disrepute with his associates. The association has standardized quality, weight, thickness, color and terms of delivery.

(Continued on Page 64)

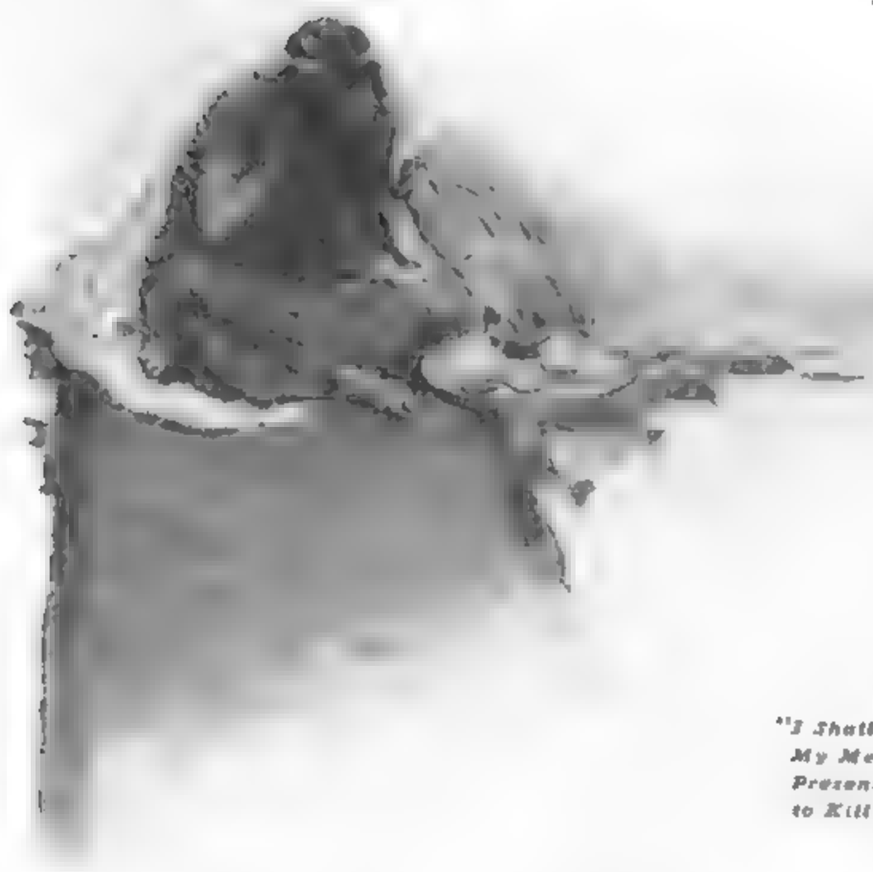
The Next Step is to Get This Knowledge Into the Hands of the Farmers of the Great Flax Belt

TIN COWRIE DASS

THE DOG'S BROTHER

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



"I Shall Call My Men Presently to Kill You"

VIII

SMOKE filled the courtyard when they returned, heavy smoke of burning thorn bush and *argol*, which made men cough and tasted raw in the throat, but was mingled with a fine hungry odor of breakfast cooking at half a dozen fires. Veiled in smoke and confusion Hasan followed the green turban of his warlike priest till they both came, unseen or unregarded, to Aunty Linah's door.

"What's your word?" Isa the faithful squatted there on the steps, calmly plying the silver dagger as an awl to mend a strap of harness with. "Is it forward?"

"No," replied the old man. "Backward. Our king chooses a course of honor for himself. God will not throw him forward today." With candor and coolness the old man explained their difficulty. "I think," he concluded, "we are meant to stay here."

Isa grinned like a bad boy who sees fun coming.

"Very well, father." He rose and tossed the two ends of broken leather away. "Then we need repair no harness. Come, prince, how is it you want us to die for you?"

Hasan felt this light-hearted loyalty pierce him to the core. He would have spoken, but was dumb. His course of honor seemed a vague, distant, foolish error, the choice of self-will and self-conceit.

"You brave, good fellows!" he cried. "I am no prince at all, but a hired policeman. What is my name? Tin Cowrie Dass. Go safe away, bless you, and let the paid spy do his dirty work. This poisoning woman must be arrested somehow and carried down across the border to my English captain."

Isa ran the knife through his turban for safe-keeping, as a white woman skewers her hat from side to side.

"Correct!" he crowed. "Right! Right like my dad! Go arrest her, prince. If we can lug her past the gate alive there's a hairy old bag of nits, an organism called a camel, shall bear us over the border or else fall running her heart out. Remember my poor she-camel and me, dear, when you come into your kingdom. If we drop, we leave a story for men to tell."

Ahmed combed his pale-red beard with steady fingers thoughtfully. He stood revolving some craftier project. All at once it took shape. A somber fire burned in the old black eyes.

"Here!" he muttered. "Here's what will set you free." From under his gown he drew a long pistol, with double Damascus barrels and a butt of ebony carved like a lion's head. "I will shoot this woman down through the window. That pays your debt, my lord. Off with you both to the camels and be ready. I never miss. I will run safe through the smoke."

A strange glance passed among the trio. This plan would work. The whole yard lay smothered in acrid fumes, through which a few figures wavered, cloudy bulks of men stooping to cook or squatting to eat. A shot fired inside a room would hardly break the noise of their chatter, or if it did the old man could rush the gate, perhaps without being seen. It would work.

Hasan shook his head.

"No," he declared, smiling; "I must take her alive."

"That cannot be," said the other two and bowed. Ahmed put away his ebony pistol. They remained silent, awaiting their master's pleasure.

Then a man came looming through the smoke, who would have carried past them up the stair some great dish of savory breakfast. A placid, fat, smirking creature he seemed, like one who ate much of his own cookery.

"Be off!" said Hasan, blocking the door. "You are not wanted."

"Beggar, stand out of my way!" squeaked the fellow. "I bring my lady's little breakfast."

"Be off!" Hasan repeated. "Our lady wants no breakfast this morning, little or much. I have her orders to tell you."

"And I," murmured Isa politely, "to take charge of your excellent dish."

He did so with a courtier's manner, at once grand and simple. This, and old Ahmed's air of calm benevolence, proved too much for the cook. He retreated, staring, until the smoke again swallowed up his rotundity.

Somebody laughed behind them. They turned. The lady's door had swung open and the lady herself stood there drooping, half in shadow, veiled to the eyes—dark, wonderful, wide eyes, brilliant with humor.

"You will not starve me?" Her voice from behind her veil sounded musical and plaintive, like the voice of a child—a fairy child pretending to be sorrowful. "Oh, wicked gentlemen! Cruel father redbeard! Naughty young men! Would you not let a poor lonesome woman have her breakfast?"

They saluted their enemy with a rather bristling front. Hasan stood up tall in his beggar's rags to face her.

"It's no joke, *rani*," he declared. "You overheard us, of course. I mean what I said."

The brilliant eyes grew sober, then flashed. The woman also drew up to her inches, and became a lithe blue column of grace confronting him through shadow and smoke.

"You three!" she cried. Her words rang light and clear inside the room like a distant golden trumpet. "You're the boldest of men! I did not suppose this world had whelped any more of your breed. Come, I surrender." She held forth from her robe a pair of strong little hands, tawny but flushed with rose-color. "Look, I surrender. I am hungry. Look here, son of Hasan Ibrahim, let us talk. Come in and share my breakfast with me."

Hasan made no reply, but took the great dish from Isa, carried it up the steps, and pausing only to murmur the regular word of excuse walked into the room. As he turned to close her door he caught from the lifted eyes of his comrades a long, hard look, filled with unutterable warning.

"Watch her!" said the eyes.

They, for their part, saw as it were a dimple come and go in their master's cheek, a faint quirk of merriment with a bright sidelong glance under dropping lashes.

"No fear!" replied the glance.

The woman's door was then shut.

Old Ahmed and Isa wagged their heads mournfully, but said never a word as they sat down to wait. It did not matter how long they waited now, for nothing profitable could happen. Time, which meant so much a while ago, had no value any more until the end should come—the end of life, and that would be a sharp, quick, noisy business with good strokes abounding, red blood answering the strokes and hot faces crowding angrily. The fight would be a good fight. Till then Ahmed and Isa sat waiting.

Inside the room it was neither day nor night, but a mingling of both, for the little window allowed a glimmer of morning to steal overhead among whitewashed rafters, while on the lady's table her night-lamp burned—a bleary flame swimming in a cracked tumbler full of oil. Near it stood a shining blackwood box which Hasan had seen before. He felt embarrassed. He was not made to caper in a lady's chamber, and so he paused and shied away somewhat from his duty. Deep in the blackwood casket moved a reflection, an image of his two hands. He watched that movement and seemed to study it mechanically.

"Oh, good young man!" sighed the lady behind him. "Oh, dear young man!"

Then he wheeled about and grinned.

She sat on a bundle of cloth stuff against the back wall, her feet crossed. Tiny bare brown feet they were, peeping from under her blue robe and wriggling ten little polished nails rosy as coral. Over the straight edge of her veil sparkled those great eyes like wicked stars, if stars for mischief's sake could ever be black. She seemed no more than a lively girl on a frolic.

"Dear young man!" she sighed. "Will you forgive me the blow I struck at you? That was a mistake—oh, a sad mistake made in hot blood—for you terrified me. I thought you to be another person, a dead person, whose portrait I know well. Forgive. You must forgive me, because even now you are thinking wrongly too."

Her voice turned plaintive.

"I am not that dreadful woman you suppose—that dreadful woman we all hate. I'm only a poor girl who goes about telling fortunes. You forgive me?"

Hasan very cheerfully nodded.

"I told you I bore no malice, Lady-Bird ——"

The woman checked him with one hand raised in appeal.

"I am not!" she cried warmly. "That is not my name. You are all mistaken. I am only poor Juva, the fortune-telling girl."

Hasan fumbled at his waist.

"Tell mine," he laughed, and drawing near tossed into her lap one of Captain Weatherby's sovereigns. "Tell mine."

Her black eyes flashed at him, surprised and comical. Diamond was cutting diamond, for he had snapped up her words and caught her unprepared. Still she recovered quickly, made a show of greediness to clutch the coin, and bending forward began a well-feigned scrutiny of his palm as he held it down toward her.

"Your fortune is not good," declared the sweet voice behind her veil. "Brief and by no means good. I see death in your hand. You are come very near your death, young man, and I foresee it will not be a pleasant kind."

Hasan received this menace lightly, shook his head and played the skeptic.

"Sister," he declared, "if the coin I gave you were big as this lie you tell, you might roof the everlasting pit with gold."

It was an ancient, well-worn saying, but it made her laugh. She glanced upward, mirth and friendly admiration swimming in her dark eyes. "You are truly brave,"

she murmured. "Fond of your honor, fond of a joke, brave to the last. I do not remember any man just like you."

Again she bent to her comedy of fortune-telling above his outstretched hand.

"Let me read the lines of the future more clearly." Her voice altered and grew indescribably softer. "I think—yes, I can see. Between you and death there is a lady standing—nobody else, a lady all alone."

While she spoke, and as if to make the palmistry more thorough, she took his fingers in her own strong little hand. A thrill passed from that contact—a thrill that for the moment amazed and overpowered him.

"Courage—the lady loves courage," was all she said. Whether by chance or design, her veil for the second time fell undone, so that her face, its darkened pallor with flowery-scarlet lips, yearned on him suddenly in the ambiguous light as from the misty bottom of a dream. He was no fish-cold rascal, but a youth of blood and bone.

"What if we strike a blow together," she whispered—"you and I? What if we sat together on the ivory throne, Hasan Ismail?"

It was no play-acting now. The woman meant what she said. They both knew that; the knowledge beat like a common pulse between them. He wavered, his knees trembling, his heart hammering loose the joints of body and soul; but he drew his hand away and cut the fiery bond.

"You mistake, lady," said he, flushing to the ears with shame. "I am Tin Cowrie Dass of the police."

The spell broke. Her eyes no longer drew him down. Without any sign of emotion whatsoever she replaced her veil primly and slowly, twitched her blue gown into order, and sat back on her bundle with all the composure of a nun.

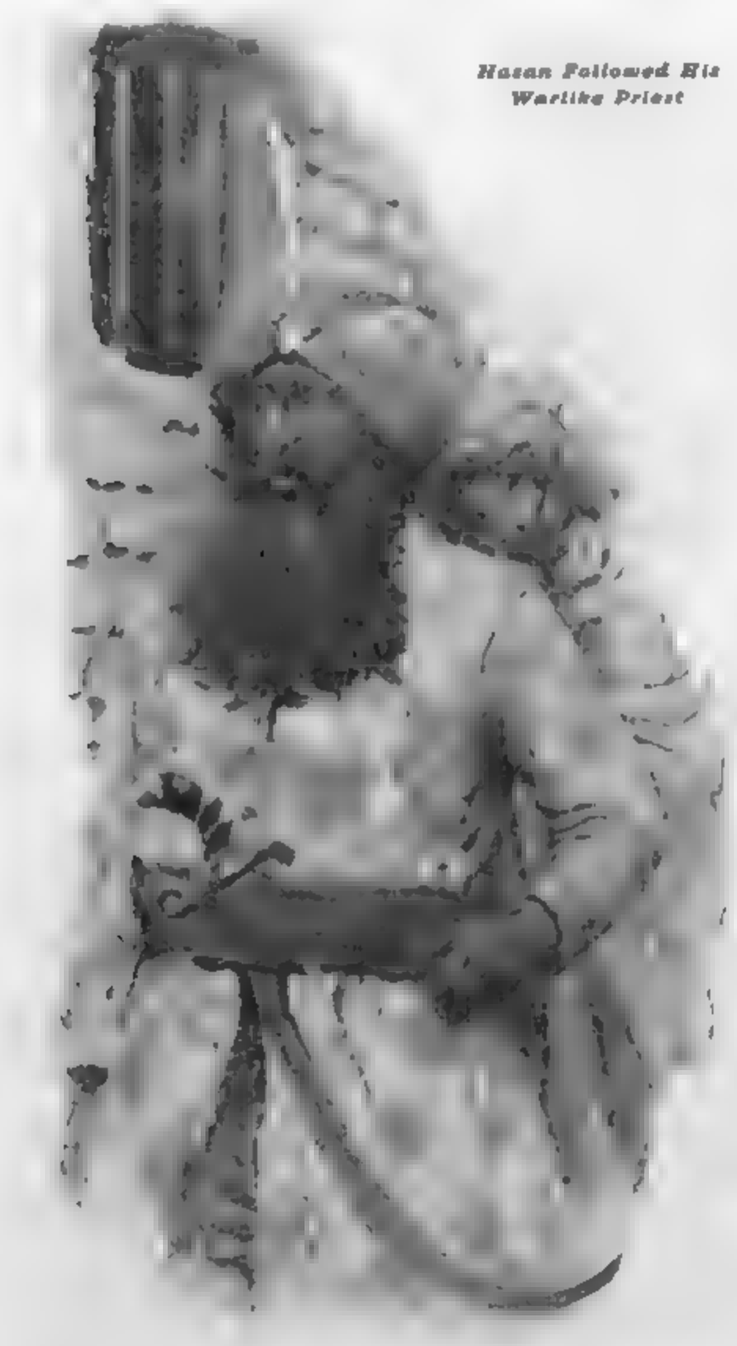
"Very well," she said in a cool, sharp tone, and turned to her breakfast.

"What shall I eat?" said the woman to herself. "It is all *ratab*, coarse fodder." She seemed to ignore any other presence in the room, but while choosing among her viands, she hummed a little song:

"A man became the Persian king
Because his stallion brave did neigh;
But he whose feeble ass doth bray—
So poets sing,
So people say—
Shall nevermore be anything,
But ride his brother ass alway."

Hasan Ismail not only knew the song, but felt its galling application. He stood leaning his fingertips on the table, staring down at the polished blackwood casket, his back turned so that the woman might eat in privacy.

"Have you an appetite?" she inquired with the same cool contempt. "I shall call my men presently to take you outside and kill you. But first, are you hungry?"



Hasan Followed His Warlike Priest

"Yes," he replied, not moving; and it was true he felt hollow with hunger. "Oh, yes, thank you."

She kept her eyes fixed upon his back. Reaching down one hand into the folds of the bundle that upheld her she pulled forth five or six green pods, the fruit of some tree. Hasan remained there by the table, drooping, his form dejected like the form of a beaten man. With a quick, stealthy movement the woman squeezed the green pods over a certain bowl that lay at her feet.

"Come, ass-man," she commanded. "Here is your breakfast. Good breakfast for a cold stomach. Come and bait."

He turned, came stupidly toward her and took the bowl from her hand.

"Thank you, my lady," said he. "It is excellent food."

Old Ahmed and Isa, lounging on the courtyard steps, heard no further hum of voices in the room. Behind the lady's door a silence had fallen. They waited more and more uneasily. Their master had not called them.

Their master did not come out.

IX

THEIR master did not call them, but when from inside the room sounded a faint clinking of dishes both Ahmed and Isa pricked up their ears to listen. They heard again the voice of the king's son:

"Excellent food, madam."

A groan followed, some piece of earthenware fell to smash and a noise broke out—a brief, smothered noise like the writhing of a sick man on the floor.

"She has fooled him!" said Ahmed of the red beard.

"By the Seven's hound at Ephesus!" growled Isa, jumping on foot.

Together they ran against the door. It was not bolted. The latch burst at the shock of their shoulders, and the door flew inward so lightly that both priest and camel driver fell staggering into the room.

They found a bowl broken over the floor, victuals widely scattered; a blue-gowned figure rolling on the bed, her mouth gagged with half of a torn veil, her hands tied with the other half; and standing over her, quietly triumphant, Tin Cowrie Dass, the beggar-policeman.

"She's the right woman!" He drew short breath, but grinned. "It's Aunty Bibi Linah, sure as a blade."

So saying he held toward his dumfounded rescuers a handful of green pods, the fruit of an evil tree.

"*Dhatura*," he said. "Poison juice. I couldn't feel certain, you know, until by good luck she tried them on me. Foolish. I saw her crush them over the bowl. You understand?" He pointed toward her table and the blackwood casket there, before which the flame of the night-lamp in the tumbler wavered and played with its deep, dull, polished reflection. "As good as a mirror, that box. I saw Aunty Linah in it squeezing the pods while my back was turned."

The blue-gowned captive squirmed upon her bed. Fragments of wrath came sputtering through her torn veil.

"Devil!" she groaned. Her eyes rolled, speaking far worse than language. "A devil! Pretends to be beaten when he is never beaten!"

Tin Cowrie stooped over her to adjust the gag tenderly but with judgment.

"No more compliments, if you please, my lady. We must be rude so far. Your voice is dangerous, like gold, melting the hearts of men."

No more words, good or bad, issued from that quarter.

"And now I must take her away," he continued. "My dear Isa, have you still a hairy bag of nits for hire?"

Isa and Ahmed laughed until they staggered.

"God cooper my ribs!" cried the profane camel driver. "Prince, your jokes are dry as your father's. Yah, *hai!* Yes, we have a pair of camels on the cabstand. Let us go."

"We can't go," said Ahmed. "Not through the gate."

It was true. They never would escape by way of the courtyard now, with that bound baggage of a woman to carry. The whole inn buzzed like a marketplace. Somebody came tapping at the door, waited, and then went softly away. If he had knocked harder the broken latch would have discovered them. They became serious enough.

Isa had the first idea.

"No," he allowed, "not through the gate. But one side of a building is not two. Front is not back."

With that he pointed down toward the bottom of the rear wall. A tiny square hole pierced it, a drainage hole for bath-water, level with the floor, admitting a fan-shaped ray of sunlight. Hardly the leanest man alive might pass his arm through that hole, but round it the wall showed fragile and rotten, with plaster cracked and old bricks yawning apart.

"There's our gate!" cried Isa.

In a single movement he blew out the lamp and upset the table, which he immediately began to kick asunder.

"And here," he added, seizing one of the tablelegs as they flew off and clattered—"here's our key!"

He knelt, thrust the tableleg into the hole and pried. The wall held firm. Isa pried again and swore and battered. A few bricks fell away, leaving the hole no longer square,

Captain Weatherby Allowed Himself for Once to be in a Villainous Bad Temper

but large and ragged. Then Isa lay flat before it, rammed his head through, turban and all, and strained with every ounce of power that could swell in his lean body. Something cracked—a collarbone, by the sound; but bone and muscle had conquered, for it was the bricks that gave. Isa went sliding out under them even as they parted and fell. No sooner had the soles of his brown feet vanished in a shining cloud of mortar than his face reappeared there, hot with sunlight and sweat, red with blood streaming from a gash in his nose. He had burst the crumbling masonry as if by force of will. The hole gaped abundantly.

"Am I the king's locksmith now?" he whispered. "Come, have your lady on hand to pass out. I go bring the camels round behind the *serai*. Nothing in our way this side but clear sand. Be ready."

When he had gone the light struck upward from the hole and turned all that place into a kind of subterranean chamber. The lady sat on her tumbled bed and tore at her bandage, wrenching her crossed arms desperately in vain. She had no venom now but the look of her eyes.

"Wait, scorpion!" said Ahmed. He slipped forth into the courtyard and returned with the bit of half-mended harness which Isa had flung away. "We'd better fasten her legs."

Fitting action to word, he trussed her little rosy feet together in a good hitch.

"Haul her out, my lord!" he counseled. "Time we should end this audience."

The padded step of camels, deliberate and soft, drew nigh along the back wall of the chamber. Isa's bloody nose appeared in the hole.

"Pass her through, boys. Here stand your cattle."

Tin Cowrie Dass had need to remember his pay.

"Dirty work it is," he declared. "Vile work."

He lifted the woman in his arms and swung her down to the floor. She was so light, so warm and supple—fiercely alive, troublesome to handle, yet so frail—that he felt great shame; till all at once, with a wriggling movement, she twisted her bound hands upward and struck at his eyes like a sparrow-hawk. He jerked his head away none too quickly, for her ten claws caught him under the cheekbones.

"Oh, thou delight!" he chuckled. "Thou delicate piece of perfume!"

Without further compunction or delay he slid her through the hole in the wall, feet foremost; then crawled out himself on the parching sand, and next moment, groping blind through a world of brilliancy and heat, he had mounted Isa's camel with Isa before him and the woman wedged between.

"Hither up!" growled Isa. "Be off!"

The camel rose with a heave, a scramble and a drunken lurch. When Tin Cowrie had regained his eyesight they were galloping through thorn bushes, in and out among sinuous hillocks covered with gray-green pads of nettles.

"I dare not take the road," Isa was saying. "We must go roundabout—two days' journey, a devilish ride."

"But where's Ahmed?" cried his master, glancing behind. Nobody followed them. Thorn bush, sand, flat-pawed nettles closed the vista in a whirl of motion and liquefying heat. "Where's Ahmed?"

He repeated the question more than once.

"Ahmed?" said Isa at last quietly, without turning his head. "Oh, the old man stays to hold the door for us, of course—the door of your lady's room. Yes—hear that? He's fighting now."

While the driver spoke, in fact, there sounded a confusion of whoops and yells faintly, and once or twice a gentle popping of firearms in the direction of the *serai*, already far away.

"Turn back!" said Tin Cowrie Dass raging. "Pull round! Have we left our friend to die?"

Isa let both heels drum on the camel's flanks.

"Just what our old friend Ahmed would love to do," he answered. "Why, you thought we were spouting pretty words for fun? Ahmed keeps the door to give us time."

Tin Cowrie's head sank on his breast. He cared no more for his blue-gowned captive or her fits of struggling; no more for the wrinkled hills of sand that opened before his flight and interlocked behind him. Blood ran from his torn cheeks and dribbled down his breast. He did not even try to stanch it. The galloping camel bore him southerly by unknown ways toward defeat.

Captain Weatherby, two nights later, sat in the only guest room of a filthy dâk-bungalow endeavoring to eat a five-course dinner. Goat's-flesh soup, goat croquettes, goat chops, curried goat, and for dessert a rancid custard of goat's milk—these were the captain's viands. Over his plate, round his head, singeing in the candles that guttered on his table, there buzzed a swarm of midges and flies. Even without them the heat would have seemed turbid.

It was a villainous hot night, and Captain Weatherby allowed himself for once to be in a villainous bad temper. Outwardly he appeared cool enough—a quiet, almost clerical young man wearing thin black nondescript garments.

Inwardly the captain was cursing. When he tried to eat, flies reached his lips before the food or else came up sitting luxuriously on fork or spoon. He brushed them off his mustache.

"Worst of it is," thought Weatherby, "that I could have been such a doddering fool! To send a mere boy, a green boy, a stranger, by George, on a grown man's errand!"

The captain had made a blunder which, he felt, could never be forgiven.

"An error in diagnosis," he murmured. "I must have been snoring orders in my sleep."

The affair of Faiz Rasul was a common poisoning case, obscure, of little moment—he could have sworn it was only that; and here the thing suddenly had expanded to be an affair of government, to worry the borders of a small but perilous kingdom.

He laughed angrily and shoved his dinner aside.

"Headquarters will give me a wigging. There'll be a most holy row."

He took up one of the candles and was lighting a cigar, when suddenly he became aware that in the doorway a man stood looking on him fixedly without a word, like some mournful ghost arriving from the night. The man was a beggar, scantily and dirtily clothed, his face carbonadoed with little red scars and his eyes burned out with fatigue.

"What's wanted?" Weatherby rose. "Who are you?"

"*Shikast*," replied the apparition in the door. "I am beaten."

"Indeed?" said Weatherby. "What were you fighting then—a wildcat?"

The beggar summoned his manners and bowed.

"Yes, sir, a very wild cat; daughter of a beast. We have caught her. May I bring her in for you? Many thanks. Come, Isa."

The phantom turned and beckoned. From darkness behind him up into the room lurched a great, jovial, obstreperous brute of a camel driver, who carried in his arms a blue-gowned woman, and who as he came began singing loudly a song called The Stallion of King Darius. The woman he placed in a sitting posture against the wall. Her feet and hands were bound, her cheeks veiled halfway up, her eyes black and sullen.

"*But she whose humble ass doth bray* ——"

The camel driver saluted, and went outdoors to end his chant in the distance:

"But she whose feeble ass doth bray—
So poets sing
So people say—
Shall nevermore do anything
Save ride her sister ass alway.
Ibaris hoy! Alway!"

The woman in blue said never a word, but her eyes told plainly that she did not relish the ballad.

Weatherby looked from her toward the beggar in the door.

"What's this?" he inquired. "Why is this woman bound? Who are you?"

The beggar with the scratched face came forward and bowed low.

"Captain sahib," he answered, "she is the woman who murdered Faiz Rasul and all his family. I am your servant, Tin Cowrie Dass."

Captain Weatherby stared. The young ash dropped from his cigar, which glowed rapidly several times. He did not welcome this faithful servant, for when he spoke his voice was cold and sharp.

"I told you to report," he said, "not to make an arrest. Here's the very devil to pay. My fault, but don't you think you have run a good many miles past your orders?"

Tin Cowrie Dass raised his head proudly and made answer:

"Sir Captain, you speak always the truth. I have run too far in your service. Some things are easy to run past, like that money which lay in the dirt, all those bags of silver. Some things are hard, like that fine city on a hill, my home; or even like this woman, whom God knows how I ever threw aside and bound, for she put forth her beauty when—when she chose to mock me."

Tin Cowrie made obeisance toward his captive on the floor.

"You are welcome to all these, Captain sahib. I have followed you with my heart, because you always follow the truth. But now you must not scold me. For your sake I have done a terrible thing, the worst deed of a lifetime. Excellency, you and I are quits—at a great price: I left a friend behind."

The speaker's dark young face had grown very sorrowful. He bowed, folded his arms, and remained quite motionless.

"My dear fellow," replied the captain courteously, "I had no intention of scolding any one. I'm truly sorry. It's hard, as you say, to lose a friend."

Tin Cowrie shook his head.

"You do not understand, sahib," he answered bitterly. "This friend is more than dead. I forgot and deserted him. I forgot and left a brave old man to die fighting for me. Now nothing matters—nothing ever can be worse any more."

Weatherby flung his cigar out at the window; and somehow his movement in so doing, though simple, plain, almost mechanical, appeared like an act of sympathy and respect.

"What value has anything now?" said the wanderer. "I tried to please you, sir. Even that seems worthless, a failure, empty, though we bring you the very woman herself, daughter of the Fat Beast ——"

"What?" exclaimed the captain, and visibly recoiled; then bending forward he stared at the woman on the floor. "What? Who? She?"

Her black eyes glowered at him.

"Lord love a duck!" cried Weatherby. "You *have* done it now!"

He gave a short, helpless laugh and stood there bewildered.

"Blest if I know what to do," he admitted. "You walk straight in with both feet, old son, don't you? Clean beyond my depth."

Tin Cowrie Dass made a gesture of apology.

"The woman is your prisoner, sir, not mine," he declared. "I have made an end." His scarred and weary face grew tranquil. "Do as you please with her." He paused; then added: "And with me too. I surrender. It's no good hiding or running away, Captain sahib. Here is the truth tonight: I killed a man down Dacca way, a peon. His blood is on my head. Take me, sir, and jail me and let me be tried."

Weatherby looked up ruefully and smiled.

"Oh?" He whistled under his breath a few bars of inaudible music. "So there's a pair of you? What between flies and murderers, this room is getting rather crowded. A policeman's lot ——"

And he fell to whistling again thoughtfully.

While the captain stood thus, vexed and irresolute, there came a rushing noise from without, like the hurried rustling of garments. Into the room strode without ceremony a tall red-bearded man gowned in gray silk, with a saber stuck through his sash and jewels twinkling along the front of his lordly green turban. He saluted Weatherby, calling him by name.

"Oh!" cried Tin Cowrie Dass, reaching out both arms. "Oh, Ahmed, my friend! You are alive!"

Ahmed the gorgeous stooped and touched the beggar's feet before consenting to be embraced.

"But I heard them shooting you at the inn," said Tin Cowrie.

"No, my lord," the old man laughed; "that was my cousins, the Riders, who came then, firing in the air and shouting. I am not scratched." The speaker held Tin Cowrie at arms' length and looked him lovingly in the face. "It is you, dear prince," he added smiling, "it is you who caught the scratches."

Ahmed turned, with his eyes radiant.

"Captain," said he, "there is news tonight. His lordship, Hasan Ismail, son of Hasan Ibrahim, must bid you good evening and cross the border of his kingdom where the horsemen are waiting to ride home with him. The Fat Beast is dead."

Captain Weatherby took the news like a soldier, by no means shedding any tears.

"What?" he snapped. "Eh? Not a bad job if true."

"The Fat Beast fell dead this day," declared Ahmed quietly. "Flat as a dish of mare's hide. A man cannot

(Continued on Page 50)

"What If We Sat Together on the Ivory Throne, Hasan Ismail?"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 14, 1914

Liability of Directors

"DIRECTORS must direct or be held liable," said a United States judge not long ago when entering up a heavy judgment against the recalcitrant directors of a national bank in a country town. The bank had operated on a plan all too familiar in this country—that is, the cashier had run it practically to suit himself and the directors had complacently taken his word that he was running it properly. When it transpired that the cashier had looted the institution the stockholders sought to recover from the negligent directors—and succeeded.

This is good law and good business morals. A suit for many millions has already been brought against those directors of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad who participated in syndicates and underwritings by which the road was bled. There is even a prospect of suits against the New York, New Haven & Hartford directors who plunged the road into its ruinous, speculative expansion with such dubious legal warrant.

We hope to see it more and more clearly affirmed that a director is a trustee; and that if he abuses his trust by negligence, or by pursuing his personal profit to the detriment of the stockholders, or by subjecting the property to reckless hazards, he is personally liable for all the damage that ensues.

The point is raised that under such a rule able men will hesitate about accepting directorships. The answer is that if a man hesitates because he is going to be held accountable for any abuse of the trust he is precisely the man who should not be a director.

Pensions

THE Steel Corporation has a very respectable pension system and disbursed more than four hundred thousand dollars on that account in 1913. The average age at which it has granted pensions is a little under sixty-four years, and the recipients of its pensions have averaged a little more than twenty-nine years of service with the concern or its predecessors.

The bulletin from which we glean these facts shows a group photograph of nineteen pensioners whose average age is seventy-two years and whose average term of service with the corporation exceeds thirty-five years. Two thousand pensioners receive an average of twenty dollars and eighty-five cents a month.

This is a very respectable pension system, but we are not able to extract much enthusiasm from it. Working to the age of sixty-four and then slipping into the vale of decrepitude on a pension of twenty dollars a month is better than some other things—which is about the best that can be said for it.

Saving in Your Mind

EVERY man would be forehanded if he could save his next month's salary this month. We seem to know about fifty young men who are the purest models of prudence and economy in the matter of saving money they have not yet received. With precise care they will figure out to a cent how much less than their incomes their expenses are going to be—after the first of next July.

Only the other day we found one of them enveloped in a heroic gloom over the rather shabby figure he would cut next winter because of his irrevocable determination not to buy one solitary article of clothing for a whole year—except, of course, the two new spring and summer suits he absolutely had to have.

Your mental economist is always eagerly hopeful of ways to make more money. Yet he constantly overlooks one of the most brilliant opportunities for profit in the world. We can show him how to pile up profits at a percentage that would make the most voracious loan shark green with envy.

In the three months from July first to September thirtieth, say, you will save twenty-five dollars a month. You have it figured down to the last cent. It is absolutely certain. Very well, then; just discount it by putting a ten-dollar bill in the savings bank today.

Strange as it may seem, it is a mathematical fact that five dollars put in the savings bank this very week will come to more than five hundred to be saved next year. Indeed, saving this very week is the only kind that ever comes to anything.

Running a City

THE most encouraging thing about the present government of the city of New York is that the men in charge were not elected because they were able lawyers, eloquent speakers, popular editors or leading druggists, but because they had shown notable capacity in the very business that now engages them—that is, in city government.

The young mayor made his whole reputation in that field. His principal coadjutors had commended themselves by work in the same line. Frequently a reform election hands the government over to some well-meaning greenhorns who very often make a mess of it from sheer lack of experience.

In national government difficult questions of policy continually arise; but the questions of policy that arise in city government are few and simple: Shall the city be wet or dry? Shall the park system be extended? Shall the city buy electric current for street lighting or have a municipal plant? These questions of policy may be settled by the voters themselves. Then nothing remains but honest, businesslike administration.

If you get efficient administration from a man who knows nothing about the business he is administering it is only by a lucky chance. In considering any man's availability as a candidate for mayor, the fact that he has had experience in city government and has shown a capacity for it ought to count heavily in his favor; but it rarely is taken into account at all.

Why a Capital?

WHAT would be the effect on national politics if legislation were carried on in the atmosphere of the country at large instead of in that of Washington, which is so decidedly different?

Congress has been pretty nearly in continuous session for the last five years. That, on the whole, the intervals between its sessions will tend to grow shorter is fairly certain. An agricultural or manufacturing district chooses a man to represent it in national legislation and sends him a thousand miles from home, into a strange environment where he is constantly subject to influences to which the home district is a stranger. If he is successful he remains more and more in the new environment. Inevitably his dominant interests tend to center there rather than at home.

It will soon be possible to construct a congressional wireless telephone system by which the representative of the First District of Okazona may sit with his feet on the windowsill of his office over the First National Bank and talk at will with his colleagues east, west, north and south.

If his remarks on pending measures were sent in by telegraph—himself paying the tolls—the Congressional Record would gain vastly in brevity and meat. He could vote by a code. If he always voted with his eye on Main Street, instead of on the floor leader, might he not be a better representative?

The Outlook for Labor

A BIG manufacturer, who already paid his labor very well, as judged by current quotations in the labor market, abruptly doubled wages, giving his lowest-priced men five dollars for an eight-hour day. About the same time a certain small manufacturer, who paid poor wages, was forced out of business by a comparatively small rise in wages. We can vouch for that small man's good will toward labor. His heart was as philanthropic as the big man's; but he could not pay a little more wages and meet the competition of scores of rivals who paid less.

Denouncing employers gets us nowhere. Thousands of employers—especially the smaller ones—cannot individually pay a great deal more for labor than they do now. They are as fast caught in the competitive mill as their employees are.

The big manufacturer's doubling of wages does not mean a higher price to the consumer. It means only somewhat smaller but still ample profits for himself. If there were a hundred manufacturers of his automobile instead of only one it would be impossible for any one of them to double wages, because competition among them would have cut the margin of profit to a point that left no such surplus for labor.

The One-Eyed Argument

GOVERNMENT ownership is a fairly debatable subject and we should like to see it debated fairly. A regrettably large part of the discussion we have heard proceeds by the facile method of picking out the best examples and results on the one side, and the worst examples and results on the other; while things are done with statistics which must make that accomplished bookkeeper, the recording angel, shed many tears.

At present, for example, the argument in favor of public ownership of railroads leans heavily on the New Haven and the St. Louis & San Francisco cases. If those cases were the normal and inevitable results of private ownership there would not be much left to argue about; but they involve only five per cent of the railroad mileage of the country, and legislation is already under way, with the powerful backing of the Administration, which will make a repetition of them fairly impossible, by requiring that no road shall issue stock, bond or other evidence of indebtedness "until the proposition and plan therefor—setting out all the details, reasons and purposes, and the uses to which the money is to be applied—have been submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission" and received its approval.

We should like to see the bill broadened so as to apply to any subsidiary corporation owned by a railroad; but the roads are being pretty steadily divested of their subsidiary corporations.

The only argument we can see in the New Haven case is that the evils of private ownership may be promptly and effectually overcome by proper legislation—unless, of course, one considers private ownership itself an evil; and in that case the argument simply shifts to the general one between socialism and capitalism.

Income-Tax Troubles

THIS unfortunate man bought twenty thousand dollars' worth of bonds on December eleventh. The interest was due January first—so he was obliged to pay the seller five months and eleven days' accrued interest; but when he collected the coupons on January first—though they represented only twenty days' income—he had to take them out of his exemption just as though they had represented six months' income.

This other unlucky man bought six per cent bonds at a round premium, so they would yield him four and a half per cent on the investment; but in collecting the coupons he can claim no abatement for the premium; so the investment figures for income-tax purposes as though it yielded six per cent, instead of only four and a half.

No tax yet devised, whether direct or indirect, worked with exact equality in every case.

The Lease of Life

IN CIVILIZED countries the deathrate has been falling steadily for many years. Infant mortality especially has been much reduced, while considered relatively to population deaths from typhoid, diphtheria and some other diseases have been cut to a small fraction of what they were only fifteen or twenty years ago; but finer analysis of vital statistics shows that the deathrate for persons between forty-five and sixty-five has risen, and precisely between those years a person should be at the prime of ability and usefulness.

One complacent explanation is that we now save many weaklings who under ruder conditions would have perished long before forty-five, but are now tided just past that mark, without having sufficient vitality to carry them to ripe age.

A truer explanation is probably that given by the statistician of a great life-insurance company: "Increased consumption of alcohol and, more especially, the industrial conditions that have prevailed during the last thirty years." As to alcohol, consumption of all intoxicating drinks in the United States has risen from under nine gallons a head in 1871–1880 to twenty-two gallons. And that the average industrial employee is less vigorous at forty-five than was his predecessor of thirty years ago is most probable.

Long hours and the hard pace of the modern factory must tend to wear men out in their prime. We save them in infancy, but kill them in middle age. Fortunately the factory workday is steadily growing shorter. Not only better factory conditions but better housing conditions should cause a fall in the prime-of-life deathrate. That exhausting labor sends men to drink is quite certain.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The World's Champion Excavator of Facts and Figures

IF A MAN starts in life as a shoemaker he quits being a shoemaker after he has become something else—and so with a carpenter, a butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker, a tailor or a tentpegger; but if he begins as a miner he is a miner to the end of time, notwithstanding his new station.

Is it not so? It is. We rarely hear that the eminent Mr. Opprobrious, trust magnate, used to be a grocer; or that the esteemed Mr. P. Platitudinous Trite in his beginnings drove a horse car; or that this great statesman weeded onions; or that exalted high financier worked in a livery stable. None of these things, for some unknown reason, is disclosed save when some prying person rattles a family skeleton—perhaps to point a moral or maybe to moralize on a point.

When a man has been a miner, however, we writing persons invariably preface every remark about that man with the said fact. Mr. Boozookus was a miner when he was young, we say; and, following the lead of such sayers, the former miners themselves say the same thing. There are three or four of them in the House of Representatives, all announcing autobiographically and officially that they started as breaker boys. Who ever wrote of or made a reference to John Mitchell or William B. Wilson without starting with: "You know, he used to be a miner."

Probably it is something in the hazard that clings to the business in the mind of the average nonmining person—the dangers of it all and the frequency of the mine and the miner in literature. At any rate, once a miner always a miner; and, proceeding two steps farther in the van, I make this assertion: Once a miner always a digger!

Secretary Wilson is handiest for the proof of the contention Once a miner; in Congress a digger into labor conditions; and now a sublimated delver into the same owing to his Cabinet position; and John Mitchell, also, is now digging into sociological questions as he was wont to dig into coal.

However, these are merely incidental in the general scheme of these remarks, for the person I have in mind is undeniably the chief exemplar of the apothegm—and that person is David J. Lewis, of Maryland, who was a miner and who has continued as a digger who digs unceasingly from dawn until dark, and then lights a lamp and continues to delve. He digs and digs and digs! He digs like a mole, like a steam shovel, like a diamond drill, like a ferret, like the snow gang trying to get a stalled transcontinental train from beneath a drift, like a subway contractor, like a tunnel-maker, like a prospector. He is very much of a digger. He digs!

Running true to mining form Mr. Lewis began life as a breaker boy at the tender age of nine—which is when they all began—picking slate from the breakers in the mines of Pennsylvania. He was of a family of miners, for his father emigrated from Wales, along with scores of the sturdy men who helped develop the mineral riches of the Keystone State—so called because, for years, the politicians have had the key and the people have had the stone.

Lewis continued as a miner until 1892 he was born in 1869—and then was admitted to the bar; for while he was digging into the coal he was also digging into the law and the Latin, which is one of the facts he presents about himself. Presently he removed to Cumberland, Maryland, and was elected to the state senate in 1901. Then he was elected to the Sixty-second Congress, and was reëlected to the Sixty-third, which is the one at present occupying our attention and preoccupying our minds.

Beyond the restricted knowledge that he was a former miner, little was known and not much cared about Mr. Lewis, of Maryland; but that did not seem to disturb him. He dug and dug and dug!

The Firm of Long, Lengthen and Enlarge

ONE day he rose in his seat and was recognized for the space of one minute—sixty golden seconds were allotted to him for the purpose of illuminating an abstruse subject he had ready for purposes of lighting up.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am heartily in favor of the matter that is now before the House and I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks in the Record."

"The gentleman from Maryland asks unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the Record," droned the speaker. "Is there objection? The chair hears none. It is so ordered." And there was business of banging the gavel and looking at a list for the name of the next man who had arranged for recognition six days before, in order that he might make some stirring, spontaneous considerations of whatever was being considered—or any other subject that appealed to him.

Next day it dawned on the aggregated intellect of the House of Representatives that as an extender of remarks the Honorable David John Lewis, of Maryland, is in a class by himself; that as an expander—not to say protractor—he is the senior member of the firm of Long, Lengthen and Enlarge.

He extended his remarks? Oh, yes; I think we may conservatively say he extended his remarks to some extent—to the extent of a hundred thousand or more words of solid nonpareil type, occupying full many pages of the valued Record; and containing, it may be added, all the human knowledge, scientific data, harrowing details, minutiæ, particulars, and other incidental phases there were up to that time in existence concerning express companies, their rates, operations, expenses, management, crimes, derelictions, benefits, operations and other faults.

That extension was the last word and also the last hundred thousand words about express companies. It contained more things about express companies than a person who had only the superficial knowledge of express companies gained by paying again for prepaid packages would normally imagine there were in the world. It was so complete it gave the express companies headaches and pause; and the object of it was to get facts in shape to expedite parcel-post legislation.

Digger, you say! Stocky little Mr. Lewis had simply gone back to his first principles and had dug into the express business. And what he dug out of it helped a lot in gaining for us the inestimable benefit of having a dozen eggs shipped to us from an egg factory, to arrive as an omelet, and thus save the tired housewife the labor of breaking the shells.

Well, that was not the only digging done by Lewis—not by a good many delves! He dolve, delved, dolve—I think dolve has most class—into railroad rates until the entire Congress stood round and said:

"Goodness gracious! What a dolver—delver—what a digger this man Lewis is!"

Thus he attracted the attention of General Albert Sidney Burleson, then a representative and little dreaming he should soon succeed the head of the Post-Office Department—Mister—Mister—what was the name of that man who preceded him?—anyhow, little dreaming he soon should become General Burleson and have the transportation of two or three billion Christmas packages handed to him.

Curious we cannot recall that other man's name—the chap who painted the mailboxes red, you know. Oh, well—but Lewis attracted the attention of Burleson; and as soon as Burleson was seated in his general's chair he called in Lewis and said:

"Lewis, you are a great little digger, they tell me."

"Some digger," Lewis replied modestly.

"Well," continued the postmaster-general, "dig into this question of telephones and telegraphs for me, will you? I desire a few facts as to the extent, price, business, cost, construction, ownership, franchises, stock valuation, real valuation, management and usefulness of all the wire systems that are for the transmission of written or spoken words, together with any other features that may occur to you."

Did that feaze Digger Lewis? Not a feaze! He took off his coat, lighted his miner's lamp, secured his pick and shovel, and began to dig; and the amount of information, classified and arranged, he dug up about the telephones and telegraphs of this country—and the rest of the world—will fill a five-foot shelf when it is placed in book form.

As I stated—once a miner always a digger; and as a digger I present for your consideration David J. Lewis, of Maryland, as the champion all-round excavator of facts, figures and features of the known world.

Rise, Sir David! I dub thee Digissimus!

Mr. Murphy—"I Am for the Uplift"

The Commerce of the North

How the Fur Gets Through—By Emerson Hough

Foot of Portage, Grand Island

On the Portage

Building Scows, Athabasca Landing

THE package, bale or box that Pierre, the Cree half-breed, lifts to his shoulder from the sill of the warehouse door would not be called by Pierre a package, bale or box—but a piece. Strongly inclosed and covered by heavy burlap it is destined to travel two thousand miles by water in the next few months. It will have been handled twenty-six times by Pierre or some one like him in the course of its journey, at a cost of sixteen cents a pound for the two thousand miles.

On the side of the piece, as Pierre turns it on his shoulder from the hands of the men who swing it up, you may observe certain cabalistic characters done in black paint in a vertical column—thus:

13
105
F.C.
R
1
200

The first mark—13—means the year 1913. It is useful to have the year written on any freight going North. It may be 1915 before this piece gets to the man who wants it. Men at the Northern posts have ordered suits of clothes that did not get to them for two years—a trifle out of style. All goods in this rude transport are shipped at the owner's risk.

The second line says 105, which means one hundred and five pounds in weight. The third line classifies the ownership, say "Fur Company," to distinguish it from private or Mission freight. The letter R means that this piece is to go down the Mackenzie River into the River District. The piece evidently is to take a long journey and it should beware of a dark-haired man. Pierre may drop it from his shoulder at any moment. It is a bad place for bric-à-brac.

The numeral 1 means that it is to go to Post Number One—Fort McPherson—above the Arctic Circle. The last line reads 200—that is the number of the package itself on the waybill.

In search of the right scow for his piece Pierre slips down the muddy bank, over some sloshing, muddy boards, and walks across three or four other scows perhaps before he finds the one he is loading. It takes time; but Pierre does not care, for he is pleasantly soused. Neither does the company, for it has done precisely this for two hundred and forty-four years. It does not believe in trams or donkey winches. It pins its faith on Pierre.

Cap Shott's Short Cut

PIERRE and his fellows have been drunk now for nearly a week; but the brigade is going to start sometime and yonder piece is going somewhere. It is a strange, crude, deliberate commerce—this of the Far North.

The Grand Rapids of the Athabasca—which Pierre and his professional friends are going to run with all these scows when the brigade goes North—were long held to be impassable. These rapids will always be known as the Grand Rapids. This tall, dark, piratical-looking man here on the bank, owning his share of the spring thirst, will always be known as Cap Shott. His real name is Louis Fassoneure.

He is a historical character, a great figure in the commerce of the North, though unknown. It was he who forty-nine years ago altered the freight route of all this commerce of the North, and brought it not through Prince Albert and over the terrible Clearwater Trail and the Methy Portage, but over the Edmonton and Athabasca route. He is unknown to story, but a great man.

Louis Fassoneure's claim to remembrance is that when still a young man, tall and strong as a moose, he rebelled at the thought of a mile and a half of hill portage and swore he would run the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca or perish.

He ran the righthand channel and did not perish; came back and did it over again, exulting; took boat after boat through year after year—millions of dollars' worth of cargo.

At the stern of each scow the men now are rigging a long sweep or steering oar cut from the thirty-foot treetrunk of a young spruce. Two pairs of smaller oars—say, twenty feet long—go in each boat, with one or two extra, for sometimes Pierre will break an oar. They are all hewn out with an ax in the rudest possible fashion. The tholepins are round birch limbs driven into auger holes. Along the edge of each scow there is a running-board, so that one can walk along it—or fall off. The usual method, however, is to climb over the luggage. Not a piece goes North that has not been tramped on a thousand times.

The Pack Train of the North

There is no motive power for the scow or barge, it simply drifts with the current; but happily the current here is fast. Not even a sail will be hoisted. Two, three or four barges lashed together will drift along. Pierre has a cook-stove, at which he eats, on one of the boats—and a cook who has a grouch but cooks four meals a day regularly.

If you are one of the company's passengers you pay two hundred and thirty-six dollars from Athabasca to Fort McPherson and return, with meals at fifty cents each. From Athabasca Landing to Fort McMurray you pay one dollar a night for a berth on a scow, catch-as-catch-can. Your freight will cost you, from Athabasca to Fort McPherson, sixteen cents a pound—and from Fort McPherson back to Athabasca twenty-eight and a quarter cents a pound.

The Best-Paying Road on Earth

ON THE steamboats you pay no berth rate and may carry a hundred pounds of baggage free; but on the scows nothing is free—except what whisky Pierre can steal. At night if you do not buy a berth you must do as Pierre does—find a place on the muddy bank where your bed will not sink out of sight, and roll out your blankets under your mosquito bar.

It was ordained by Nature that three days should elapse before the brigade reached the great and dangerous rapids known as the Grand. By that time all the men will be sober and fit for business. It seems a little slow, this progress of the brigade, but really the long days are netting us over fifty miles each. By the end of our fourth day the men begin to sing. "It is the Rapids—Grand!" says the good father of the fleet gently.

This is professional water. The boats come down one at a time, piloted through the rocks over a crooked channel that leads down to the head of the island. A vast heap of jumbled goods grows on the point of the ledge of rocks. You see a long opening cut through the woods and observe what appears to be a little narrow wood tramway running the full length of the opening.

It is the best-paying railroad on the surface of the earth, though it does not even boast a name. Its total length is about a fourth of a mile. The construction is strap-iron laid on wooden rails. It was built in 1898 at a total cost of four hundred dollars. No bonds were issued, nor any stock—either first, second or third, preferred or common.

There have been no refunding mortgages floated and no short-time notes offered for equipment purposes; in short, the financing remains still full of all sorts of melons. Think of the opportunity offered to men like some of our great railroad wizards! There is no right-of-way to be secured, all the townsites remain still unplatted, and the land adjacent to the railroad has not yet been bought up by speculators.

The Grand Island Railroad has a twenty-five-year free franchise. Its entire maintenance charges have run as high as thirty dollars a year, but usually do not go over twenty-one dollars and fourteen cents. There never have been any repairs and probably never will be, and there are only two salaries on the entire administrative and operating staff.

The president, general manager, purchasing agent, general passenger agent and traffic manager are—or

is—the clerk who runs the store. His salary is not charged up to the railroad at all. The superintendent of maintenance is a large, calm person with an axe.

When anything goes wrong with the railroad the superintendent walks out—unless the weather is too warm—and smites the offending rail or tie into place with a few blows of his trusty axe. Then he sighs, wipes his brow and strolls back to the store to have a bottle of pop with the president, board of directors and general passenger agent.

It is one of the customs of the railroad to insist that each shipper or passenger shall furnish his own power—though the company generously furnishes one ancient flat car. This wipes out the whole annoying question of rolling stock and puts the deterioration charges on the other fellow, as well as the cost of fuel, oil and other upkeep charges.

The freight tariff is simple. Everybody loads and unloads his own freight, and pays the president, general manager, and so on, two dollars and fifty cents a ton on everything he ships across the island. If he takes a boat it costs him ten dollars.

The roar of the rapids is in your ears. When you look at the lefthand channel you find it seems like a slant section of Niagara. The channel we are to run is on the right side of the island, and from the shore it looks bad enough, apparently piled full of rocks; but the pilots say we can run the boats through light, the water now being high.

The next morning word comes that a boat is about to run the channel on the righthand side. You hasten to the shore to see it come through. It plunges and dips, rises and falls, and gives you a splendid view of human beings in action—the men bending at the oars; the steersman straining at his sweep; and in the bow is the swarthy pilot, a kerchief about his black hair, crouched to the motion of the boat, and with his pole pointed lancelike here and there to show the steersman where the channel leads.

This first boat does not make it through clean, but hangs on a rock—hangs for several minutes, so that you can see the bottom, wet and black, high above the rock. Surely, you think, the scow will be broken in bits and all the men lost; but the men aboard her seem methodical. They pull with the oars, thrust against the sweep. All at once the boat takes a slide and a dip—and is free!

Shooting the Rapids

IT RUSHES into the rage of white rollers, swings sharply down to the left, and as the bowman points with his lancelike shaft toward the target, half a mile distant on the hill across the river, the scow takes the long toboggan drop of the last chute with increasing speed, sweeps by the foot of the island to the cheers of the onlookers, rushes through a tumult of whitewater where the two channels join, heads to the right into the fast water through the combined exertion of all the crew, catches the edge of an eddy—and so gently comes to rest below the foot of the island.

Now comes your chance to run the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca, and you climb into the next scow at the head of the island, under charge of half a dozen breeds who now are quiet and stoical. The scow is taken to the head of the roughest rib of fast water, which experience has shown to offer the best channel. You see a long series of waves ahead, dropping like a stairway, and hear a vast roar coming up to meet you.

The steady motion of the scow increases; the waves slap loudly on bow and side—come inboard once in a while as she runs into the face of a heavy roller. You feel heavy blows of waves on the boat. She passes across to the far side of the river, all the men rowing with all their might at the shrill calls of the steersman. His eyes are fixed on the crouched figure in the bow, pointing a lancelike pole to the channel.

You see narrow passages negotiated—not once, but many times. A look at the face of the steersman shows him intent, absorbed, serious. The whole thing is fine. In a few minutes we ride alongside the first scow in the eddy and make fast. We should have guessed it had taken a minute to come through. The watches say eight minutes. The drop has been fifty-five feet. All of which is such sport that you go back and do it all over again!

Now you realize what a wonderful invention the Athabasca River scow is for precisely this kind of transportation. The scow is like India-rubber or like a wet collar-box. You begin, also, to have a certain respect for these rough rivermen. You observe them to be a specialized type of labor and good in their class. They are professional rivermen trained from boyhood at this work.

You can see the great pile of cargo now heaped on the lower end of the island. But how are they going to load the boats? Certainly no human being can pole or row scows up this torrent to the foot of yonder island! The men only smile at your excitement over this and point to the island.

The Only Rival of the Railway

It Is the Best-Paying Railroad on the Surface of the Earth

Every Man Loads His Own Goods on the Car

Old Cap Shott is doing something with a bit of timber. He seems to be throwing it out into the whitewater on the lefthand side of the island. Other men seem to be paying out a rope. Pierre sits and smokes. After a time he nods toward the edge of the eddy. A black object is bobbing there.

The men step into the scow and tool her out to the edge of the eddy, fish up the log and make fast the line to the head of the scow. Pierre waves his arms. Far above on the island you see a long line of men, perhaps twenty of them, walking straight up the bank and out of sight into the forest along the railroad track. Then, all at once, you find that the scow under you is walking upstream, through the foot of the rapids, straight to the foot of the island. This is something of an invention after all.

Reloading the Scows

LIKE so many human ants the men begin to eat at the great piles of cargo they have brought here in the last two days. In their moccasined feet and loaded heavily they make their way time after time along the single plank that makes the scow's landing stage, piling up the cargo in the scow just as it was loaded a week earlier at Athabasca Landing. And this is the story of each scow that runs the rapids.

The portage at Grand Island is in good stages of water the only one between Athabasca Landing and Fort McMurray—two hundred and fifty-two miles; but the Grand Rapids themselves by no means form the only bad stretch of water. Ahead of you lie ninety miles of the river, with scores of rapids, any of which offers risk enough for the professional and too much risk for the amateur unskilled in whitewater work: the Buffalo; the Brule; the Boiler—the latter one of the most dreaded portions of the entire river.

Below the Boiler comes the heavy rolling water of the Rapids of the Drowned—ominous name—and once more a descriptive name! It was here, so we are told, that four men were drowned a week ago; but we of the brigade have no accident this spring. It is a long, sunlit, beautiful, eventful day on the river—one rapid after another—the Middle Rapids, the Long Rapids, the Crooked Rapids. Tomorrow we are to run the Grand Cascade.

In due time you see it—hear it—the Grand Cascade; see the white line of broken water running entirely across the river. The scow is swept into the chute that breaks over yonder notch not fifty feet from the shore, near the high bluff. The impetus increases. You hear a slight grating of the boat's bottom on the rim of the rock at last as, shooting far out over the natural dam, the first third of the boat goes down with a resounding splash to a level eight or ten feet lower than the water above the ledge. You drop into a pool of fifty feet of water, pass out toward the middle of the river on a rolling current of whitewater, and are down a quarter of a mile or so before you land.

You will not care much after this for the Mountain Rapids, or the Moberly, or the rough little unnamed rapids that lie between the Cascade and Fort McMurray. At the foot of the bluff at the mouth of the Clearwater—the end of the old Clearwater portage, and at the end also of the shorter route discovered by young Louis Fassoneure forty-nine years ago—we are eight and a half days out

Why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is the World's Standard Tooth Brush

We list below the features originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. If they appeal to you, demand the original and spurn the imitation. The preservation of your teeth is worth the effort to secure these big forward steps in tooth brush manufacture:—

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

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2 Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit the shape of the jaw—the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape.

3 The curved handle and the beveled tapered head which enable the brush to get behind all the teeth.

4 Dependable markings of bristle as hard, medium, soft—so you can rely on the kind you like.

5 The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush

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7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed. If defective we will replace it. Write for interesting book on care of the teeth.

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from Athabasca Landing, have come two hundred and fifty-two miles and are eight hundred and fifty-five feet closer to the level of the Arctic Ocean. This is the end of scow transportation proper and the head of one section of steamboat transportation.

Along the beach is a strange, wild scene. Rank after rank the scows, empty or loaded, lie along the shore. It is a picture half-savage, archaic, tremendous. Countless canoes pass here and there. On the bluff above treaty payment is going on. All the people are here. The brigade has come, and the Great Father has sent in his money once more. Pierre is happy. Somewhere you hear again the sound of the Cree chant coming through the moonlight when the long day is done.

There is no guidebook for the country north of fifty-three, or perhaps you might have heard of Fort Chipewyan, best known of the fur posts. It is located on the rocky and picturesque shores of Athabasca Lake, which marks the terminus of the Athabasca River, if you care to split into three sections what is one great waterway—the Athabasca, the Slavi or Great Slave and the Mackenzie Rivers. The steamboat distance from Fort McMurray to Fort Chipewyan is one hundred and eighty-five miles.

Good old Sir Alexander Mackenzie ought to have a tablet at Chipewyan, for he made it famous and it is still much as he left it. In all his travels in the North, Sir Alexander never saw a horse; and, though the animal has been discovered as far north as Smith's Landing, it remains very scarce indeed.

The whole problem of the trade still is that of transportation. What Mr. Luther Burbank ought to do is to devise a reindeer that can eat fish or else a dog that can eat moss. The dogs of all this Northern country eat fish almost exclusively. They never are sufficiently fed, but they make the land transport—they and Pierre.

On the Mackenzie system there are two great gates, apparently devised by Nature to keep back the white man. At the foot of the first great drop—eight hundred and sixty feet in the two hundred and fifty-two miles to Fort McMurray—you reach the first section of steamboat transportation; so it is entirely simple to take down to Chipewyan everything that can be brought down in scows across the Athabasca Rapids. A second steamboat plies below the rapids of the Great Slave River.

Chipewyan is of special interest as a treaty payment post, because here two tribes, originally none too friendly—the Crees and the Chipewyans—meet at the same post, though they make separate camps and are somewhat jealous of any favors shown by the Great Father in pitching the pay-tent too close to the other bunch. This is Farthest North for the Cree. The Algonquin family, to which he belongs, has been the mainstay of the fur trade.

The Metropolis of the North

Working west, even across the prairie provinces of Canada, the Cree has since gone north. It is he who takes the boats down the Grand Rapids; but here at Chipewyan he passes the oars over to a man of another nation, a man easily distinguished from the Cree, looking more like a Jap than like an Indian—the representative of the great Chipewyan family, which reaches thence halfway to the Arctic Ocean.

Smith's Landing, one hundred miles north of Chipewyan, is quite a metropolis. It has no tombstones, like Chipewyan, but it has a sidewalk—the only sidewalk within two thousand miles. No one, however, has ever thought of laying a few pieces of timber to make a tramway up the bluff from the boat to the warehouse. On the Yukon you will see the steamers using trucks in taking on wood. There does not seem to be a truck or tram north of the one at Grand Island on all the Mackenzie waterway. To suggest any change would be heresy. The company has allowed Pierre to do it for two hundred years.

The company commands wagons and horses for the transport of its own goods by land across the sixteen-mile trail of the Smith Portage. Free traders and others can secure the services of an independent contractor, who has a team and who will hire men to take goods down by water through the tremendous rapids of the Great Slave. As the river drops one hundred and sixty-five feet in sixteen miles it looks like some sport. Very naturally you prefer to go by the boats down the rapids. That will give you some idea of getting goods through a wild country.

Our little fleet is made up of one York boat and four scows of independent goods. For advancing these craft sixteen miles on their journey the contractor asks fifty dollars a boat and seventy-five cents a hundred pounds on all the freight. Since he really has a team, and since you elsewise must wait a long time in this semihorseless settlement, the price seems reasonable enough.

All the time at Smith's Landing you have heard the roar of heavy water coming across the forest a mile and a half. It is the sound of the first great cataract of the Great Slave, known as the Priest Rapids. On the left and below there are sixteen miles of water, with a thousand falls and channels—water utterly unknown and unmapped, miles wide in places. On the farther side, many years ago, some one discovered a winding way by which boats can be taken down.

You begin to see now something of the risks of the fur trade. There is no bank that will back an independent trader—he will have to put up his personal credit if he gets an account at any bank. When you stop to think about it no bank backs any business that is not backed by a home.

We miss the plunge of the Priest Rapids, however, and find our channel far across on the other side, where the water is fast and crooked, to be sure, but passable to good steersmen. We take two fast chutes in safety, run six miles more of water smartly and at last pull in for the portage of the Cassette Falls. It is evening now, and the mosquitoes are such as the imagination of man hath not yet conceived. The Smith Portage is called the worst place in the world for mosquitoes.

Not a Portage, but a Battle

We have brought with us in one of the scows a team and a wagon. We now unload everything. There are twenty-seven men to help the two small horses. We have also a block and tackle. After we have cooked and eaten we shall snake out the boats and run them across this rocky neck of land, four hundred yards or so, on rollers made of small treetrunks. One by one the York boat, the two big scows and the two smaller scows climb the bank, and, with much shouting and leaping and much danger of broken limbs among the flying rollers, in turn go careening off across dry land. It is a wonder they are not split apart!

On the next day we reembark, reloading all our many pieces of cargo, and make a short curve, passing down water where a canoe could hardly live. Then we get five miles of easy water. On the left at times we can see the main channel of the Great Slave River, broken by countless islands—a passageway which no living man knows or perhaps ever will know.

Now we hear the roar of heavy waters, though we cannot see them—the Middle Rapids, which must be portaged. We drop down a narrow channel among the trees and insouciantly tie up just fifty yards above a roaring chute that would smash into matchwood any boat going through. We must camp another night here on the Middle Portage.

The wagon can take the goods across—something less than half a mile—but all the boats must be hauled out twice in order to pass the two cascades that lie between the extremities of this portage.

One of these cascades is spectacular. The water pours through a passage barely wide enough for the boat and drops some ten or fifteen feet almost perpendicularly. And down this chute, much to the joy of our cameras, two of the boats—the largest scows—are run through empty, much to the saving of time and just a trifle to the risk of the scows, in the belief of a dispassionate observer. However, in time all these five cargoes and all these five boats are assembled at the end of this portage, slid down a twenty-five-foot incline, led to an available point and loaded again. It is slow, laborious, risky, splendid work!

Now we are off for the last lap—the famous Mountain Portage of the Great Slave River. We do not know how many bad channels are missed out there to the left or how many good ones. We only know that if we keep on the right bank of the river among these crooked channels we shall at last come out to the wide, open part of the river below the great Pelican Rapids and within touch of the upper end of the great Mountain Portage.

This white scar across the timbered promontory is the ancient portage of the fur trade northbound—one hundred and fifty feet in height on one side and perhaps over two hundred on the farther and steeper side. The difference of the water level is said to be sixty-six feet, which is the total drop of perhaps three or four miles of water measured round the point.

It takes just four hours, twenty-seven men and a team to get one boat to the top of the hill. It ought to be done in twenty minutes. It is not a portage, but a battle—this crossing of the mountain of sand; but the Mountain Portage has always been the Mountain Portage, a part of the great rapids of the Slave. After two days' full acquaintance with it—and the mosquitoes—we slide our boats late in the evening into the water on the farther side of the mountain and are off for the last lap of the rapids of the Slave.

At once we are in strong whitewater again here and there. The channel is very difficult and puzzling. We cross the river once more and then cross back. We should like to cut loose and run the rest of the rapids in the York boat, but that might mean danger to the scows; so meekly we head across and make a long detour in search of the channel that has had the O.K. of the trade for a hundred years. We are in a wilderness that is run on precedent. The Yankees have not yet come with their irreverence.

The last end of the Slave Rapids route would be a Chinese puzzle to any man to whom it was new, and how these breeds figure it out is a mystery to the novice! The current is very fast; the channels at times are narrow. In and out, sometimes reversing our course, we thread this serpentine channel without mishap and come out on the far side of the river at the end of the rapids proper.

There is time now for a pipe all round. In the dusk, across the river a mile and a half, we can see the buildings of the post, Fort Smith, head of the second section of steamboat transportation. From here it is all man, dog or canoe transportation—except as this ancient steamboat offers aid. What good would a horse or a motor truck do us here on the rapids of the Slave, watching the ghostly white pelicans flying outlined against the Northern gloom?

Fort Smith is the edge of the wilderness. Beyond lies Thule. All the country south of that will be common before so very long—not occupied by farmers, but known to travelers. It is only five hundred and fifty-five miles out from Athabasca, and there is a certain competition in freight rates—though the company advises you it is not a common carrier; but for the thirteen hundred miles yet to the north steamer transport is offered, and here is where freight rates jump for the customer of the Hudson Bay Company.

How the Canoes Change

You have been gone from the railroad about a month. The population of the world has changed. Cheeks have become broader; eyes more slanting. The high-bowed birchbark of the Chippewa of Minnesota has passed into the racier lines of the Cree canoe. Each new tribe you come to alters the line of that canoe a little bit here or there.

As you get farther north the gunwale lies flatter, the freeboard is shallower, the bottom is rounder. In the last two or three posts, far north on the river near the Arctic, you see short decks crawling in fore and aft on the canoe; in short your birchbark canoe is becoming a skin kaiak—your Cree is changed into a Jap.

North of sixty you find no less than three different lines of transportation—not to mention the independent scow traffic of individuals. As to the regular beat of steamboat travel down the great rivers, so far from being the most exciting and romantic on earth, it is the dullest in the world. Nothing happens. There is little to see. Men from the Geological Survey, who make maps and explore unknown rivers—those are the chaps who see romance and adventure; and, also, they are the ones who fail to be impressed by the feeling that they have done anything remarkable.

Whatever may be the personal or commercial history of this great wilderness country, however, it takes a man to whip it. Indeed it never has been and never will be whipped by any man or set of men. No man can beat the Far North, nor can any company of men. It is vast, aloof, implacable!

It is only with unspeakable difficulty that anything can be transported into this country, but it is astonishing what has in

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some cases been done. In the fine church of the Anglican Mission, at Fort Simpson, built in 1858, you will see stained glass and fine pews and handsome fonts, and many emblazonments. The chandeliers and the tall bells covering the lights of the candelabra are perfect, not one of the dozen or two even cracked.

They came a generation ago, in 1865, all the way from England by steamboat down Hudson Bay to York Factory, through Cumberland House, over the unspeakable Clearwater Portage, down the Athabasca, down the Slave and the Mackenzie, to this far-off little rallying-place of the Church in the wilderness.

And on the walls, just as in any English cathedral, you see tablets to the important dead hereabout. They are of metal; and you do not scoff when you learn that they are copper kettles, straightened out, beaten, flattened, and then inscribed.

The church of the Catholic Mission, at Fort Good Hope, is another wonderful edifice in its way. It is strikingly—indeed beautifully though rather crudely—decorated with mural paintings done by Brother Antel, dead these many years—a good friar of Little Slave Lake who came all the way up here with Bishop Clut to decorate this church some thirty years ago. And there you see windows worth noting, an altar such as you might have found done by the friars of Old Spain in the far Southwest of our own country.

To me the story of how the Gospel has gone north is quite as interesting as the history of the fur trade. All over the North the two are neighbors—and all through the North you must go with them hand in hand if you travel toward the midnight sun.

Good Hope has a wild flavor of its own, for there you are sixteen hundred miles north of Athabasca; and if you leave in the late night you will in the early morning cross the Arctic Circle. Now you are north of sixty-six degrees and not yet two months away from a railroad.

At Arctic Red River, two hundred and ten miles farther downstream, you will for the first time see the Eskimos—or Huskies, as they are always called up there—a bold, upstanding people, more comely than the Indians you have passed, better dressed and very much better provided with worldly goods.

You are near the end of the road now. On July eighth you leave the Mackenzie and turn up the Peel River. You are now in the delta of the great Mackenzie. You can see the Rockies now and yet salt water is less than a hundred miles away—you feel as though you could stroll over at any time and lay a familiar hand on the North Pole. And so at last you tie up at Fort McPherson, the end of the northern fur road.

If You Would Trade With Huskies

More than two months ago we saw Pierre, a Cree halfbreed, put on his shoulder a piece marked: R—1—200. It was a piece designed for this very post—McPherson—the end of the ancient fur trail.

What was there in it—you wonder. Follow it up the hill. You have several guesses. It was, perhaps, a box of alarm-clocks; perhaps a phonograph, or a sewing machine—necessaries now for the Eskimos and the Loucheux.

There are revelry and joy at McPherson. You also enjoy yourself trading and studying the trade as an amateur. You find that there is no silver in the country and that a dollar has very little value. If you go north take a vast number of one-dollar bills—they are the currency most useful, and you cannot get much change.

Also, if you would trade among the Huskies, take abundant chewing gum! In heathen speech they are crazy about chewing gum. That was the first thing they asked for—and the last thing anybody had! Needles, scissors, files and carborundum whetstones they prize very much, and now and then one will want a good compass for his schooner.

About you, day and night, goes on a crude, slow life, and you pinch yourself because it all seems so natural. On the flat at the top of the bluff are groups of tents of the Loucheux, scattered, ragged, poverty smitten. What a hand-to-mouth existence is theirs! And how can all these dogs be fed?

The people do not care for such questions now. Feasting is going on. The outfit has come in. New debts have been made and old ones paid. Joy in uncontined. There is no night. Continuously the sound of laughter goes on about you. The people are happy. They are playing games. Your watch tells you when you look that now it is night—the Arctic night.

The sun has not yet sunk, however, and it will not this night, or for four or five nights yet to come. This proves to be a clear night—your chance at the midnight sun. You have read about this thing—dreamed about it. You see it—a ball of light across the dark, wide, lonesome, homeless and mysterious land. . . . And what you see you will remember all your life.

As you turn away a sound greets you that you have heard before. It is the howl of the Husky dogs, hundreds of them in unison.

Over at the corner of yonder log building stands a curious affair of beams, a vast tree-trunk serving as a lever between two uprights. It is the old fur press of the company. This is the reason why the brigade went north—this crude affair; but for it yonder steamboat would not run. This is the answer for all this long, hard, slow transportation. If you had a tithe of the furs the old post trader has baled you would not need to work—that is sure. He stands against it, his hand on the upright lovingly, reverently. To him it is the Company.

And now, after a day spent in discharging her cargo, the steamer sounds her warning whistle once more. She swings out on her long, hard, weary upstream voyage. Once a year she comes here—above the Arctic Circle—for the product of yonder fur press. She has aboard her now the precious bales of furs wrung from the heart of the last wilderness on this continent.

Going north, our steamer was the Outfit; going south she is the Fur. It is of no consequence that we are not going back with her, but shall cross the Rockies and come out by the Yukon in search of some sort of adventure. Yonder, supplanting the old scow brigades which used to track all these weary miles—almost two thousand miles upstream—goes the boat of steam that walks on the water and carries out the fur.

The Ends of the Trail

At the end of the first week in June, from the bluff at Fort McMurray, we saw the goods which represented the year's supplies of all the tribes between that point and the Arctic Ocean, thus far on their journey north. By the end of the last week in August all those goods will have been delivered—all the fur bales of all the posts collected, and the southbound brigade—small but carrying much wealth—will be passing south at this very point.

Instead of eighty scows going north there will be eight scows going south, carrying perhaps half a million dollars in furs which you and I—and Pierre and Francis and Annette—eventually will have paid for. There will be many thousands of cash somewhere on those scows—practically all the cash paid out as government treaty money this summer to the Indians all over the North.

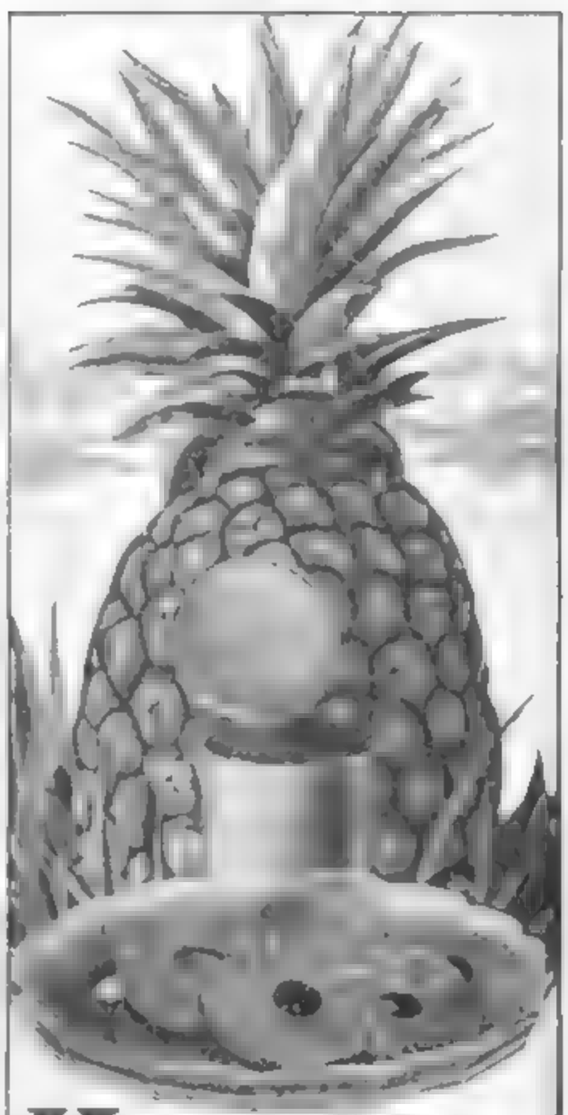
Half a million dollars or more in fur, company or independent, will halt here at the foot of the ninety miles of rapids. There will be well-nigh a hundred persons going out to civilization, though the North has no common carrier. There will be one hundred and twenty men, mostly Indians, who will go on the tracking lines. It will take them nine days to ascend these rapids by dint of the utmost toil and at continuous risk of loss of life and property—nine days in doing what you did yesterday and this morning with such pleasant ease and exhilaration.

This little boat brigade is the object and intent of all this bulky northbound commerce. Yonder package, handled by Pierre, of Lac la Biche—who is going to be drunk again before long and then hungry all winter—is marked from Post Number One—McPherson—north of the Arctic Circle. Its algebra denotes that it weighs one hundred and five pounds.

The commerce of the North is an old commerce. It runs between the midnight sun at one end and the blazing lights of Broadway at the other.

Look at the decorated, painted, savage women of your own city streets. They do not wear beads. They wear furs. They do not know what they cost or where they came from. Neither does Annette know about her beads.

The most savage commerce of the world is done for women. The sable stole of madame was ripped from the back of Annette, the Loucheux woman. Lisette is at one end of the trail—Annette at the other.



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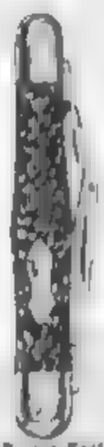
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TIME MONEY AND WHERE TO GET IT

By Roger W. Babson

TIME money is what most people want to have all the time, but have great difficulty in getting at any time. As was shown in a previous article, call loans are supposed to be paid whenever either the borrower or the lender desires settlement. In contrast to this, time loans are made for a distinct period and cannot be paid and cannot be called until such time expires. If the loan is for six months the person making the loan cannot demand the money until the six months have expired, neither can the borrower repay the money until the six months have expired. In other words, a time loan is a contract in which the lender agrees to loan the borrower a sum of money for a specified period, and the borrower agrees to pay a certain rate of interest for said period.

If John Jones should borrow $10,000 for six months discounted at six per cent he would give a note for $10,000 and receive $9700 therefor. If this is a straight time loan without collateral the bank has no right to bother Jones for six months, neither has Jones the right to go to the bank and ask for permission to repay the loan. Both have made a distinct contract covering the sum of $10,000 for a period of six months, and both should consider the contract sacred.

We shall now assume that John Jones unexpectedly comes into possession of considerable money within thirty days from the time he gave the note and hence he desires to pay it. In this case John Jones would go to the bank and say: "I have $10,000 with which to pay my note which comes due in five months, and I shall deposit the same with you at two per cent interest, or if you will give me a rebate at the rate of four per cent for five months I shall pay up the note. Personally I should prefer to do the latter, but I will do as you suggest."

A Short-Sighted Decision

The cashier replies that he will speak to the directors about the matter, and at the next board meeting brings the matter up in the following way:

"A month ago John Jones discounted with us a note for $10,000 for six months, which now has five months left to run. He wishes to pay the note at this time but asks for a rebate of two per cent, the same as we should give him with the money on deposit. Of course, from a money point of view, it would be a little better for us to permit him to pay up the note, giving a rebate of two per cent, as we in this way would save the interest on the reserve that we should be obliged to carry on his deposit. On the other hand, by insisting on our contract our deposits would show $10,000 more, and owing to the competition with the other local banks at the present time we think it very necessary, you know, to show as large deposits as possible."

After this presentation of the case the directors decide not to permit John Jones to pay the note until it is due.

Of course this was not a businesslike decision, as the profits of the bank would have been slightly greater if John Jones' proposition had been accepted; but country bankers often decide questions in accordance with their sentimental effect on the community rather than in accordance with the principles of sound banking. In this case, however, John Jones was not asleep, and when the cashier, smiling sweetly, told him next morning that the directors had decided that it was better to let the note stand until it matured, since the bank had a surplus of funds, our friend Jones smiled sweetly also and said: "Very well, then; but if you are in no need of funds I would like to help one of the other banks and will withdraw my deposit of $10,000, letting them have it for the five months until your note matures."

When this remark was made the cashier's sweet smile quickly changed to a most worried and careworn expression. He immediately saw that Jones was not the average depositor who looked upon him as an oracle and the bank as a house of worship. He thereupon asked Jones to excuse him for a moment till he went to the telephone. He called up the president of the bank and told him that, having reported to John Jones that the bank was not in need of funds and so did not feel like giving him any rebate on his note, Jones took him at his word and was about to withdraw the money and deposit it in another bank.

Upon receipt of this message the president told the cashier to hold the deposit under all circumstances and make any terms with Jones necessary to satisfy him. John Jones "smelled the rat" upon the cashier's return from the telephone and thought that it was now time to play his cards. Thus instead of John Jones' now assuming the position of asking a favor as he did when first approaching the bank, he immediately put the cashier on the defensive, with the result that before Jones had left the bank he had made a trade with the cashier whereby the note was to be paid up at once and a rebate made at three per cent instead of at two per cent. Thus the bank by its narrow-mindedness lost one per cent on this trade.

Dickering With Your Bankers

In this discussion on time money I might quote scores of illustrations that have come under my personal observation where banks have had their bluffs called and have actually begged for terms. As the average customer of a bank knows absolutely nothing about banking, many cashiers have got into a somewhat independent attitude and are imbued with the false idea that their power is similar to that of the Czar of Russia. Of course the average citizen in the community encourages them in this idea and thus their decisions are usually based upon personal or sentimental reasons rather than on business or banking principles. Therefore when a young business man who really understands the principles of banking and the tricks of the trade, so to speak, attempts to do a little intelligent dickering, the officers, directors and employees often become most agreeable and obliging.

I am not advising the young business man to make a time loan and then to attempt in any way to break the contract. When banks make such loans for definite periods it is absolutely unreasonable for any borrower to expect a rebate in full for the balance of the interest, if he desires to pay up a time loan before it is due. I strenuously preach this doctrine and insist that any annulment of a time loan before it is due must be by mutual consent and that it is wholly a matter of trade by both parties. A bank is entitled to keep such a loan until due, and no borrower should be in any way offended when the bank refuses to disturb it. On the other hand, if the bank attempts to give false reasons, then the borrower has a right to play one or two of his cards. Moreover if a borrower is to trade he should be prepared to do so intelligently.

I remember during the panic of 1907 my cousins who have a large mail-order business in Chicago were troubled about getting currency from a Chicago bank for payrolls. They of course could get no satisfaction from the bank's tellers, and thereupon took the matter to the higher officers of the institution. These higher officers, appearing very grave and sad, explained to my relatives that "the agreement with the clearing house absolutely forbids the payment of any currency for the present," explaining how impossible it would be for them or any one else to obtain such currency. In fact I believe it was one of the high officers that made a remark something like this:

"Why, if the president of the United States himself should come here and ask for currency today we would absolutely refuse him. The principle of this bank is that all customers shall be treated alike, and to change this rule today when panic is raging in New York would be like changing the laws of the Medes and Persians."

My cousin smilingly replied:

"Very well, but you realize that the larger part of our deposits is in the form of money orders, and if the banking system of Chicago has broken down in this fashion I shall have these money orders taken directly to the post office and cashed by the

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United States Government instead of depositing them here." Then the sweet professional smile changed to a panic-stricken expression, and the bank official immediately asked to be excused to confer with the president. Upon his return to the desk he quietly asked my cousin how much currency he would like, and in less than three minutes my cousin was leaving that institution with more currency than he had originally requested. Apparently even the laws of the Medes and Persians are subject to change when the Medes and Persians think it is in their interest to change or suspend them.

However let me repeat that time loans are distinctly different from call loans. Both the borrower and the lender are free to pay or call the latter kind at any time, with or without notice, or to change the rate of interest any or every day. Time money, however, is of an entirely different character. It is based on a definite contract made in good faith for a definite time and at a definite rate. Moreover neither party should expect to change this contract except by the full, mutual and hearty assent of the other party. But this is not all.

Not only should the borrower not attempt to change the contract while it is in force except with the consent of the bank, but he should be prepared to carry out the contract when the note matures. Here is where the average borrower absolutely fails. Here is where I sympathize with banks and the lenders of money. A man who is a pillar of his community will go to a bank and sign a note saying that "I promise to pay in six months $1000 at the First National Bank" when he has not the slightest idea of paying back this note at the end of six months. Men who would consider themselves insulted if their integrity were in any way questioned seem to be void of all moral responsibility when it comes to signing notes. Really I do not blame employees of banks for being pessimistic about human nature in general.

Three Sources of Borrowed Money

Therefore, before going further, I wish to urge the young business man to consider as both sacred and binding the contract that he signs when borrowing time money. If you promise to pay your bank $1000 at the end of six months, be prepared to do so. I even go further and say: "Pay it even if within ten days you again borrow another $1000." Honesty is largely habit, and if you will get into the habit of paying your notes when due it will be of tremendous service to you financially, morally and from every other point of view. It is not a disgrace to borrow money. Lenders are in as much need of borrowers as borrowers are in need of lenders. It is, however, a disgrace and a distinctly unbusinesslike proceeding for the young business man to form the habit of promising to pay notes on a certain date when he has no idea of paying at such a time. Therefore I believe that all time loans should be paid when due, even if a similar amount of money is again borrowed within a few days or weeks.

The sources for obtaining time money may be subdivided into three grand divisions:

The principal source for obtaining time money is the local bank. When in need of funds the first request should be made of the bank with which one deposits, and thereafter of other local banks in the community. As, however, two previous articles of this series have been devoted to explaining how best to obtain money from local banks I shall not repeat these instructions here.

After borrowing a reasonable amount from the local bank, if one desires additional loans he should turn to the various investment associations, private and semi-private organizations and societies of the community. Probably few readers realize that in every community there are trustees and societies that do on a small scale considerable banking business. Most hospitals, libraries and similar institutions are heavily endowed and these funds are in the hands of trustees. One of the fundamentals of investing is that all of one's funds should not be invested in the same way. Consequently the wise board of trustees for any hospital, library or similar institution invests about one-third of its money in bonds, one-third in mortgage loans and one-third in collateral and high-grade business paper properly indorsed. Of course the money which is invested in bonds is of no use to the local community, but the third that is invested in mortgages is usually

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loaned to local people, as well as some portion of the third that is invested in commercial paper.

Therefore every young business man should be acquainted with the trustees of these various endowments in his respective community, as these men often can be of much more service to him than can even the local banks. Not only do these trustees often show more business judgment in the loaning of their funds than does the average bank, but their funds are not in such demand, since the average borrower is not acquainted with the fact that these men have money to loan. Some churches have considerable money to invest, but the greatest opportunity rests with the trustees of these various funds that are accumulating every day.

I know several large funds that have been left by men for purposes wholly impracticable at the present time. Possibly the wishes of the testator will never be carried out, or it may be that they cannot be carried out for a great many years, perhaps until the fund is very much larger. At any rate these funds have been in existence for so long that people have really forgotten all about their existence, even if the testator's will was known at the time of his death.

Some day there will be an investigation in many communities of these different trusts, accompanied by great awakenings and revelations. Moreover I do not refer to the fact that some of these trusts are not being operated honestly, but rather to the fact that the will and original purpose of the testator are being entirely ignored, and the hospital or library or school or park for which he left the money has been entirely forgotten. My mention of these trusts in this article is only to focus the attention of business men on the fact that they are a source for obtaining loans equal in advantages in many cases to banks, trust companies and mutual loan societies.

In this same group of private lenders may be mentioned corporations and business firms which have large surpluses that they are constantly loaning. Of course it is common knowledge that certain industrial corporations carry on very large banking businesses and are continually loaning large and small sums on four and six months notes. This practice is not confined to large corporations. In every community there are successful business firms also which at certain seasons of the year have funds to loan for a few months, and often a loan can more easily be obtained from one of these business firms than from the local bank. These are facts that the young business man should constantly keep in mind so that he may be exceedingly careful to live honestly and to act justly, and so win the good opinion of those about him.

Commercial-Paper Brokers

After the young business man has borrowed all the money he can from his local banks and from the various societies and trust funds in the community, he is dependent on brokers. These men are known as commercial-paper brokers and may be found in every large city. In referring the young business man to a commercial-paper broker I am not referring him to a pawnshop or to any other place of this class. The average commercial-paper broker is an exceedingly high-grade man and operates a very large business on an exceedingly small profit. Briefly, his method of operation is as follows:

We shall assume that you are borrowing $200,000 locally and have about reached your limit, but that you have a large, growing and prosperous business and are really entitled to further loans. You will, therefore, inquire of your local bank for the name of some commercial-paper broker from whom your bank purchases notes. In fact it would be wise to ask your bank for a letter of introduction to such a firm, telling your bank the reason why you desire the interview. Upon presenting the letter of introduction to the note broker you will tell him briefly of your business, show him a comparative statement of assets, liabilities and earnings extending over the past ten years, making somewhat the following statement:

"Our business has expanded so rapidly and profitably that we have reached a time when it is desirable to make outside banking connections. We, however, wish to pay up the $200,000 that we are borrowing locally and desire to sell you about $250,000 worth of our paper. Our business is seasonal, so that our heavy borrowing is about the first of the year, and we are able to clean up about the middle of the year. Of course we can continue our loans with our local banks and borrow of you only $50,000 additional, but in that case we might be unable to pay the additional $50,000 when due, as our local banks would then be loaded up and unable to take care of us further. If, however, we clean up our local banks and borrow all from you it would be inconceivable that our parties would want all their money at any one time, and thus we could use our local banks as a reserve, the same as an ordinary bank uses the small proportion of money that it carries in its vault as reserve."

This introduction may seem strange to the average business man, but this is the way to interest commercial-paper houses. Do not go to them simply as you would to the doctor when you are in trouble, but go to them when you are prosperous and offer to let them finance your entire business, holding, however, a reserve in your own hands in order that you may be in an independent position irrespective of these brokers. This is the character of argument that appeals to a commercial-paper broker and usually interests him.

At any rate I think you will receive good attention, and that the broker will send a public accountant to your city to examine the accounts and look over your plant and consider your proposition. These brokers make a usual charge of from one-eighth to one-fourth of one per cent for each note discounted, which is exceedingly reasonable. In fact, considering the risk that they assume, I often wonder how they can afford to do their work so cheaply.

The Right Time to Borrow

If the broker whom you visit decides to take on your account he will start in at once by giving you his own check for perhaps five notes of $5000 each, and then will attempt to sell these notes to various banks, trustees and other business firms throughout the country. As soon as he sells two or three of these notes he will immediately send for more, and soon he will have your entire line of $250,000 outstanding and scattered throughout the country.

Most time money which banks loan outside their respective communities is on notes purchased through these note brokers. As a banker I should not purchase the note of a stranger excepting through one of these note brokers, as they act as splendid checks. No reputable note broker will sell a note that he has any question about for a paltry one-eighth of one per cent commission. Of course when banks insist on a rate above the market or attempt improperly to dicker with a note broker the note broker is compelled to give the bank a note that is not strictly high-grade. When, however, a reputable note broker is placed on his honor and is trusted by the bank to select something good at a fair market rate, the bank usually gets a fair deal and is surely much better off than if it attempted to select such a note itself.

At this time let me emphasize what has been suggested before, namely, that the time to arrange for funds is before emergency arrives. The old saying that "the barn door should be locked before the horse is stolen" applies perfectly to financing one's business. As one must take out his insurance policy before the fire starts, so one should arrange his borrowing needs before the time comes when he must have additional money. The man who is anxious to get money usually has great difficulty. The keen lender of money can tell by the look in the applicant's eye whether or not he is in sore need of funds.

If the lender thinks that the applicant is in great need of money the lender immediately becomes frightened and refuses the loan; but if the lender thinks the borrower is not in need of funds, the loan will probably go through.

Banks, trustees and others with money to loan are very much like a flock of sheep; they are most easily frightened and will blindly follow their leader. It really is pathetic to note how a man changes in temperament and disposition when he changes from the borrowing to the lending class. This fact should constantly be kept in mind by those who borrow money, and they should make arrangements for funds before the time comes when they will be in great need of loans.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Roger W. Babson on the subject of borrowing money.

A Haunting Fragrance

Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 7

In your toilet you desire one prevailing fragrance — not a discordance of many scents, all pleasing perhaps but all different.

Select one delicate odor to be characteristic of all your toilet necessities. You then achieve the real intent of artistic perfuming — a haunting fragrance, always the same, that will always mean *you*.

We have succeeded in imparting to a notable group of toilet products the elusive Bouquet Jeanice scent.

Bouquet Jeanice is for those who desire an individual and aristocratic fragrance in all their toilet articles. For three years leading American perfumers experimented with this blend, and it was twice taken abroad for the criticisms of the foremost French perfumers. It is composed of rare and costly oriental oils — Bulgarian Rose, Indian Vetivert, Singapore Sandalwood and Manila Ylang Ylang — so evenly blended that none predominates. It is a veritable harmony, rich, delicate, refined, haunting, lasting.

The Rexall Store is the only place where you can find Bouquet Jeanice products. The Rexall Stores, of which there are more than 7,000 in the United States, Canada and Great Britain — one in each principal city and town — own the big perfume laboratories in Boston in which Bouquet Jeanice is made. Their co-operation arrangements make it possible for The Rexall Store in your town to supply you with goods that are always fresh, and at exceedingly low prices. Your money will be refunded without question if you are not perfectly satisfied.

The use of Bouquet Jeanice gives the advantage of added refinement and satisfaction to your toilet.

Bouquet Jeanice Extract, $1.00 an ounce.
Bouquet Jeanice Extract, 1¼ ounce, in box $1.25.
Bouquet Jeanice Toilet Water, $1.25 and $2.00.
Bouquet Jeanice Complexion Powder, 75c.
Bouquet Jeanice Sachet, 75c an ounce.
Bouquet Jeanice Soap, 35c a cake.
Bouquet Jeanice Talcum Powder, 50c a can.

"Bouquet Jeanice Week" begins to-day at all

The Rexall Stores

TRADE MARK

You can find Bouquet Jeanice only at The Rexall Store in your town

See the Window Display of Bouquet Jeanice Perfume and Toilet Preparations at The Rexall Store

In The Saturday Evening Post on April 11th will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 8," on Liggett's Chocolates

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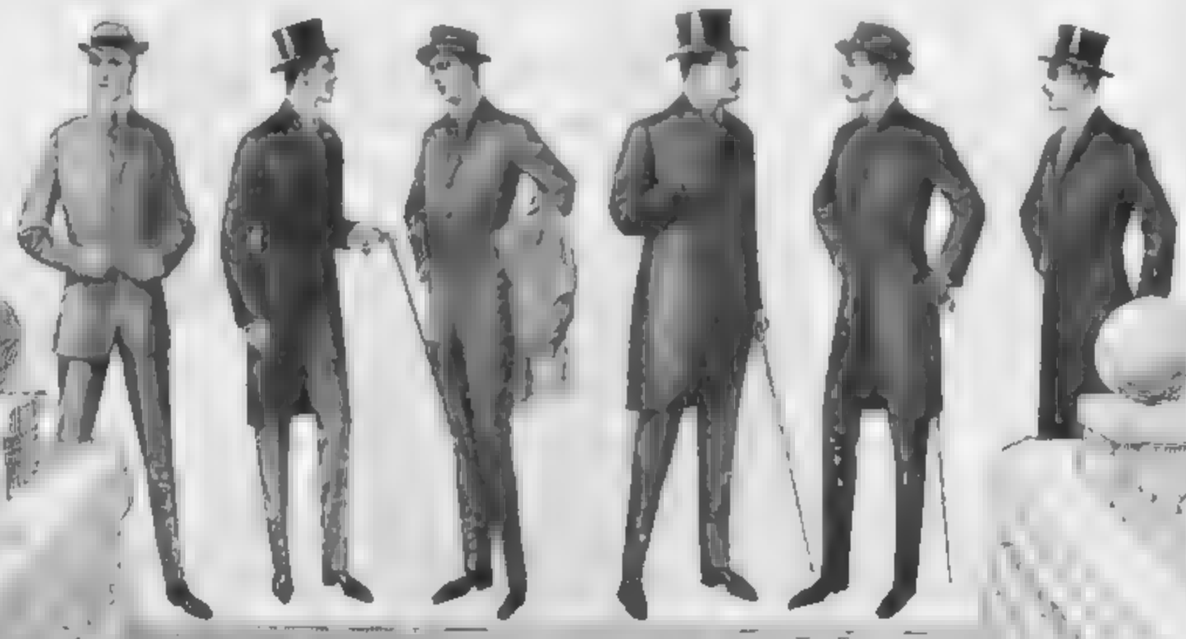
That's the real way to get that snappy individuality and correct style that is the mark of all good dressers. You can arrange delivery to suit your own convenience.

If you don't know our local dealer, write for his name and address

You are cordially invited to inspect our mammoth tailor shops whenever you visit Chicago. A guide will show you through



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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: While on the subject of books and authors, I am reminded that Colonel Thomas J. Pence, of the Democratic National Committee, has just burst into flame with a volume that immediately took its place as one of our most widely circulated literary efforts. To be sure, the colonel was possessed of his own circulating apparatus and organization, wherein he had it effulgently on most writers and authors; but that doesn't detract from the fact that if his work were a seller it would be a best seller.

Being, as it is, an educational and inspirational effort, it was deemed wise to allow it full opportunity to educate and inspire; so the colonel gave 'em away—and gave 'em away by the ton!

The title of this work is: Achievements of the Democratic Administration. And after perusing it carefully I am free to admit that as a collector and connoter of achievements there are few if any persons who are the peers of Mr. Pence. He can spot an achievement at a distance when it is invisible to a less experienced eye; and he can take almost any proposed or perfected legislation by this Democratic Congress and twist achievements out of it by the dozen.

The only things that Tom doesn't claim credit for, as I gather from a study of his volume, are the fact that the sun has risen regularly each morning since March 4, 1913, and the victories of the allies in the Balkan War—and he would have put those victories in had the fighting been done anywhere on this hemisphere.

So far as political achievements go, the list is complete—barring perhaps the episode of the nomination of Mr. Pindell for the ambassadorship to Russia, and one or two other minor accomplishments undoubtedly crowded out in the rush of getting to press; but as this is a polite as well as a great political administration I note with regret that one important achievement has been omitted entirely—one monumental attainment has been neglected.

The Unused Epithet

I refer, of course, to the fact that, until the moment Tom's book went into the mails and until the further moment of this appreciation thereof, the President of the United States has called no man a liar. Standing within close touch of the end of his first year in the White House, he looks back over eleven months and two weeks as Chief Executive, wherein he has not raised his voice and denominated any person whatsoever as a falsifier, a prevaricator, an evader, or even a fibber.

The short and ugly word has not been hurled—the opprobrious epithet has not been applied. And, looking back at the two Administrations that preceded his, this seems enough of an achievement for mention and eulogy; for it is needless to state—and therefore I state it—there has been no recent increase in truth-telling in these parts—not an iota of increase.

We seem to be operating under a new dispensation, wherein a difference of opinion does not constitute a fracture of the truth, and a statement of a situation at variance with our official recollection is not necessarily a fabrication. Results are now obtained by gentler methods.

Take, for example, those little disputes over the Democratic platform and various sections thereof which are becoming annoying. Instead of rising and remarking: "The gentleman is a boom-boom-hip-hip-ta-ra-rum liar, and he has other faults," we courteously and patiently argue the matter, and both sides concede an opportunity for a mistake in the original instance. We are polite, Jim, and not peevish or explosive.

I have no idea what the future will bring forth in view of the large number of chickens that can be observed in the offing on their way home to roost in various places adjacent to the White House, including the State Department; but, so far, the W. Wilson branch of the Ananias Club has not been formed; and, as I understand it, the membership in the Taft and Roosevelt branches is fast becoming depleted by reason of the operation of the statute of delimitations.

And, while contrasting the old with the new, have you ever in your reading discovered a grander little letter writer than Mr. Wilson? We used to think we had pretty fair epistolary performers in the White House; but this man has most of his predecessors so far behind him you can't see them for the dust.

You recall, of course, that famous letter in which he removed that agitated statesman, Mr. Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, from the senatorial race, thus making it less difficult for Oscar Underwood—to say nothing of the big-business-quieting letter to Attorney-General McReynolds, at the time the American Telephone and Telegraph Company decided to unjoint itself lest it be unjointed. Those are but samples.

Did you read the communication to William M. Marbury, of Baltimore, whereby that citizen got his name into the papers, not because he put it there himself, but because the White House put it there for him? That was a letter, James, which will stand the enduring test of time; for it did two things, and did both so amazingly well that the subjects treated may be conceded to be completely covered from now to an exceedingly remote then.

A Letter to the Universe

Mr. Marbury, taking his pen in hand, or having his pen taken in hand for him, wrote to the President expressing his firm conviction as to the matter of free canal tolls for American ships passing through the Panama Canal. Ordinarily Mr. Marbury would have received a polite letter of acknowledgment; but it so happened there was a letter to write and Mr. Marbury was honored with the reply, which was not only intended for him personally but, through him, was intended for the entire world and all other communities interested. Having a couple of birds to kill, Mr. Wilson killed them via the medium of Mr. Marbury.

In the first place, he needed an opportunity to state, without the formality of a presidential message, just what his position on the canal-toll question was; and he stated it in one paragraph, so that the entire universe might read. He didn't waste any words or use any qualifying sentences or explanatory phrases. He said the exemption constitutes "a very mistaken policy from every point of view," in clear violation of the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There was no quibbling about it.

It seems that Mr. Marbury is a most comfortable sort of correspondent; for it so happened that in addition to asking about canal tolls he referred to the secretary of state. Here was another point—or person—on which and whom the President thought to make himself clear; so he made himself clear. He devoted another paragraph to Mr. Bryan; and he gave the secretary of state the finest reading notice imaginable—complimented him; congratulated him; said he was doing his work with "a definiteness and dignity that are very admirable"; and in a few further well-chosen words handed Mr. Bryan a bouquet that is more to be desired than great riches.

There had been story after story—some circumstantial—about the lack of regard Mr. Wilson has for Mr. Bryan, the skillful poisoning of the mind of the President against his premier, and all that sort of rot, which, foolish as they were to those who knew the facts, attained great currency and wide belief. It occurred to Mr. Wilson, as it similarly occurred to some of the friends of Mr. Bryan, that along about the Marbury letter time would be a most excellent moment for the presentation to the people of a presidential testimonial to the Peerless, inasmuch as many of Mr. Bryan's followers were getting restive under the continual stories of differences and dislike; and inasmuch further as no person in this country is more thoroughly apprised of the number of friends Mr. Bryan has than the President.

It was politely, gently but thoroughly brought home to the President that Mr. Bryan had said, was saying and would continue to say all sorts of complimentary things about the President; was acting in good faith; was effacing himself in every

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OF all departures made by the Indian for motorcycle development its 1914 electrical equipment has received the readiest and most extensive recognition both in America and abroad. This does not even except the famous comfort feature originated in 1913—the Cradle Spring Frame.

Behind this success is a story of more than twelve months engineering endeavor—research—deliberation—selection—test—and costly experimentation without end. Not until the Engineering Department had stamped its final O. K. on every minute mechanism was the following announcement made—

Indian Motocycle

for 1914—all standard models equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, electric signal and two sets of high amperage storage batteries.

The Indian electric lighting system, especially, qualifies as the most advanced mode of illumination today for the motorcycle. In its mechanical principles it is soundly based on all the electric lighting experience which automobile engineers have worked out. The fact that over 95% of all automobile manufacturers have adopted electric systems is sufficient indication that the trend in motorcycle design and appliance must likewise be an electric one. The Indian electric system has been proven at all the cardinal points

—powerfulness —convenience —wear
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Each battery is ample for 250 miles of night riding—cost of recharging is very small. The total electrical mechanism is protected against vibration and shock by the Cradle Spring Frame and Fork—devices which play a large part in the successful application of motorcycle electricity as evolved by the Indian.

2,500 Indian dealers throughout the world are ready to demonstrate the electrically-equipped Indian to you.

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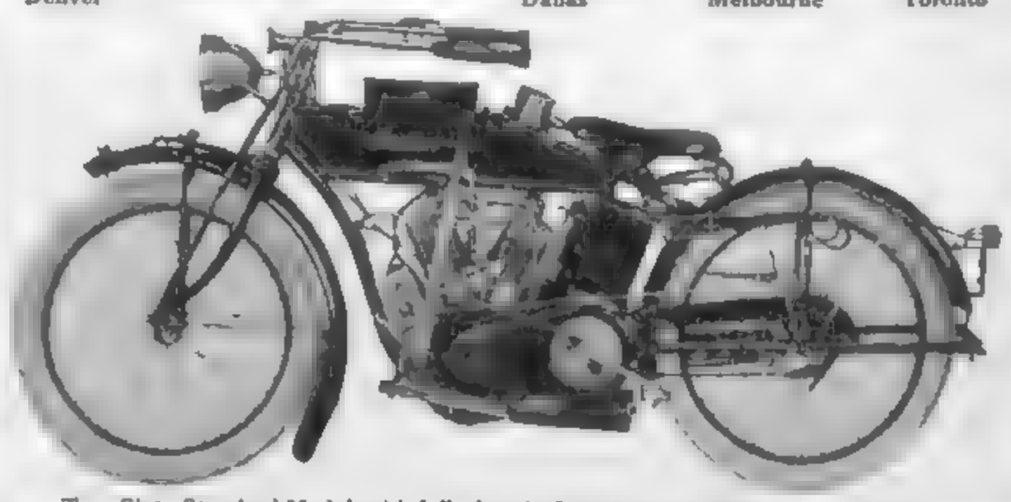

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1. That in choosing a type of roofing, the thing most desirable is to secure the lowest unit cost—*i. e.* the lowest cost per foot per year of service.

2. That the roofing of lowest unit cost is a pitch, felt and slag or gravel roof—if it is laid right.

3. That the way to get it laid right is to incorporate The Barrett Specification verbatim into your building specifications.

4. That a Barrett Specification roof will usually last twenty years or more.

5. That during that time it does not have to be painted or tinkered with or cared for.

6. That the first cost of a Barrett Specification roof is less than that of any other permanent roofing.

7. That it is the most economical and satisfactory roofing known for all kinds of permanent structures, such as manufacturing plants, railroad buildings, skyscrapers, business blocks, hotels, apartment and dwelling houses.

This is the palatial new Biltmore Hotel in New York City, which is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof Architects, Warren & Wetmore, N. Y.; Roofers, New York Roofing Co., N. Y. Waterproofed with Specification Pitch and Felt by the Tuttle Roofing Co., N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTE

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of the Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

Booklets on request, including a copy of The Barrett Specification.

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way; was neither claiming nor contriving credit; and that it was up to Mr. Wilson to reciprocate.

The President was of the same mind. He looked over his mail, and there was the letter from Mr. Marbury! That earnest correspondent had given him his two opportunities, which were, in a way, linked; so he wrote two paragraphs—one about the canal tolls and one about Mr. Bryan, as correlated subjects, and was exceedingly definite in each.

And in order that Mr. Marbury might not keep the information to himself, Joe Tumulty saw to it that copies of the letter were placed within the reach of the newspapers simultaneously with its transmission to Baltimore. You must search for a long time amid the annals of correspondence, Jim, to find a letter that so effectually covers two questions as that one does. Mr. Wilson is a born letter writer, I should say, and getting better every minute. Still, he wasn't so bad before he came to Washington.

Recently—not only in Congress but elsewhere—the temperance question has grown insistent. There are advocates of national prohibition here who assert that the Congress will pass within a few years, for submission to the people, an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor; and they may be right, provided the matter is ever allowed to come to a vote in Congress.

Our statesmen are so constituted that they will unhesitatingly vote for any question favored by the religious or moral sentiment of the country, no matter what their own ideas may be. And, as it looks from this angle, they are in a fair way to be brought face to face with the prohibition issue, for there are not many of them who would dare to vote against such a proposition. The work will be done in committee, holding up the bills. Once the proposition gets out—if it ever does—it will go through amid the aggregated cheers of a few hundred politicians, many of whom in their hearts do not believe in it. And so will any other similar reform measure.

A Non-Political Issue

The great evil of our politics, my dear James, isn't dishonesty or graft, or ulterior motives, or lack of patriotism. The great evil of our politics is hypocrisy. Ninety-nine per cent of the men in Congress legislate solely with their own political fortunes in view, and will vote for anything, no matter whether they believe in it or not, if they think it will help them in their districts—as similarly they will vote against any measure in which they may believe thoroughly if they think its passage will hurt them there.

To return to this subject of prohibition, local option, and all that: It is insistent and becoming more so. Wherefore various perplexed and worried governors, and others who are facing it—especially in its local-option form—have asked for a letter the President wrote on that subject while he was governor of New Jersey.

This letter was in reply to the inquiry of a citizen as to his view of the matter. Mr. Wilson said he was a firm believer in the theory that every self-governing community that constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or the withholding of licenses.

"But," he continued, "the questions are social and moral, and not susceptible of being made parts of a party program"—for the reason, as he explained, that this question invariably creates utter confusion in political action in every other field. He concluded:

"I do not believe that party programs of the highest consequence to the political life of the state and the nation ought to be thrust on one side and hopelessly embarrassed for long periods together by making a political issue of a question which is essentially non-political, non-partisan, moral and social in its nature."

And there you are! As we used to say up in Western New York: "You can take your change out of that!"

It is being impressed on us that our Cabinet is pretty hot stuff. The President has O. K.'d Mr. Bryan and O. K.'d Mr. McReynolds in the public prints, as he should—for he picked 'em; and he has looked with a kindly eye—publicly—on the activities of the other members. He has his troubles with them, to be sure; but he grins and bears those troubles manfully. And you'd think, to watch some of them perform, that a Cabinet member and his activities constitute a most permanent and enduring contribution to our forthcoming history.

Most of them take themselves so seriously that they creak with dignity as they pass in and out of the White House; and they tell me that, when it comes to long-distance talking, language, speech and other modes of vocal expression, there never was a man of late years who could touch Secretary Redfield. At Cabinet meetings the time is consumed as follows: Meet at eleven A. M. Adjourn at twelve M. Time consumed in talk by Redfield, fifty-five minutes. By all others, including the President, four minutes. Coming in, thirty seconds. Going out, thirty seconds.

And how joyful it is to see their important manner—for they really are important you know! This is borne in on me by the fact that the Honorable Jacob McGavock Dickinson, former secretary of war, was in our midst a short time ago—a big man, a great lawyer, and for two years in Mr. Taft's Cabinet; and the newspapers here in Washington referred to him as Mr. Dickson! Fame! Eh? What?

There was a contested election case down in Muskogee, Oklahoma. A negro election judge was testifying.

"How many votes—in round numbers—did the Republicans get in your district?" asked the attorney for the contestant.

"About a hundred an' fo'ty-five," the witness replied.

"How many did the Democratic candidate for county treasurer receive?"

"About a hundred an' seven."

"How many did Taft get?"

"I don't know as I knows him."

"Taft! William H. Taft!" screamed the attorney.

"Well, suh," said the witness after reflection, "I don't b'lieve he was runnin'!"

"The witness has answered the question correctly," smiled the judge.

And yet Jimmie Reynolds, secretary of the Republican National Committee, has opened headquarters right round the corner from the White House.

Hope, Jim, springs eternal in the political breast!

Yours, with no such tenant in my chest,

BILL.

Eliminated Eggs

THREE Northern men were ordering breakfast—so George Ade says—at a small hotel in South Carolina. The first one ordered coffee, toast and eggs; the second ordered coffee, toast, bacon and eggs; and the third said:

"I'll take the same as this gentleman, but eliminate the eggs."

The waiter started off, but in a minute returned, scratching his head.

"Boss," he asked, "scuse me, please, suh; but how did you say you wanted dem aigs?"

The Yankee caught the point.

"I said I wanted them eliminated. Can't you understand plain English?"

"Yas, suh. I understan's now," murmured the waiter, and off he went.

Presently he came hurrying in from the kitchen.

"Mistah," he asked, "wouldn't you jes' as soon have dem aigs fried or boiled, or somethin'?"

"I would not," snapped the Northerner. "I'm on a strict diet and I have to have my eggs eliminated."

"Dat's whut I tole de cook," said the darky; "but he say to tell you, please, suh, dat no longer ago 'n yistiddy he drap de 'liminator and broke de handle off. He say dey done ordered a new one, but it can't git here twell tomorrow. So he'd lak mightily fur you to tek yore aigs some other way today, suh."

ACME QUALITY

We've put a *new* room in our home *with* Acme Quality

"First, we sent for the Acme booklets—'Acme Quality Painting Guide' and 'Home Decorating'—and then John and I had a regular paint-fest.

"Isn't that floor glorious! John did it with Acme Varno-Lac. Isn't that white woodwork a big improvement? It is finished with Acme Quality Enamel. Several of the picture frames were looking a little shabby, so I tried my hand on them with Acme Varno-Lac, and I varnished every window sill in the house. Don't they look nice? And I did the stairs, too; but what we're proudest of is that fine new wall. That was done with Acme quality No-Lustre Finish. It's way ahead of paper and it can be *washed*."

Spring is here—the great clean-up season. Can't you think of a dozen things right now that you'd love to see brightened and refreshed? It is remarkable what a big improvement a little Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes will do. It's more interesting, results are a delight and the cost is a trifle.

May we send *you* the books? If you do not know the Acme Quality dealer in your town, write us for his name.

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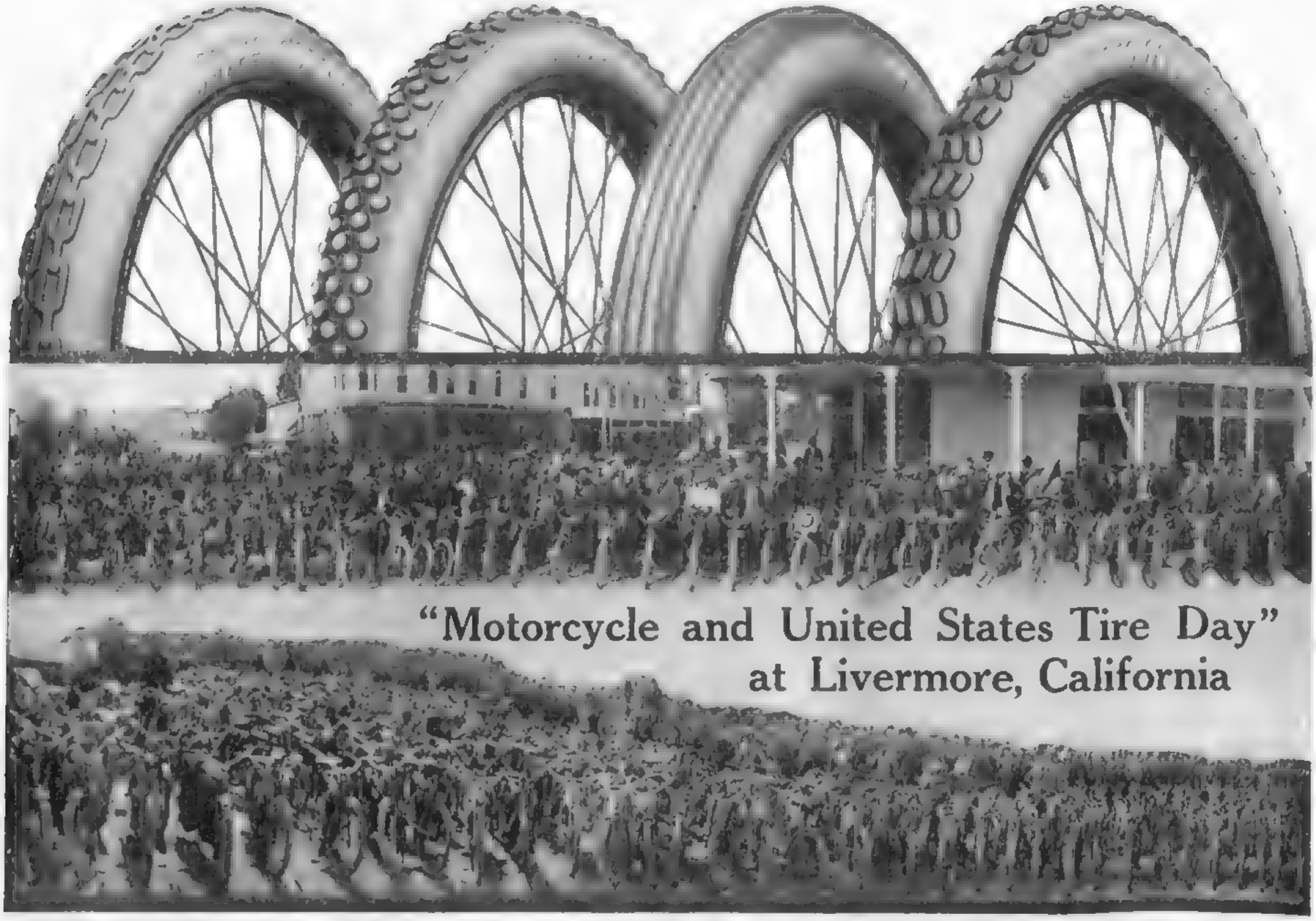

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We, the builders of UNITED STATES TIRES, have kept step with the growth and the perfection of the motorcycle.

We have watched the motorcycle's progress.

We have studied the motorcycle's needs.

We build tires for the actual requirements of the motorcycle.

We have solved the motorcycle tire problem.

Our motorcycle tires have proved to be one of the greatest factors in the life and progress of the motorcycle.

UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES are today the accepted standard of the motorcycle world.

UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES are today the most popular motorcycle tires in the world.

And they deserve to be.

In one year—1913—the sales of UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES increased 139 per cent.—an increase that is without a parallel in motorcycle history

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES sell the best of everything

United States Motorcycle Tires

Made by the
Largest Rubber Company in the World

Sense and Nonsense

In Fact, Too Much

ON OPPOSITE sides of the railroad tracks in a Missouri town two darkies ran opposition short-order eating houses. In addition to being business rivals they were personal enemies.

On a certain evening the local bad man, a person with several notches on his gun-stock and an ever-present desire to add more ornamentation to it, stalked into one of these establishments. He had been drinking and his eyes were bloodshot and his manner threatening.

"Nigger, have you got a decent porter-house beefsteak in this dump?" he demanded.

"Yas, suh; yus, suh," answered the proprietor nervously.

"Well, you go fry it for me—with onions—plenty of onions!" ordered the bad man as he took a seat at a table and slapped an offending vinegar cruet into space. "And don't you fry it too much or I'll fry you! And along with the steak you bring me a few fried aigs and a rasher of side meat, and some flapjacks and fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee, and a slice of apple pie, and some cheese—and anything else you've got round the place. And be quick about it!"

The darky magically vanished. Anon the smell of frying filled the place; and presently he brought the complete order and ranged the dishes about the impatient tyrant, who ate what he wanted and spoiled the contents of the other platters.

Sated, he leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the table and, opening a spring-back dirk-knife with a flirt of his thumb, began picking his teeth with the point of the five-inch blade.

"Nigger!" he said suddenly.

"Yas, suhee!" The answer was prompt and apprehensive.

"Whut sort of a place has this other nigger got over on the other side of the railroad?"

"Boss," said the darky, "you wouldn't lak dat place. Dat nigger over dere he thinks flies is somethin' dat's meant to be cooked wid. Seems lak he can't prepare a mess of vittles 'thout gittin' it full of flies. Dut ain't no clean place fur a white gen'l'man, same as you is."

"You're right," said the bully. "I was over there last night. I had jest about the same grub I've had here tonight—maybe a little more and maybe a little less. And when I got through I asked him whut the bill was, and that black robber had the nerve to charge me a quarter!"

"Er—er quartah, did you say, boss?"

"That's whut I said. Of course I oughter killed him right there. But somethin' stayed my hand; so I jest cut off both his ears with this here knife and throwed 'em in his face. Now whut do I owe you for this feed?"

"Boss," said the negro without a moment's hesitation, "I reckon a dime will be ample!"

A Cautious Barber

TOM HUTCHINSON, of Tennessee, served as a major in the Greek artillery in the War of the Balkans.

There was a lull in the firing during the bombardment of a Turkish fort at Janina. Tom had not shaved for a long time and wore a large and luxuriant growth of whiskers.

He decided it was time to cut them off; so he summoned a camp barber who, after borrowing some hot water from the cook, seated Hutchinson on a flat rock and began shaving.

Just as he had finished the port side of Hutchinson's face a large shell burst in that vicinity. The barber gave a whoop of dismay and disappeared; so Tom was forced to do the rest of his fighting that day with one half his face bewhiskered and the other half shorn.

That night the barber returned.

"What did you run away for?" asked Hutchinson angrily.

"Oh, mister," said the barber, "when those shells began to explode right near us I was afraid you might get nervous, thus causing me to cut you with my razor. My regard for you is too high to admit of taking chances like that; so I went away—but not, I assure you, because I was scared personally!"

Survival of the Unfit

THE late Senator Beck, of Kentucky, went home from Washington for a visit, and one evening was talking with a party of friends in the Galt House, Louisville.

Along about half past nine one of the party said:

"Gentlemen, I'd be very glad if you-all would come on over to my house and have a drink of liquor with me. I have some Bourbon in my cellar that has been there for twenty-five years, and I'll be glad to have you taste it."

Everyone in the party rose to accept the invitation—except Senator Beck.

"What's the matter, senator?" asked the prospective host. "Won't you come on over and have some of that Bourbon?"

"No," replied Beck; "no, major, I think not. You see, major, I have known you all my life—known you since you were a boy and know your habits thoroughly, sir; and it appears to me that any liquor that has remained in your cellar for twenty-five years can't be very much good!"

Those Telltale Clocks

THE leading man of a play recently shown in Washington wore black socks, and his rolled trousers displayed clocks of curious design in white on the said socks.

The action of the play was supposed to cover thirty months, and was told in three acts, between which sufficient time was supposed to have passed to preserve the realities.

The leading man wore the same socks with the same clocks in each of the three acts. After the play Claude Watts approached the manager of the show, also English: "My dear sir," said Watts, "will you pardon me if I suggest that in a period of thirty months your leading man should change his socks at least once?"

The English manager drew himself up haughtily. "I venture to say," he returned, "that our leading man changes his socks every day."

Freezing Out the Tango

THE first of the big White House receptions under President Wilson was for the diplomats; but not all the diplomatists present wore gold lace and carried cocked hats under their arms. One was there in a much humbler capacity.

The crowd was very great and the crush tremendous. The Marine Band was playing the most tangoish sort of music. The younger contingent stood, with tapping feet and swaying bodies, in the East Room waiting for the crowd to thin out so there might be a chance to dance—a chance to utilize that practically wasted delightful music Lieutenant Santelmann was evolving from his redcoated bandmen.

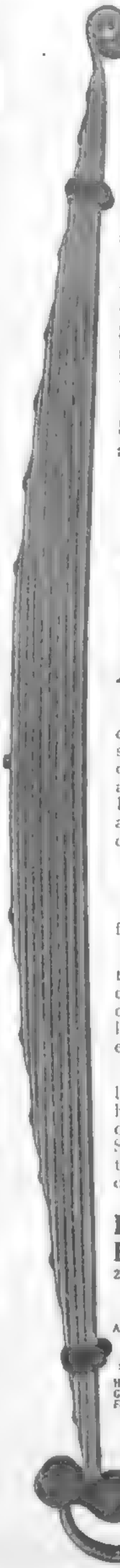
The crowd did thin out. The band was still playing. No word had gone forth that there was to be no tango. All seemed propitious—when suddenly the air in the East Room became very chill—and chillier even than that. The young people shivered—shivered some more—and then fled for home. There was no dancing.

The unknown diplomatist had diplomatized. Instead of issuing an edict against dancing, he simply opened every one of the big windows in the East Room promptly at the stroke of twelve—and that was all there was to it!

The Minority View

TOMMY RATTY is a New York billiard champion who enjoys a wide acquaintance with Broadway life. He was talking the other day of a conversation he had with a friend of his, a young actor who has never been accused of having any intense aversion for himself or his art.

"He told me," said Ratty, "that he was undoubtedly the best leading man in America. He said he was a great comedian too, and that he knew how to make a character part stand out better than anybody in the business. And he said if he ever got a chance to play tragedy he'd show the people something there. He practically admitted that he didn't have an equal on the stage today. But, of course ——" Mr. Ratty paused and looked off into space a moment. "But, of course, the public is entitled to its opinion too!"



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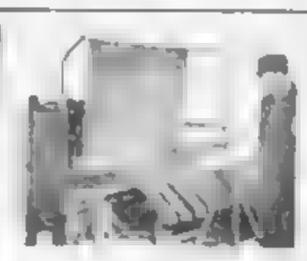

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Noses to Order

NEW noses are now being constructed by skillful surgeons, with fine results. Noses are built up from nothing—or next to nothing—for those who have lost their own by some accident; or noses are cut down to a normal size and shape for those who are victims of a not uncommon disease that brings about the growth of enormous and coarsely surfaced noses.

A Chicago surgeon freezes these big noses, cuts the skin off with a razor, and then proceeds to slice off all the knobs and bumps. He is careful to leave the sebaceous glands, which have to do with the skin but the knobs can be cut off, because they are largely between the glands and the skin surface. With this precaution the skin will grow normally again.

At one large hospital noses are made out of the ribs of the patients. Rib cartilage is used to take the place of the normal cartilage of a nose, and with the cartilage is transplanted the necessary skin flap. With this material the adept surgeons model new noses so that they will look very nearly like real ones.

The cartilage has been found to keep properly nourished, so that it does not act as a foreign body; and, at the same time, it does not proceed to grow in size.

Seen by Invisible Light

STAGE lighting with invisible light is not so absurd as it sounds and has been shown to give some novel and attractive effects, though its use, of course, is very limited. Ultra-violet rays are the invisible light, and, though they cannot be seen by the eye, certain substances may be caused to glow or become fluorescent if they are placed in these rays. Clothes, scenery and stage decorations of various kinds, when they are coated with the proper substance, will glow if ultra-violet rays are directed at them.

In the experimental tests a spotlight similar to that usually used in a theater gallery was directed at the stage, but all the light except the invisible ultra-violet rays was blocked by filters. The spotlight thus thrown on the stage did not give the cone of light usually so easily detected between the lamp and the stage; for, though the cone of rays was there, these rays were invisible.

Objects on the stage coated with paraffine gave a violet or skyblue glow. A chemical called rhodamine gave a yellowish red glow, while articles coated with a combination of paraffine and rhodamine gave a Burgundy red. Another chemical gave a green effect, and various colors could be obtained with combinations of these three.

Radium Baths

RADIUM mines are developing, as a by-product, water for radium baths. Ordinary drainage water in the mines, or water poured into the mines and circulated through the passageways, is pumped to the surface and used in baths without delay. The radium emanation which is taken up by the water in the mines goes off rapidly, half the strength being gone in less than four days; so prompt use is necessary.

Radium in some form has been found in most of the famous bath waters, and to its action some scientists believe any curative effect of the waters is due. In water pumped from the deep workings of the radium mines in Austria radium emanation is found in quantities from five to one hundred times as great as that in the water of other noted European baths.

A New Alarm

A FIRE-ALARM that is made to ring from the light of flames has been developed by a French inventor. Automatic fire-alarms that are set in operation by the heat from a fire are common; but the new device does not wait for the fire to approach near enough to heat it—acting when the flames are some distance away.

The essential part of the apparatus is some selenium, the electrical resistance of which changes according to the degree of light thrown on it. Daylight would ring the alarm; so the new device is useful only for dark corners or for night service.

Smelling Out a Fire

AN EVIL smell is the odd fire alarm now being considered as a protection against certain kinds of fires in coal mines. The idea is to have the nauseating smell spread round when fire starts in some hidden place and thus to notify all the workmen that there is trouble which needs attention. The suggestion is made for gob-fires, which are not unknown in some American coal-fields, but are more common in some of the British coal mines.

The gob is the refuse matter packed into the space from which the coal has been removed for the twofold purpose of getting rid of the refuse and of holding up the roof; and in this matter spontaneous combustion is apt to occur in certain kinds of coal. An accepted English preventive is to seal the gob off tightly, to prevent air from reaching it.

Fires often start there and spread widely, to the general danger of the mine, before they are detected. Often they are detected by the burning odor, which is distinctive enough to have a special name—gob-stink.

The suggestion has been considered by an official British committee, studying the subject, of taking steps to make the gob-stink so bad that it will be noticed quickly. Chemicals, such as benzyl-mercaptan, would be distributed through the gob; and then, when air worked through the sealing wall, thus creating a condition likely to be accompanied by spontaneous combustion, the evil-smelling chemical would assert itself.

Some mines have been using eucalyptus for this purpose, but not very successfully, because, according to theory, it did not smell badly enough.

Oxygen Versus Dynamite

LIQUID oxygen as a substitute for dynamite is receiving much study these days. It is not yet used practically, but the experts see so many advantages in its use that they are hopeful of working out practical methods.

For one thing it will give no smoke or fumes with the explosion, which fact would be of immense advantage in mines and tunneling work. Then, if a charge fails to explode, it will not give trouble later by exploding unexpectedly, for it will soon lose its explosive character.

The great disadvantage is that it would have to be shot within a few minutes after its preparation, which consists of adding it to certain other substances that are otherwise harmless. It has some advantages in cost as compared with ordinary explosives, though the necessity of immediate use would make its use expensive in another sense.

One expert has suggested that the time is not far distant when—if it is necessary to shoot off a great blast in many holes on some great engineering work—liquid oxygen will be ready for quick use, and the necessary combination may be put into the drill-holes at the last minute and fired in such quick time that the explosive strength will almost all be utilized. Any delay will permit the oxygen to volatilize—not to go up in smoke, but to go up in air.

Imitation Flames

WAVING flames, like those of a pine torch, have now been imitated with such perfection that at a distance of a few feet it is difficult to believe they are not real fire.

A safe and calm ordinary electric-light bulb is the basis for the apparent flames, so that the imitations are suitable for decorative purposes in places where real flames might be dangerous.

To obtain a bluish-flaming torch, for instance, the electric-light bulb is covered with gelatine and blue silk. Silk threads and small pieces of silk are attached to fine wire spiral springs running up from the bulb support. In a light breeze the springs sway irregularly and the light from the bulb on the silk gives the imitation of flame.

Concealed fans or pipes carrying a discharge of air give the necessary breeze. An elaboration of the same idea has been used to give a stage imitation of a forest fire.

BUCK'S LADY FRIEND

(Continued from Page 13)

"Say, hold still, can't you, Parvin? Confound it, I'd rather paint an eel's face than make you up! Never mind trying to see yourself in the glass. I'll make you as handsome as possible."

Buck squirmed upon his stool in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the rhinestone buckles upon his slippers, his glance traversing a pair of rose-colored legs, satin to the knee and silk to the ankle.

"Say, Charlie, I don't look so terrible bow-laigged, do I?" he asked anxiously.

"I've seen worse, but I don't know where. You could catch a pig in an alley all right—with the aid of a net."

"These short pants and stockings kind of show a feller up, don't they? I look pretty nifty in ordinary street stuff, but skin me down to tights and I reckon most people could tell that I've spent a lot of time in the saddle."

"Stand sideways to the camera and it won't show—much," said Jennings absently.

"I—I wasn't thinking about the camera. Say, does this pale pink look all right on me? Seems to me it's awful quiet. I like colors with some kick to 'em, colors that hit you right in the eye. Red and yellow and some shades of green. Say, don't I get one of them little patches of black sticking-plaster on my face? La Rue's going to wear one."

"You'll get all that's coming to you," said Jennings wearily. "You're a French nobleman in the picture. I don't know why Jim cast you for one, unless it's because you're on the regular payroll and he hates to waste money."

"Do I get that patch?" repeated Buck.

"Yes, yes, yes! The Lord knows it'll take a lot of patching to make you look the part!"

"Cut it in the shape of a heart, will you?" asked Buck. "I got a reason. And say, a little more powder wouldn't hurt, would it?"

"Who's doing this?" growled Jennings. "I was handling grease paint before you ever saw a theater. When I was with Tom Keene I had to make up two and three times at every performance, and——"

"Yeh, in Richard the Third. You told me about it before," said Buck hastily, forestalling a monologue on a favorite subject.

"I guess you're fixed now," said Jennings as he settled the periwig upon Buck's powdered brow. "I've done all that art can do for you. Try not to teeter so when you walk. They'd spot you for a cowpuncher the minute they saw you. Go out in the back yard and practice a while. Get used to that lace and stuff. Here! Look out for that coat! Do you want to split the back out of it? Those things cost money!"

Buck cautiously eased himself into a wonderful rose-colored garment of brocaded silk, surveyed as much of his magnificence as was visible in a square foot of mirror, and then with an inflation of the chest that threatened the glass buttons on his flowered waistcoat he hobbled out into the sunshine, where he paced slowly to and fro rolling a brown paper cigarette and trying hard not to notice the sensation created by his appearance. After a time he lifted up his voice in song, crooning an almost forgotten classic of the varieties:

"Aw, my baby, tell me true,
Do you love me-e-e as I love you?"

Ben Leslie, in jumper and overalls, drew near, bowing low, with his hand on his heart.

"Greetings, Marcheese, greetings! To think that I should live to see my old pal Buck with a sticking-plaster heart on his face! What's the matter? Got a pimple?"

"Oh, get out!" grinned Buck. "How do I look?"

"About the same as you feel—darned uncomfortable."

"Shucks! I mean do I look the part?" persisted Buck.

"You do, in spots. You resemble a marquis quite a considerable round the back of your neck."

"But the clothes, the clothes!" said Buck impatiently. "Ain't this a humdinger of an outfit? Ain't there class to it?"

"Well," said Leslie judicially, "there's a difference of opinion about clothes. Some say they don't make a man and some say they do, but it's the biggest cinch in the world that they don't make a marquis. At that you might be able to get away with it if you keep your hands in your pockets and stand behind tables and things. Jimmy Montague ought to have his head examined for casting a bow-legged man in a piece of this kind. Those warped shafts of yours will register awful strong if the camera gets a look at 'em. Maybe you've got a comedy part though. In that case the worse your legs look, the better."

"My laigs seem to be troubling a lot of people round this joint," said Buck. "They suit me all right. I ain't got no fault to find with em'. . . . Say, Ben?"

"Well."

"Remember what we were talking about last week over in the park?"

"Georgine?"

"Uh-huh. Well, she'll be here pretty soon. I'm expecting her any minute. This is the big day, Ben."

Leslie took a critical survey of his friend, beginning at the periwig, lingering long between waist and ankle and finishing with the rhinestone shoe-buckles. Then he leaned against the gallery railing and laughed himself limp—laughed until the tears came.

"Don't mind me! Enjoy yourself!" said Buck petulantly. "What's so darned funny about that, hey? La Rue's friends are always coming out to watch him do studio stuff. You had a skirt hanging round for a month and I never said anything about it, did I? Georgine's the first woman I ever asked out here. I know this short-pants part ain't exactly in my line, but Georgine she thinks there ain't anything like it. She seen a play once where everybody dressed like this and done a lot of sword fighting, and that's her notion of the pure quill in acting. Western stuff don't make any hit with her; she says it ain't refined. The other night I was telling her how to bulldog a steer and she pretty near fainted. Now when she sees me in this get-up she'll have to admit that I'm an actor, won't she!"

"She surely will," said Ben, wiping his eyes. "She won't know you from James K. Hackett or—— Judas Priest! Somebody left the gate open and look at the crowd pouring in! Boom! Boom! There's a battleship entering port!"

A huge overdressed Amazon came waddling resolutely across the yard. She wore an immense picture hat, burdened with scarlet flowers and nodding plumes, and her somewhat redundant figure was draped in billowy white. The sun glinted on masses of copper-bronze hair, and under the shade of heavily pencilled brows bold eyes roved searchingly, taking in every detail of the unfamiliar surroundings.

"You darn fool!" ejaculated Buck. "That ain't no battleship! That's Georgine!" He hastened away to receive his guest, leaving Leslie open-mouthed and dumfounded.

"'Some woman' is right!" murmured Ben at last. "She's forty if she's a day and she's big enough to lick the Mexican standing army! Poor old Buck!"

"Humph, it's you, is it?" was Georgine's rather ungracious greeting to her cavalier. "It's a wonder you wouldn't have told that person at the gate to let me in. He tried to stop me, the fresh thing, but I give him a piece of my mind."

"Doggone it, Georgine," said Buck contritely, "I been so busy getting dressed and made up that I forgot it."

"That's no excuse for putting a lady in bad," said Georgine acidly.

"Well, I had to get into all this stuff, you know," explained Buck. "How do you like it?"

"Turn round slow," commanded Georgine. "No, not sideways; all the way round. M-m-m-m. That's a right nice piece of silk in the coat, but I don't think much of the lace. It's imitation, and cheap imitation at that. The pants don't fit you."

"But take it all together," pleaded Buck, "it ain't so worse, is it?"

Georgine snickered.

"It might look all right on some people," said she. "You must have been awful heavy when you was a baby or else your ma let you start walking too early. Mercy! Ain't you simply roasting with that rats' nest on your head? Take me somewheres where I can set down in the shade, and get me a glass of ice water and a fan. I declare I feel 's if I was about to melt."

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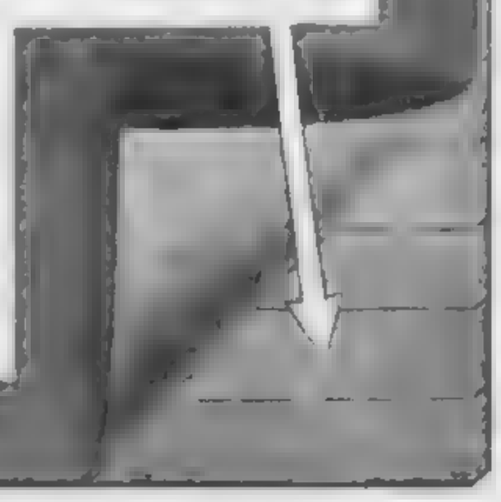

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It was a very crestfallen Buck who escorted the fair visitor into the studio and placed a chair for her in a far corner, facing the stage and behind the camera.

"You can see everything from here," said he. "I'll be back in a minute. Make yourself to home."

When Buck returned La Rue, a graceful, elegant figure in black silk, was chatting with Montague in the center of the stage.

"Say!" whispered Georgine excitedly, "ain't that the man that was in the sheriff picture? He's one of the regular actors, ain't he?"

"Yes, he's with us," said Buck carelessly. "He calls himself La Rue, but they tell me his real name is Flaherty."

"I guess he can have a stage name if he wants to," said Georgine, rolling her eyes at La Rue over the rim of the glass. "Most actors change their names. He's a handsome wretch, ain't he?"

"He thinks so," was the grim reply. "He's awfully stuck on himself."

"He's got reason to be," said Georgine calmly. "Any man with his eyes and his figure has got plenty of excuse. I'll bet he's a terrible flirt."

"He's worse than that," said Buck shortly.

"Oh, well," said Georgine, "it might not be the poor boy's fault. Most likely there's a lot of women running round after him all the time."

"Yeh, women are fools about actors, but nobody with any sense would fall for that feller."

"Oh, I don't know's I'd say that. He looks to me as if he might be right good company. He ain't married?"

"No, divorced."

"Prob'ly she didn't understand him."

"She did though—that's why she brought suit. Say, lemme tell you a stunt he pulled a few weeks ago. We was making a Western picture and he had to ride down a steep hill and jump his hawss over a creek. It wasn't what you'd call hard. I could have done it bareback. La Rue took a look at the water and quit cold—said he had a toothache. Montague had to double him in the scene and one of the extry men made the ride, a feller fixed up to look like him."

"I'll bet they never gave you that job," said Georgine with a laugh.

"Who, me? Say, I've doubled La Rue as many as forty times!" boasted Buck.

"It must have been at a distance," said Georgine. "And I don't see why he should be taking foolish chances. Suppose he'd get hurt or something?"

"A moving-picture actor has got to be game," said Buck, "and La Rue ain't. He's got a streak as wide as the Mississippi River!"

"You can't get me to believe that," smiled Georgine, still exasperatingly calm. "You're just jealous, that's all."

"What?" cried Buck in genuine amazement. "Jealous—of him? Why, say, he never saw the day that he could do my stuff! He ain't got the nerve to try it even! Wasn't I telling you that I was two seasons with the Bill Show, riding outlaws? Two Step, Aëroplane, Rocking Chair, Ole Steamboat—I've rode all them hawsses. There ain't many can say as much. I was——"

Georgine yawned openly.

"I wish't you wouldn't talk about yourself so much," said she. "I do despise a conceited man above all things. Oh, here comes the rest of 'em! What are they going to do now?"

The studio began to fill up with powdered gentlemen in wigs and ruffles. The stage carpenter added the finishing touches to a rich parlor setting and withdrew, mopping his brow. Buck rose hastily with something very like a sigh of relief.

"We're going to rehearse a scene," said he. "I don't know what it'll be, but I'm in it as big as a wolf. You want to watch close."

"I like the way Mr. La Rue walks," said Georgine, who had not given heed to Buck's remark. "I do believe he's the most graceful thing I ever saw. Seems to me it wouldn't be any more than polite for you to introduce him."

"He ain't the kind of a man I'd care to introduce to any of my lady friends," said Buck sternly.

Fate, which often uses the wireless telegraphy of the human eye to bring about its ends, chose this moment to strike the spark of jealous anger deep into Buck's wounded vanity. Jack La Rue, idle and mischievous, glancing casually about the studio, spied Georgine and stared hard at her. Interpreting his curiosity as an awakening

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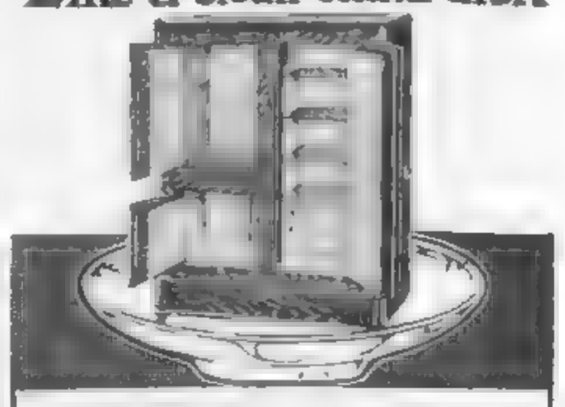

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interest, Georgine tossed her plumes with bovine coquetry and, if a woman weighing one hundred eighty-nine pounds can be said to simper, Georgine simpered.

"Bless me!" thought La Rue. "Buck's friend is trying to start something!"

Still holding her with his eyes, and conscious of Buck's strained attitude and sullen demeanor, the handsome leading man favored Georgine with a slow, deliberate smile.

"Well, of all the nerve!" she cooed in a delighted flutter. "Did you see that? I declare, I knew that man would flirt the minute I laid eyes on him! Oh, ain't he the rascal!"

"Well, he better not flirt with you!"

"You'd do something about it, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I'd do something about it!"

"You think you could stop him flirting with me if he really wanted to?" asked Georgine dreamily.

"I reckon I could try!" snapped Buck.

IV

"SCENE forty-two, Dupree," said Montague. "Got your background clear? I want all of the stairs and the landing above. Be careful you don't cut off Jack's head when he makes his entrance."

"All set," said Dupree.

"Now then," said the director, addressing the male members of the company, "I want the extra men in the background. Two or three of you go over there by the mantelpiece and talk among yourselves. Never mind trying to act. Just stand naturally, chatting and laughing. Oh, yes, you might hand round the snuff-box. That's always good stuff in a costume piece. Where is that snuff-box, Ben?"

"Coming up," said the imperturbable property man.

"Jennings," continued Montague, "take three more of the extra people and be playing cards at the table. Buck, sit down here at the desk and be reading this letter. Look up, crumple the letter in your hand and register surprise and then anger. Straighten in your chair and hit the desk a rap with your open hand. You've just made up your mind to do something desperate, see? . . . Jack, that's your cue. Come across the landing and stop at the head of the stairs. All the rest of you turn and look at him. Those of you that are sitting down get up, because he's a duke of royal blood. Buck, you get up last and face the stairs. You might be able to play a marquis with your back to the camera, and the tails of that coat will hide your legs some. Jack, you smile and bow to everybody, then come down the stairs and walk straight up to Buck with your hand held out. Give him the line: 'I congratulate you, marquis.' You look at his hand, Buck, but instead of taking it you slap him across the cheek. Not a hard slap, you understand; you're just doing it as an insult. All the rest of you jump and register great surprise when the duke gets slapped. Jack, you take a step backward and go after your sword; Jennings and his three extra men will grab you and the others will collar Buck. I don't want anybody in front of Jack in this struggle scene, because I want him to be registering surprise. Make that strong, Jack. And remember, not too much of a struggle. This isn't Ten Nights in a Barroom. These two men are gentlemen. You're all gentlemen. Don't forget it. No football tackling will go. Simply hold their arms and look shocked and drag them apart, and don't get in front of Jack's face while you're doing it. That'll be the end of the scene. We'll run through it a couple of times to get the business right. Take your places."

The action progressed smoothly to the point where Buck looked up from the letter.

"Not right into the camera!" instructed Montague. "Look beyond it. Now, then, register surprise—oh, fine stuff, Buck!"

At that moment Buck could not have registered anything but surprise had his life depended upon it. His glance, traveling beyond the camera, rested on Georgine, fair, fat and faithless. She was smiling coyly and waving a handkerchief, but, alas for feminine constancy, her eyes were directed toward the point where La Rue was standing waiting for his cue.

"Bully!" cried Montague. "Immense! Now the anger. That's it! Hit the desk. Good work, Buck! Come on, Jack!"

La Rue strode across the landing and paused at the head of the stairs. His eyes were dancing with mischief and he bowed to the company with gay abandon.

"Up! All up!" cried Montague, and Buck was the first man on his feet. His right hand, falling at his side, knotted into a fist.

"Watch that sucker act!" crowed Dupree. "He ain't as rotten as I thought."

The duke tripped lightly down the stairs and across the carpeted floor, a mocking smile upon his face.

"I congratulate you, marquis," said he, and then, under his breath: "Who's your fat friend, Buck?"

"I'll show you!" roared Buck, and launched his fist from the hip. La Rue, taken entirely by surprise, went down like a shot rabbit, upsetting chairs and card-table, but he was on his feet again in an instant, meeting Parvin's infuriated attack with a very workmanlike right cross which rocked that hero to the very heels. In the twinkling of an eye the entire foreground filled with silken coattails, powdered wigs, hooks, jabs, uppercuts and swings, and many a peacemaker found that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive. Above the mêlée rose Buck's voice, shrill with rage:

"I'll learn you not to get gay with my girl!"

The battle, furious while it lasted, was a short one. With his own capable hands Jimmy Montague dragged his leading man back toward the camera, while a mound of arms and legs marked the spot where the extra men were struggling with Buck. It was then that a large figure in white swept majestically through the door and out into the yard.

"Call that acting?" said Georgine. "It looks more to me like a roughhouse. I ain't going to stay no place where people don't act gentlemanly!"

V

THE late marquis sat in his dressing room contemplating a swollen nose and an angry puff under the left eye. Ben Leslie appeared to say that a piece of raw beefsteak had been ordered.

"It was worth a week's lay-off to lick that smart Aleck," said Buck. "I ain't worrying none about that. I wanted a vacation anyhow. But say, Ben?"

"Well?"

"What become of Georgine? I looked all round for her, but I couldn't find her."

"She beat it," said Leslie. "Told the man at the gate to let her out because some hoodlum had started a free-for-all."

"Some hoodlum!" repeated Buck bitterly. "That's the best I get, is it? Oh, well, Georgine she was always too refined for me. And fickle too. I reckon she'll stay sore for good this time, but if it's true about them red-headed women, maybe I'm lucky."

"Huh!" said Leslie. "You needn't have been worried about Georgine."

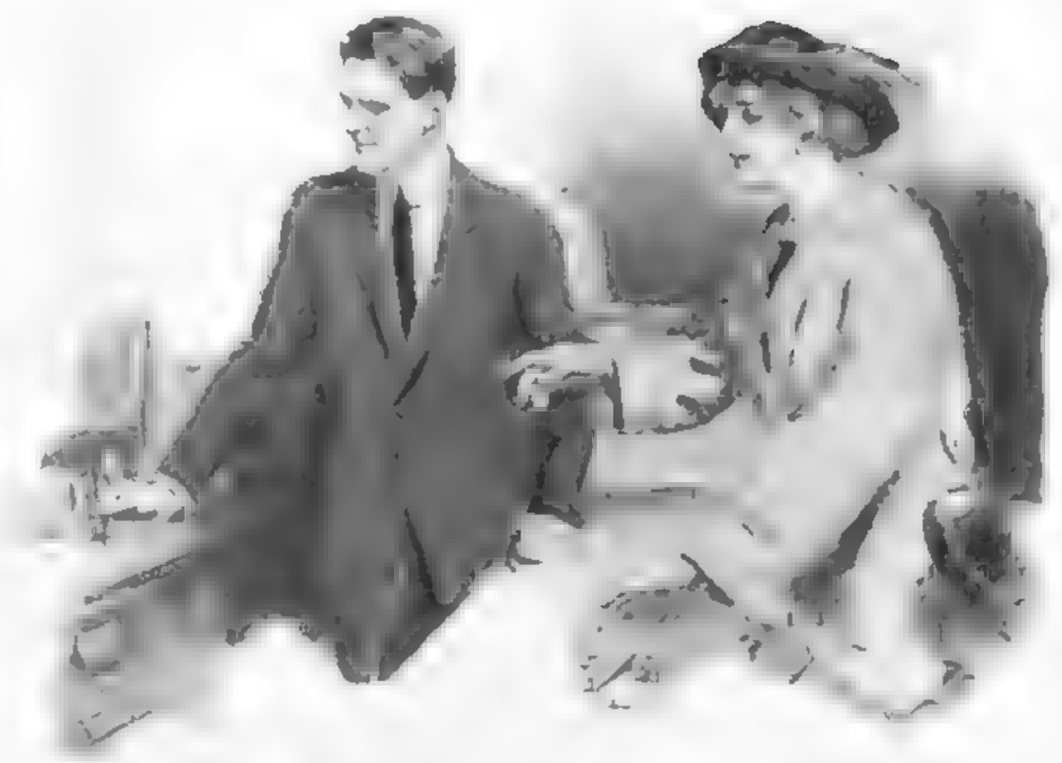
"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Only that red hair of hers come out of a bottle. She wasn't the real article in red-heads."

There was a long silence after this remark.

"Well, anyhow," said Buck, "she was *some* woman!"

"She was that!" said Ben Leslie.



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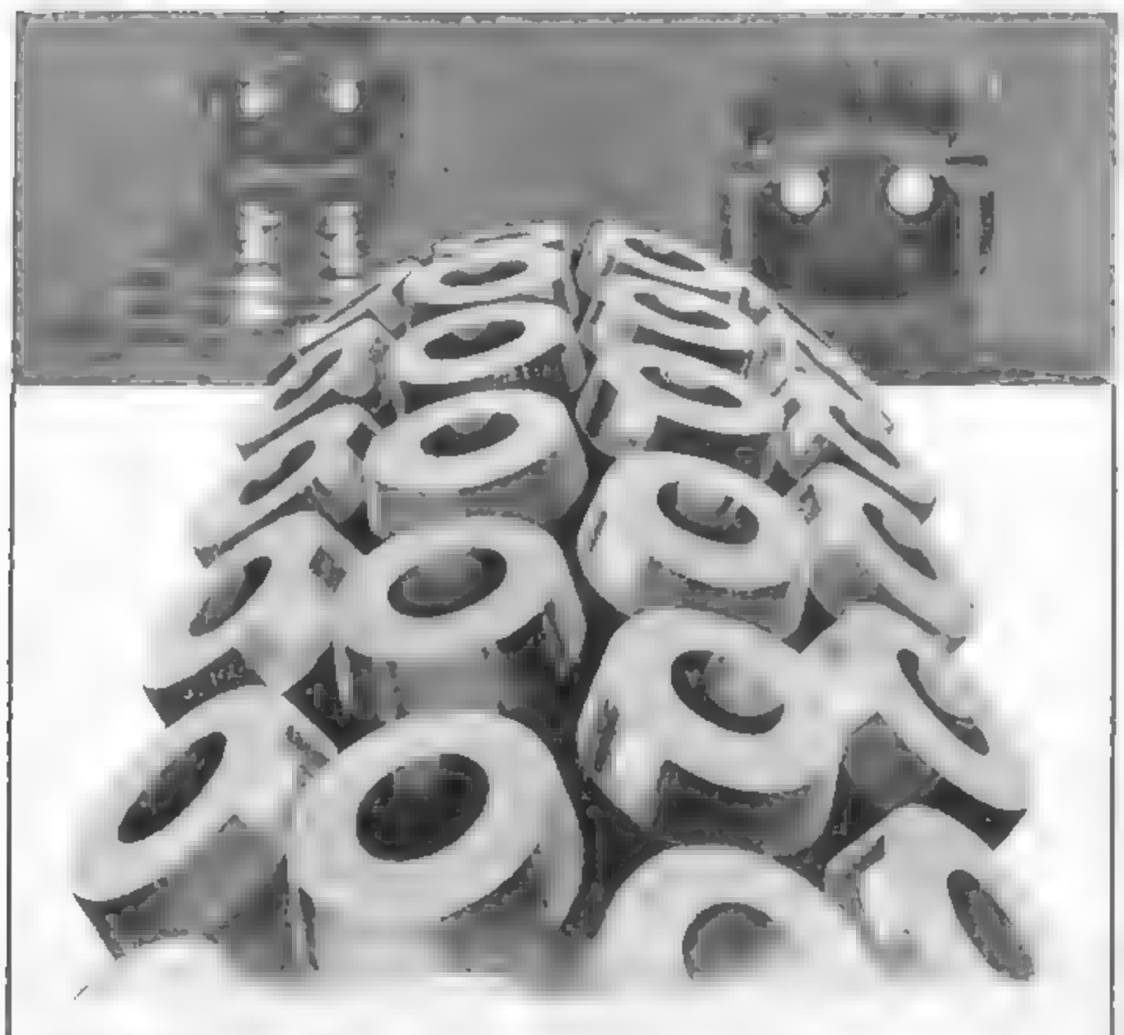

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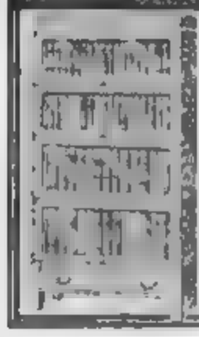

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TIN COWRIE DASS

(Continued from Page 25)

swill raisin brandy and pearl-dust forever." He made a noble gesture of leavetaking. "Permit me now, your honor, to say farewell, for it is my great happiness to go home with the king."

Tin Cowrie sighed and hung his head.

"Captain Weatherby is not free to let us go," he said. "The captain has just learned that his police want me for a murder. I did it at Chotaganj on July fourteenth."

Old Ahmed clutched the hilt of his saber and appeared to swell with fury. As for Weatherby, he stood biting the thick of his thumb and frowning at the floor. His watch ticked loudly on his wrist; the flies hummed over the remains of the goat banquet; and these sounds measured a long pause, until he looked up and rendered judgment.

"Get out!" he said curtly. "Clear out, the pair of you. What are you doing in my room anyhow? I don't know you johnnies—never laid eyes on you before. Is every town ragamuffin going to walk through my door without being sent for? Clear out. And tell my boy I want coffee."

They both understood him at once. Their eyes danced with delight.

"How about her?" inquired Ahmed, pointing his thumb toward the woman on the floor.

"None of your affair," drawled the captain. "It will take me a week at least, probably ten days, to—er—to establish her identity, and so forth. Come, there's the door!"

He winked. The men played up to him and did not laugh.

"How about me?" said Tin Cowrie Dass.

"Oh, you!" retorted Weatherby in a most offensive tone. "That yarn of yours about committing a murder down Dacca way, July fourteenth. I'll look into that. And when I want *you*, my friend, I'll come and take you."

Tin Cowrie brightened.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"I do," affirmed the captain forcibly. "You can bet your old ivory throne I mean it."

The intruders bowed solemnly together and passed backward through the doorway. After they had gone Tin Cowrie's lacerated countenance appeared once more, smiling out of the night.

"And the little boy," he inquired—"Faiz Rasul's baby?"

Try as hard as he liked, Captain Weatherby could not remain stern. His sunburned cheeks curled almost to grinning point.

"The kid's in hospital," he replied, "and all right. Go to the devil! Get off my hands, you simple-minded lady-killer!"

A brief walk under acacia boughs and starlight led from that dâk-bungalow to the unmarked border of the desert kingdom. Tin Cowrie Dass hurried along between his two friends, Ahmed and Isa. Not one of the trio spoke, until from under the drowsy branches they came forth on the hard-packed sand of the north road and found themselves hemmed in by flaring torchlight, rearing horses, and a large company of cavaliers in white, all silent and each standing at his bridle rein.

"Here," said Ahmed. "The best Gulf horse we own, dear prince."

A tall, cream-colored Arab, with mane and tail dyed scarlet, stood wincing and sidling in the glare and smoke of many torches. Gold bosses gleamed on his harness. By the saddle hung a curved sword, which Ahmed loosed from its hook and presented.

"This sword was your father's. You will find it true to the hand."

Tin Cowrie drew the weapon and balanced it; and suddenly, for the first time since the poor Dog had lain dead in the hut, tears filled the eyes of the Dog's brother. He mounted his horse blindly, Isa holding the stirrup. But as the horse trembled under him with eagerness to be off, so he felt the triumph of his family—miraculously granted—run through his body as it were from heel to uplifted sword-point.

"Come, brothers!" he called in that moment. "We are going home. Forward!"

A shout, many-throated, rang toward the stars. A hundred white figures bounded into saddle, brandished their torches to answer the flash of the king's sword, and cheering still, flung them down in a hundred blue fires that were quenched along the sand.

Tin Cowrie Dass—Hasan the Second—found himself galloping north among the horsemen of his own blood. Hoofbeats and voices, thundering shadows, they whirled him along in a stream.

x

NIGHT had fallen over the pink city, but neither darkness nor silence. Torches blazed along every contour of the hill, curving and dipping and crossing their lines, like giant necklaces of fire intercoiled from the high palace rampart down to the lake far below among the trees. A sound of jubilation filled the night, not boisterous, but calm and steady—a hum of all the voices in all the streets, where robes and turbans of crowded people, seen from above, made a slow river white as milk moving between banks of aged houses.

One place, the center and converging point in this festival of the city, remained by comparison dark. It was a platform on the palace rampart which overlooked the winding terraces of lilac masonry, the murmuring crowds, the torches, the low cloud of trees and deep flames in the lake. Time was not come for this platform to be lighted fully. Half an hour had yet to pass before the king, Hasan II, would show himself to the multitude and sit aloft on his ivory throne, according to the custom of centuries.

"It seems a great pity," said the king, "to keep these good people waiting."

Between a couple of torches he went pacing back and forth along the black marble platform at the rampart edge. His throne, ready to be pulled forward, stood glimmering, a ghostly Siege Perilous, under the colonnade of his private quarters.

"They will wait, lord," growled old Ahmed, who stalked magnificent beside him at his right hand.

Another glittering figure at his left spoke rudely out.

"What's half an hour," said Isa, "when you have waited twenty years?"

The king smiled in the torchlight. He was wearing his garment of state, his father's sword, and round his neck ten ponderous ropes of filbert pearl. His face looked pleasant, boyish, open.

"I do not mind sitting still," he said, "a little longer. Let us have our throne carried to the edge now at once. It is a simple happiness that we give them below."

They obeyed him and brought the throne forward, till it stood, a piece of carven lacework, floating and shining above its reflection in the black marble pool. Hasan made ready.

"Bring all the torches," he commanded.

At that moment a messenger came bowing.

"A card, sir."

The king took the card and read it. He frowned.

A slip of English engraving, it bore the tedious inscription:

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The king grew red with anger.

"Panks?" he murmured. "Twombly? Barbarous names both! Send this fellow to hell, please."

"I will, sir, gladly," replied the messenger.

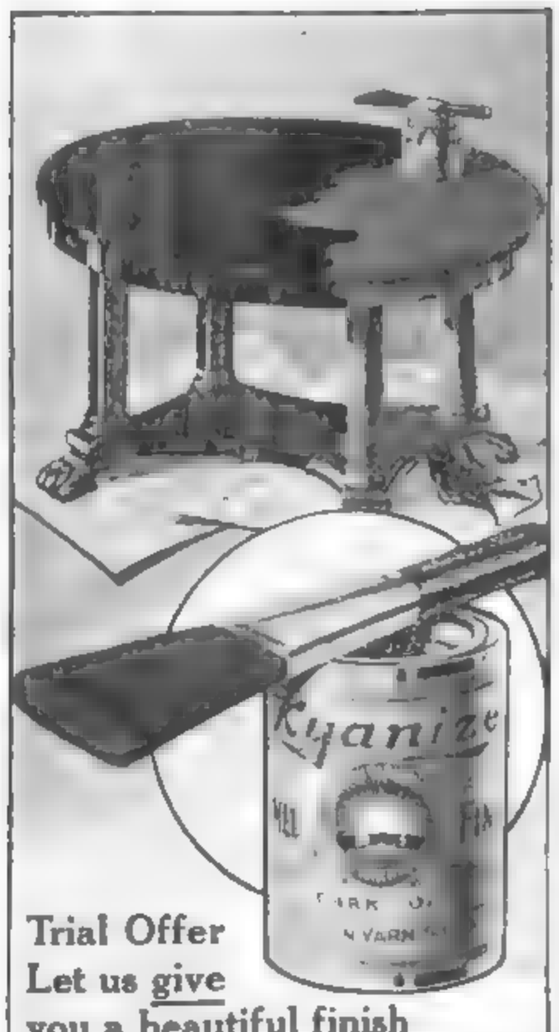
"Stay," added the king. "Feed him first, and if of that habit, let him go drunk. He is bold, at least, the first man from Europe to venture here in our reign—a box-wallah, a bagman. Tell him we have no traffic in jewels. Our people's treasury we hope to spend for better things than trinkets of base art. Thank you."

The messenger stole away under the colonnade, then returned.

"Pardon, sir," he begged as an afterthought. "This box-wallah of England said his business dealt with a friend of yours named Tin Cowrie Dass."

Hasan II halted, his foot on the step of the throne.

"Ah!" He sighed, passed one hand across his forehead and looked of a sudden weary and old. "Let the man come," said



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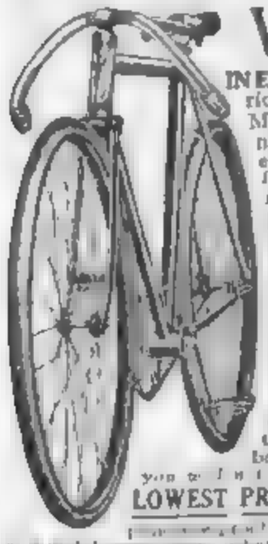

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he. "I know him. I honor him. Only one person in the land would be so rash tonight."

He stood still and waited. A crowd of torchbearers who came flooding the palace colonnade with streamers of light halted there, waiting also, in the background. Out through their ranks a young man sauntered, a blond young man who wore the dark, sad clothes of Europe.

"Captain Weatherby," the king declared, "you are welcome."

The young man in dark clothes raised his hand to salute.

"Your Majesty's chamberlain has misread my card," he rejoined, looking about carelessly, as if the palace platform and the fierce, expectant courtiers were no more than a Punch and Judy show. "I have nothing whatever to do with any raj or politics. My name is J. Twombly Parkes. I travel for a London house; may I speak with a person called Tin Cowrie Dass? He and I made an appointment to meet here."

The king did not move.

"Regarding what?" he said.

"Regarding a matter of business transacted on July fourteenth," replied the Englishman. "I believe it might have been a murder."

The king laughed outright.

"Good!" he cried. "If you are not afraid of sleeping here tonight I will see that Tin Cowrie Dass goes back with you in the morning to stand his trial."

The Englishman smiled, like one who had received a gracious answer.

"But first come hither with me." Hasan the Second lowered his foot from the step of the throne and, beckoning, moved toward the verge of the parapet. "Look abroad," he added, when his captor had followed and stood beside him. "Is it not a fine city that this man, Tin Cowrie Dass, must leave behind?"

The other nodded a grave assent. Below them the white multitude moved and hummed, with dark faces all upturned to catch the first glimpse of their ruler when he should flash forth above the obscurity of the wall. Painted elephants, lumbering uneasily among them, could find no thoroughfare; vendors of sherbet and cakes were crying their wares in vain; and on a playground hard by the great swings and seesaws remained motionless, covered to their topmost timber with swarming boys, as if wrapped thickly in live bunting.

"It is a glorious city," murmured the king. "As they say of Al-Medina, a 'very heavenly city.' But do you know what would happen if you should fall over this edge?"

"Of course," replied the Englishman. "Thought of that while coming here. Before—before anything happens, let me say that your father's body, and your brother's, will be brought here for burial if you so desire. I have made all needful arrangements—quite privately of course."

Hasan sighed and laid one hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"You are sword-metal," he answered. "And therefore you shall take Tin Cowrie Dass, the murderer, back with you tomorrow." He paused, looking down over the blaze of the streets and housetops. "I should have liked," he continued sadly, "to bring up Faiz Rasul's little boy."

The other laughed.

"Your Majesty may do so, I think," he rejoined slyly. "What I really came to say is this: Tin Cowrie Dass is no murderer, but a free man. That peon at Chotaganj did not die, you see. His record was not a pretty one, however, and at present he adorns the interior of Dacca jail, spinning *pât*, or else weaving those nasty, dismal-colored rugs."

The king gave such a start that the pearl ropes clattered on his breast.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "The very words of the oppressor! Truly justice can spin the wheel full circle. Clean hands! Clean hands!"

He turned, his face exalted.

"Come!" said he.

The torches came rushing forward from the colonnade.

"Stand you among my friends, captain," he began, then smiled. "I beg your pardon—Tawambli Pank Sahib. We shall sup later and talk, and Isa here shall sing for us The Girl Who Ate the Moon."

As torchlight suddenly crowned all the front of the palace wall a roar burst out below like a long wave breaking, mingled with hoarse trumpets and the throbbing of drums. Tin Cowrie Dass mounted the ivory throne.

(THE END)

Jack in the Box

Every handful he takes out is a prize mouthful. Every mouthful is a tasty little heap, crisp, fresh and as full of flavor as if just taken from the enormous ovens in which Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes receives its last blush of golden brown.

W. K. Kellogg

To prevent disappointment [illegible] say "KELLOGG'S" [illegible] this signature on the package.

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Nature's own offering — direct from the hearts of the sweetest Concord Grapes; only ***the free juice of the first crush*** is used, imparting all the vigor of the famous Chautauqua Vineyards, with the full fragrance of the grapes — as clear, bright and pure as the sunshine that ripened them.

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If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Missouri River, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

Manufactured by

Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, N. Y.

SOCIETY IN OUR CITY

(Concluded from Page 7)

supposed to be quite exclusive. It is chiefly exclusive of men who have not the thousand-dollar initiation fee and a few hundred thousands besides.

The opportunities for social display are by no means restricted in our city. We have our horse show, which is combined with a livestock show every year, and is therefore a rather noisy and dusty affair; we have two theaters of sufficient importance to justify week stands, and a big vaudeville house, where the Tuesday afternoon matinée is classed as a society event, and those attending get their names in the society columns; we have dog shows, automobile shows and, in season, racing—and all these events set aside days designated as society days, which insures the attendance of large numbers of people who are not at all in society in any sense of the word.

The Picture Fiends

Photographs of women are a big feature in both our daily and Sunday departments. I must have at least one photograph a day and half a dozen on Sunday—and it does not take long to exhaust all the real society people at that rate; so I am not above using photographs of women who are not exactly in society—or even anywhere near it—if the subject of the photograph is attractive enough. A clubwoman often answers. A clubwoman may be also in society, of course, but not often—though many use the clubs as an avenue of approach to some set or other.

Then, too, I frequently get new photographs of real society people; I have used as many as a dozen of the same girl in a year—always in different poses and different clothes. She must spend a big lot of money on pictures of herself. I often call up the leading photographers of the city and ask them whether they have taken new photographs of any one. They are only too anxious to let me have copies if I run a little line under the picture: "Photo by——" and so on.

Of course the consent of the photographed persons is necessary before publication, but it is very seldom they object; in fact some of them even send in their own new pictures—and occasionally live to regret it when some incident crops out in their careers they do not care to have exploited, such as a divorce suit; for the pictures, or copies of them, are retained on file in the office for use in just such emergencies.

Some of our society women are honestly opposed to having their pictures in the papers, however, and we have a good deal of trouble in getting them. There is one woman in our city whose photograph had never been printed until I got hold of one through a friend of hers, who swore me to secrecy as to the source. It was rather an old picture and not a very good one of the subject either; and I understand she was greatly annoyed when it appeared.

Not long afterward she was in an automobile accident and suffered a broken arm. The first thing she did after they carried her home was to have her maid call me up on the telephone.

"Mrs. Wilson says, 'Don't you dare use that old picture in the morning!'" said the maid. "She is sending you down a new one."

And so the next day we carried a grand photograph of the injured lady by a New York photographer.

I receive on an average a hundred unsolicited photographs every week. Some I can use, but most of them are of wholly impossible subjects. I also receive an enormous number of social notes of various kinds; and I have to be very careful about these. A very common form of social mania is for women to send in elaborate notices about functions they are supposed to have given—but which never take place—and naming prominent society people as their guests.

Once I received—and, unfortunately, used—a notice of the engagement of a prominent young man, who was in society, to a girl he had never even met, as I soon found out from him. She sent that notice in herself; and her only motive, so far as I was ever able to learn, was that she thought it would give her social prestige among her friends.

There is a woman in our city who has two marriageable daughters. They have a certain social position but are not especially popular with the younger set on account of their retiring ways. I do not think the girls really care for society, but their mother is very ambitious for them, and whenever she hears of acquaintances of the young women giving a function to which the girls have not been invited she calls up the prospective hostess. After a little desultory conversation she plunges into the subject closest to her heart.

"Oh, by the way, I see you are giving a tea on Tuesday," she will say; "and I was just thinking that the girls' invitations must have gone astray. The mails are getting so unreliable in this town!"

Well, naturally the next mail makes up for the unreliability of its predecessors by carrying an invitation to the girls; and they go—and are doubtless perfectly miserable.

The owner of the Chronicle, who is a rather fussy old man, told the managing editor one day he did not think my society column was lively enough.

The Old Man has been buried in politics up to his shaggy eyebrows most of his life and has only recently begun to devote his attention to his paper.

Since his political retirement, however, the Old Man has been pottering about the office making little inconsequential changes that he calls improvements.

The managing editor tossed a bunch of clippings on my desk with an apologetic air, and winked at the sporting editor, whose desk adjoins mine.

"The Old Man wants more ginger in your junk," he said vaguely and irreverently. "He says he wants it to have the tone of those clippings. He got them out of an Eastern paper. He wants light, airy, gossipy stuff, and—and—well, very personal things. Says he: 'Be lively—but be truthful.' He says it will add a breezy touch to the paper."

I read the clippings with a feeling of joy slightly tinged with apprehension. They were from a New York paper that handled society people and matters in a very flippant manner, rattling family skeletons in the most gruesome fashion, and dwelling on scandals and little peccadillos of social prominence with astonishing frankness. I knew the style very well and it had long been my dream to write up society in our city just that way.

Putting in Some Ginger

I cordially hated the old, stilted, smug, smirking, soppy, milk-and-water way we had of doing social events, and I felt competent to write the other kind, because I knew most of the sins and shortcomings of our society.

"May I say what I please and use names—and everything?" I asked.

"Be lively—but be truthful," repeated the managing editor. "Go as far as you like along those lines. Give us something snappy in the morning."

So I wrote a little story. The managing editor passed on it with a large grin.

"Lively and—I trust—truthful!" said he. "It seems to answer the purpose."

My effort was along the line of "Letters from Betty to Nell; Being some secrets about society told by one high up." I thought that form was a mighty good idea.

The day after the first letter was printed our office was in an uproar. An irascible old gentleman called, with a folded paper in his hand, looking for the publisher. He was not only a stockholder in the Chronicle, I afterward learned, but he had been a personal and political friend of the boss for thirty-five years. He was the father of a débutante I referred to in my article.

Now every word I said in that article was true. I had exaggerated the mother's grammar very slightly. I had purposely omitted the real names and considered my effort rather tame, on the whole—but sufficient for a starter.

After we had heard heated language issuing from the publisher's private office for some time, the boss sent for the managing editor.

"I think we will stick to our old system of writing society," he said ruefully. "The other kind is very bright and entertaining, but I fear our subscribers are not quite ready for it. You know," he added confidentially, "Old Joe Watkins had a big six-shooter stuck down his waistband! He forgot we're a couple of decades removed from the time when shooting editors was only a misdemeanor in these parts!"

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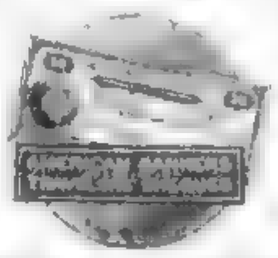

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The DICTAPHONE Girl

REGISTERED

"Easy! Why, I just listen to Mr. Smith's voice and write out what he says on the typewriter. I can regulate the Dictaphone to my typewriting speed, and then if I *do* happen to miss a word, there is a back spacer just like on my typewriter and when I press it Mr. Smith's voice obligingly says the last few words over again.

"I don't have to risk my life any more by asking him to repeat—you know how Mr. Smith hates to be interrupted. It always makes him forget what he was going to say, and then he goes right up in the air.

"Yesterday I wrote 80 letters and if I had had to take them down in shorthand first, I'd have had to stick around here until all hours. As it was I got them all done in plenty of time.

"Eye strain! I'm through with *that!* And 'cold notes' don't worry *me* now. What's more, my letters are *right*. And why shouldn't they be? I copy his own words, instead of copying my notes of his words.

"I hope I never see a shorthand notebook again! I'd just as soon give up my typewriter and go back to writing letters in long-hand.

Yes and I didn't like the idea of the Dictaphone when I started, either."

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Stores in the principal cities. Dealers everywhere

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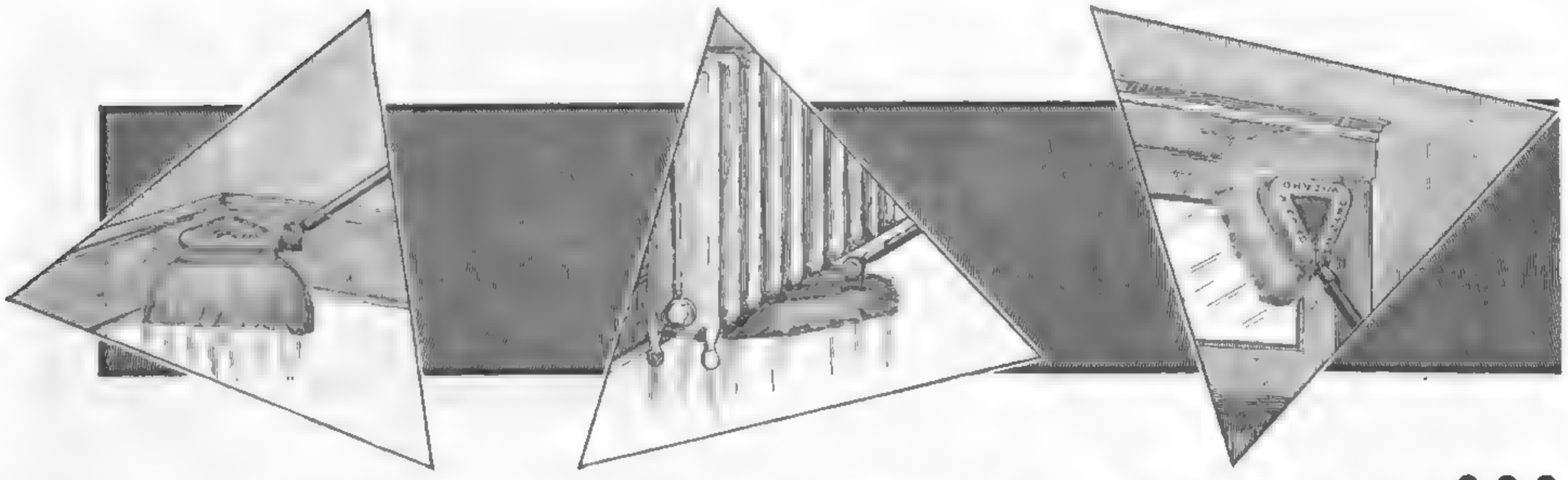
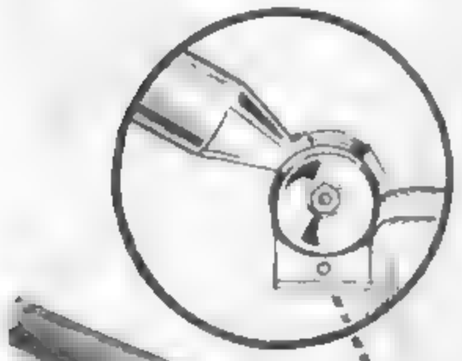


Corners! Corners!! CORNERS!!!



Behind doors, *over* doors, corners in the hallway, corners back of the piano, under beds and tables—corners, corners, everywhere—but the Wizard Triangle Polish Mop reaches and cleans them instantly with one short, easy sweep.

Now Has a "Human Elbow"

And this year more than ever, the "Wizard" *gets-in-the-corners.* The original, scientific, triangle shape of the mop can't be improved upon. But the new *adjustable* handle—the handle with the "human elbow," adds to the wonderful convenience. A slight pressure and the handle forms any angle instantly—reaches anywhere without unnecessary steps or movements on your part.

See the "Human Elbow" of the New Adjustable Handle

A slight pressure and your Wizard Mop adjusts itself to any position desired

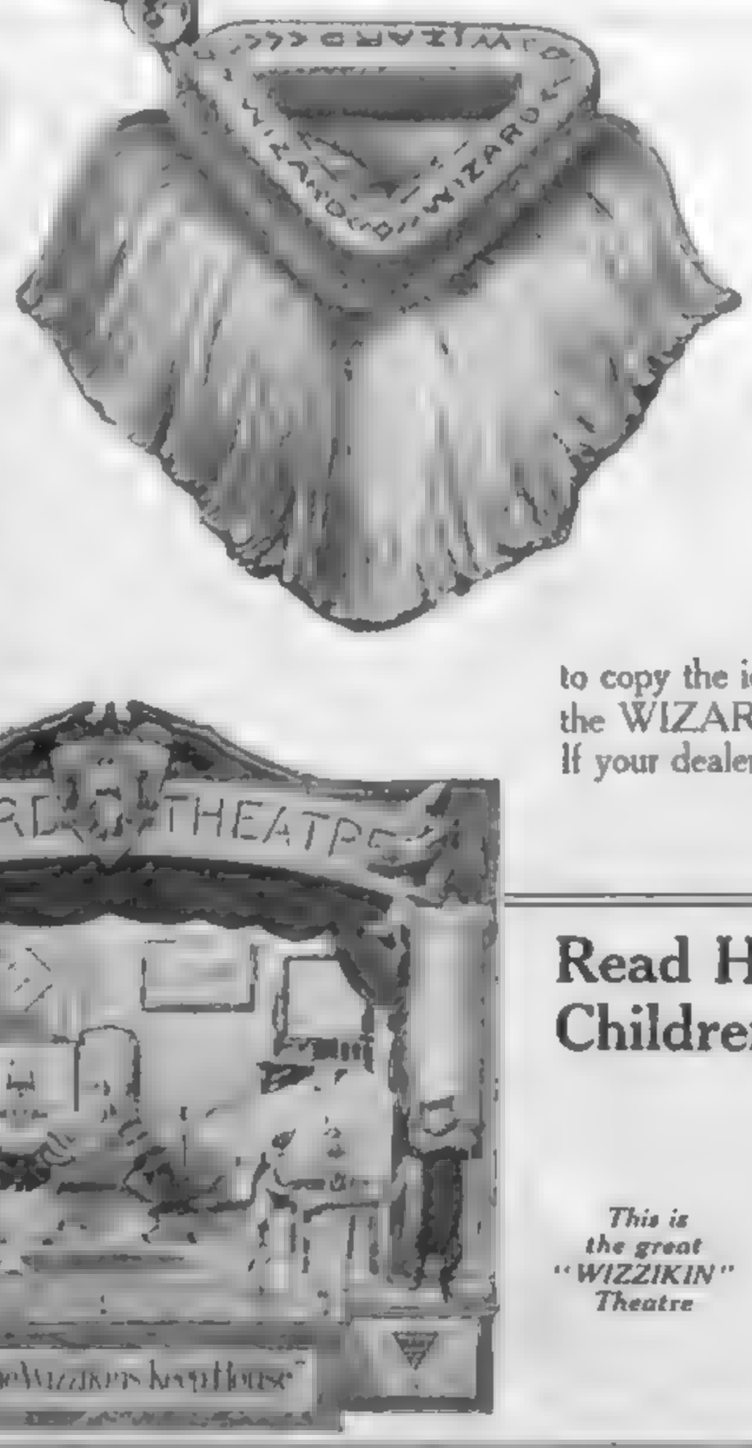
Adapts itself instantly to any corner.

Not only gets *in* corners, but *around* them.

Works out of sight, under a bed or table with the same facility as when in full view

Takes the strain off your own wrists and elbows. Gives you just the handle and angle you want for each particular job.

Isn't that convenient? Isn't it quite in keeping with the wonderful triangle shape that gets-in the corners?



WIZARD
Triangle-Polish
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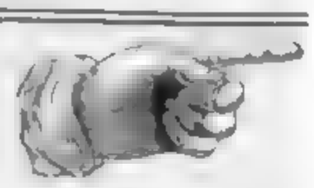
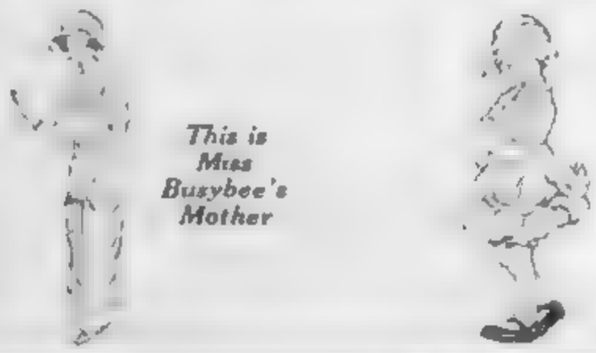
The Mop that "Gets-in-the-Corners"

Remember, the *WIZARD* is the one original "gets-in-the-corners" Mop. You are not getting what you want unless it *is* a WIZARD. Many have tried to copy the idea but they can't give the proven satisfaction which has won the preference for the WIZARD in over a million homes. Say *"WIZARD."* Read on the next page *WHY.* If your dealer is not supplied he will get it for you.

The price is only $1.50. Also obtainable in chemically treated form—especially adapted for use on wax floors.

Read How to Get This $1 Theatre for the Children With Any Bottle of Wizard Polish



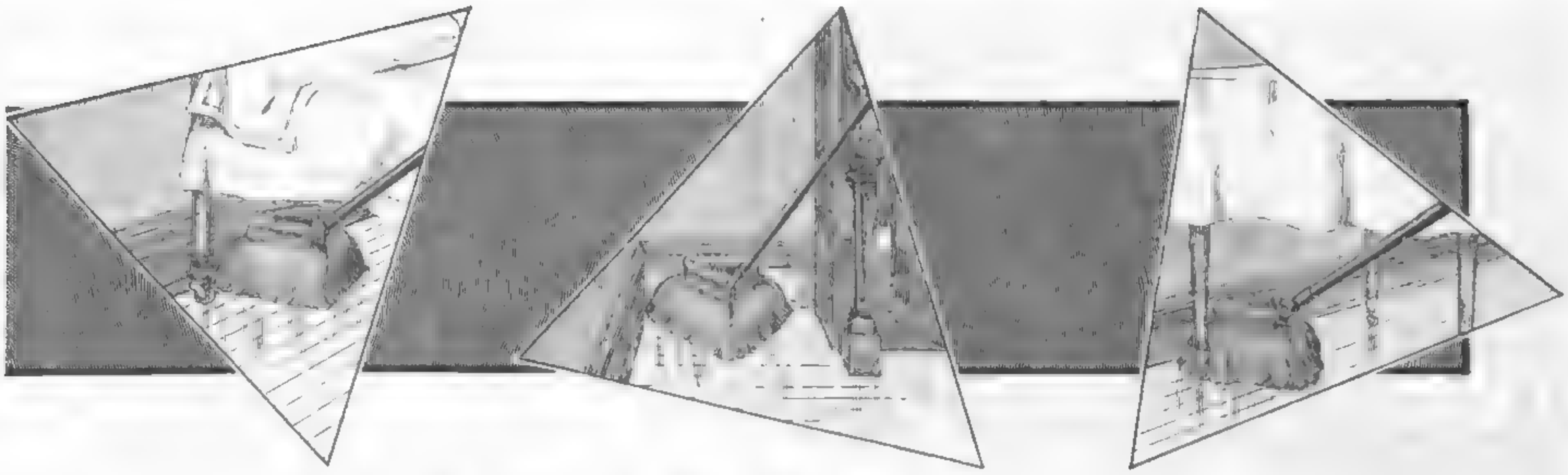


This is the great "WIZZIKIN" Theatre

This is Miss Busybee's Mother

This is Miss Busybee Herself

This is Miss Busybee's Brother



—the "WIZARD" Gets In 'em All

Why—

Because the Wizard is the original triangle-shaped "gets-in-the-corners" MOP.

Has the adjustable handle like a "human elbow" that saves you "side-stepping" and tiresome reaching.

Comes already treated with Wizard Polish—enough for 3 to 6 months.

Has 11,154 cord fingers that pick up all the dirt, and at the same time impart a fine polish.

Has a fifty-four inch handle that reaches everywhere. No stooping, no kneeling, no stretching, no standing on chairs, no discomfort whatever.

Has a padded frame that protects furniture and woodwork.

Has a big "spread," 8 x 8 x 8 inches.

Weighs only 2 lbs. 6 ozs. Perfectly balanced. No sore arms, no cramped hands.

Stands in the metal container when not in use. No mussy floor.

The very MOP for use on woodwork and linoleums.

Holds the inert dirt until shaken out. Easily washed with soap and water.

And the price is only $1.50.

Why WIZARD POLISH Is More Than a Furniture Polish

Wizard Polish was made for use on the finest and costliest finishes.

Yet it is so economical you can use it on floors and woodwork.

Secret Oriental Oil

It contains a secret Oriental oil known only to us. We send eleven thousand miles for it.

This particular ingredient imparts that fine, hard, impervious lustre that gives you such pride in your woodwork and furniture.

Wizard Polish is a surface-food. Keeps varnish from cracking and checking. Cannot gum, stick or discolor.

Dust With It

Put a little on a cheesecloth duster and dust with it. Note the splendid results—the brand-new appearance of everything. Use it *all* the time. Wizard Polish cannot harm the finest finish, no matter how often or how long you use it. Are you *sure* that the dusting aids you *have* been using are just as *safe?*

Special Offer

All sizes—25c up. Read the offer below and learn what a prize any size of Wizard Polish will bring you in addition to its wonderful labor-saving and home-beautifying advantages.

Price of Mop and Polish the same in Canada as in the United States

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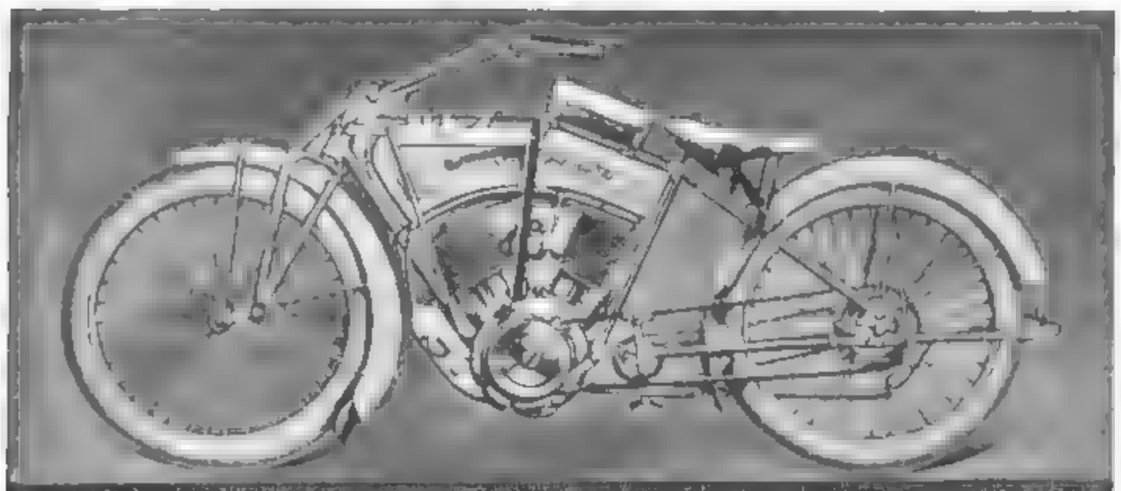
This is King of the Wizzkins

This is Mr. Tom Wizzcat

This is Funny Wizzgoat

This is Droll Wizowl

This is Cute Wizzirabbit



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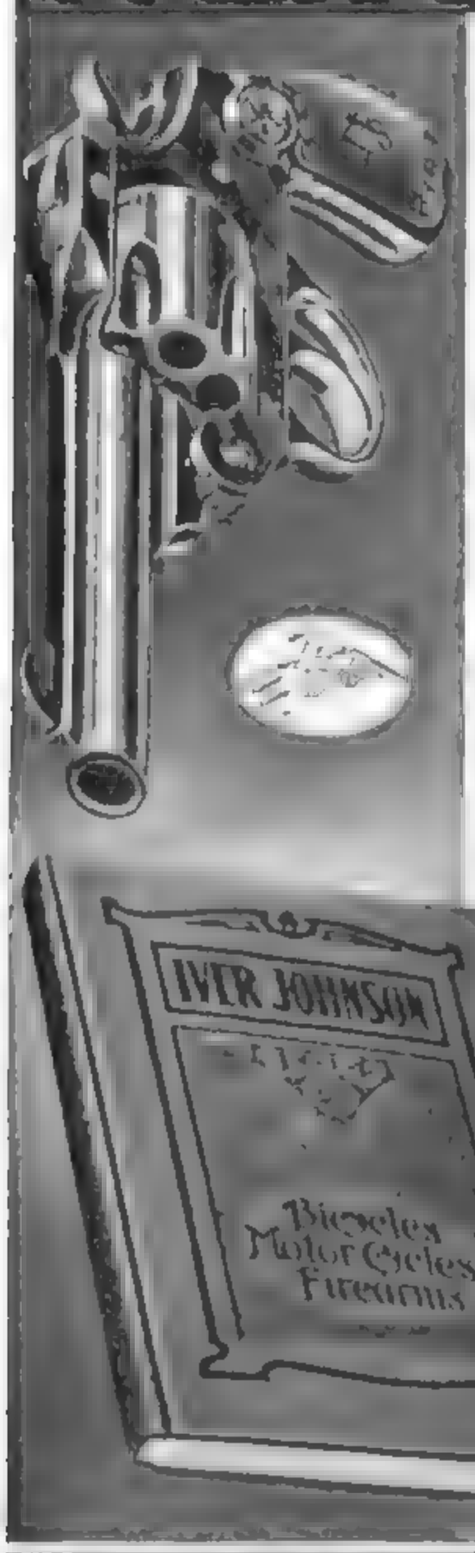

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The Fickle Boy

is moved by one impulse today, by another tomorrow. Today he is a back-yard merchant, tomorrow a robber chief. Nothing in his scheme of life makes for thoroughness and continuity of action; yet the habit of perseverance is essential to his success.

The remedy lies in finding something for the boy to do that will lead him voluntarily *to see through to a finish* that which he undertakes.

Thousands of parents who have asked how a boy may be brought to teach himself the necessity of completing his undertakings have found the answer in our booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Upon request we will send you a copy free of charge. Write today to

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THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 5)

aloft the Paris edition of the Herald and equally blithely ignoring the maledictions of the student from whom he had taken it—even Scatchy could not have called him a vulture or threatened him with the police.

He placed the paper before her and sat down at her side, not to interfere with her outlook over the room.

"Warmer?" he asked.

"Very much."

"Coffee is coming. And cinnamon cakes with plenty of sugar. They know me here and they know where I live. They save the sugariest cakes for me. Don't let me bother you; go on and read. See which of the smart set is getting a divorce—or is it always the same one? And who's president back home."

"I'd rather look round. It's curious, isn't it?"

"Curious? It's heavenly! It's the one thing I am going to take back to America with me—one coffee house, one dozen military men for local color, one dozen students ditto, and one proprietor's wife to sit in the cage and short-change the unsuspecting. I'll grow wealthy."

"But what about the medical practice?"

He leaned over toward her; his dark-gray eyes fulfilled the humorous promise of his mouth.

"Why, it will work out perfectly," he said whimsically. "The great American public will eat cinnamon cakes and drink coffee until the feeble American nervous system will be shattered. I shall have an office across the street!"

After that, having seen how tired she looked, he forbade conversation until she had had her coffee. She ate the cakes, too, and he watched her with comfortable satisfaction.

"Nod your head but don't speak," he said. "Remember, I am prescribing, and there's to be no conversation until the coffee is down. Shall I or shall I not open the cheese?"

But Harmony did not wish the cheese, and so signified. Something inherently delicate in the unknown kept him from more than an occasional swift glance at her. He read aloud as she ate, bits of news from the paper, pausing to sip his own coffee and to cast an eye over the crowded room. Here and there an officer, gazing with too open admiration on Harmony's lovely face, found himself fixed by a pair of steel-gray eyes that were anything but humorous at that instant, and thought best to shift his gaze.

The coffee finished, the girl began to gather up her wraps. But the unknown protested.

"The function of a coffee house," he explained gravely, "is twofold. Coffee is only the first half. The second half is conversation."

"I converse very badly."

"So do I. Suppose we talk about ourselves. We are sure to do that well. Shall I commence?"

Harmony was in no mood to protest. Having swallowed coffee, why choke over conversation? Besides, she was very comfortable. It was warm there, with the heater at her back; better than the little room with the sagging bed and the doors covered with wall paper. Her feet had stopped aching too. She could have sat there for hours. And—why evade it?—she was interested. This whimsical and respectful young man with his absurd talk and his shabby clothes had roused her curiosity.

"Please," she assented.

"Then, first of all, my name. I'm getting that over early, because it isn't much, as names go. Peter Byrne it is. Don't shudder."

"Certainly I'm not shuddering."

"I have another name, put in by my Irish father to conciliate a German uncle of my mother's. Augustus! It's rather a mess. What shall I put on my professional brassplate? If I put P. Augustus Byrne nobody's fooled. They know my wretched first name is Peter."

"Or Patrick."

"I rather like Patrick—if I thought it might pass as Patrick! Patrick has possibilities. The diminutive is Pat, and that's not bad. But Peter!"

"Do you know," Harmony confessed half shyly, "I like Peter as a name."

"Peter it shall be then. I go down to posterity and fame as Peter Byrne. The rest doesn't amount to much, but I want you to know it, since you have been good enough to accept me on faith. I'm here alone, from a little town in Eastern Ohio; worked my way through a coeducational college in the West and escaped unmarried; did two years in a drygoods store until, by saving and working in my vacations, I got through medical college and tried general practice. Didn't like it—always wanted to do surgery. A little legacy from the German uncle, trying to atone for the 'Augustus,' gave me enough money to come here. I've got a chance with the Days—surgeons, you know—when I go back, if I can hang on long enough. That's all. Here's a traveler's check with my name on it, to vouch for the truth of this thrilling narrative. Gaze on it with awe; there are only a few of them left!"

Harmony was as delicately strung, as vibratingly responsive as the strings of her own violin, and under the even lightness of his tone she felt many things that met a response in her—loneliness and struggle, and the ever-present anxiety about money, grim determination, hope and fear, and even occasional despair. He was still young, but there were lines in his face and a hint of gray in his hair. Even had he been less frank, she would have known soon enough—the dingy little *pension*, the shabby clothes ——

She held out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me," she said simply. "I think I understand very well because—it's music with me: violin. And my friends have gone, so I am alone too."

He leaned his elbows on the table and looked out over the crowd without seeing it.

"It's curious, isn't it?" he said. "Here we are, you and I, meeting in the center of Europe, both lonely as the mischief, both working our heads off for an idea that may never pan out! Why aren't you at home tonight, eating a civilized beefsteak and running upstairs to get ready for a nice young man to bring you a box of chocolates? Why am I not measuring out calico in Shipley & West's? Instead we are going to Frau Schwarz', to listen to cold ham and scorched compote eaten in six different languages."

Harmony made no immediate reply. He seemed to expect none. She was drawing on her gloves, her eyes, like his, roving over the crowd. Far back among the tables a young man rose and yawned. Then, seeing Byrne, he waved a greeting to him. Byrne's eyes, from being introspective, became watchful.

The young man was handsome in a florid, red-cheeked way, with black hair and blue eyes. Unlike Byrne, he was foppishly neat. He was not alone. A slim little Austrian girl, exceedingly *chic*, rose when he did and threw away the end of a cigarette.

"Why do we go so soon?" she demanded fretfully in German. "It is early still."

He replied in English. It was a curious way they had, and eminently satisfactory, each understanding better than he spoke the other's language.

"Because, my beloved," he said lightly, "you are smoking a great many poisonous and highly expensive cigarettes. Also I wish to speak to Peter."

The girl followed his eyes and stiffened jealously.

"Who is that with Peter?"

"We are going over to find out, little one. Old Peter with a woman at last!"

The little Austrian walked delicately, swaying her slim body with slow and sensuous grace. She touched an officer as she passed him, and paused to apologize, to the officer's delight and her escort's irritation. And Peter Byrne watched and waited, a line of annoyance between his brows. The girl was ahead; that complicated things.

When she was within a dozen feet of the table he rose hastily, with a word of apology, and met the couple. It was adroitly done. He had taken the little Austrian's arm and led her by the table while he was still greeting her. He held her in conversation in his absurd German until they had reached the swinging doors, while her companion followed helplessly. And he bowed her out, protesting his undying admiration for her eyes, while the florid youth alternately raged behind him and stared back at Harmony, interested and unconscious behind her table.

The little Austrian was on the pavement when Byrne turned, unsmiling, to the other man.

"That won't do, you know, Stewart," he said, grave but not unfriendly.

"The Kid wouldn't bite her"

"We'll not argue about it."

After a second's awkward pause Stewart smiled.

"Certainly not," he agreed cheerfully. "That's up to you, of course. I didn't know. We're looking for you tonight."

A sudden repulsion for the evening's engagement rose in Byrne, but the situation following his ungraciousness was delicate.

"I'll be round," he said. "I have a lecture and I may be late, but I'll come."

The "Kid" was not stupid. She moved off into the night, chin in air, angrily flushed.

"You saw!" she choked, when Stewart had overtaken her and slipped a hand through her arm. "He protects her from me!"

In the cold evening air, to the amusement of a passing detail of soldiers trundling a bread wagon by a rope, Stewart stood on the pavement and dodged verbal brickbats of Viennese idioms and German epithets. He drew his chin into the upturned collar of his overcoat and waited, an absurdly patient figure, until the hail of consonants had subsided into a rain of tears. Then he took the girl's elbow again and led her, childishly weeping, into a narrow side street beyond the prying ears and eyes of the Alserstrasse.

Byrne went back to Harmony. The incident of Stewart and the girl was closed and he dismissed it instantly. That situation was not his, or of his making. But here in the coffee house, lovely, alluring, rather puzzled at this moment, was also a situation. For there was a situation. He had suspected it that morning, listening to the delicatessen seller's narrative of Rosa's account of the disrupted colony across in the old lodge; he had been certain of it that evening, finding Harmony in the dark entrance to his own rather sordid *pension*. Now, in the bright light of the coffee house, surmising her poverty, seeing her beauty, the emotional coming and going of her color, her frank loneliness and—God save the mark!—her trust in him, he accepted the situation and adopted it: his responsibility, if you please.

He straightened under it. He knew the old city fairly well—enough to love it and to loathe it in one breath. He had seen its tragedies and passed them by, or had, in his haphazard way, thrown a greeting to them, or even a glass of native wine. And he knew the musical temperament; the all or nothing of its insistent demands; its heights that are higher than others, its wretchednesses that are hell. Once in the Hofstadt Theater, where he had bought standing room, he had seen a girl he had known in Berlin, where he was taking clinics and where she was cooking her own meals. She had been studying singing. In the Hofstadt Theater she had worn a sable coat and had avoided his eyes.

Perhaps the old coffee house had seen nothing more absurd, in its years of coffee and billiards and Münchener beer, than Peter's new resolution that night: this poverty adopting poverty, this youth adopting youth, with the altruistic purpose of saving it from itself.

And this, mind you, before Peter Byrne had heard Harmony's story or knew her name, Rosa having called her "The Beautiful One" in her narrative, and the delicatessen seller being literal in his repetition.

Back to The Beautiful One went Peter Byrne, and true to his new part of protector and guardian, squared his shoulders and tried to look much older than he really was, and responsible. The result was a grimness that alarmed Harmony back to the forgotten proprieties.

"I think I must go," she said hurriedly, after a glance at his determinedly altruistic profile. "I must finish packing my things. The *portier* has promised ——"

"Go! Why, you haven't even told me your name!"

"Frau Schwarz will present you tonight," primly and rising. Peter Byrne rose too.

"I am going back with you. You should not go through that lonely yard alone after dark."

"Yard! How do you know that?"

Byrne was picking up the cheese, which he had thoughtlessly set on the heater, and which proved to be in an alarming state of dissolution. It took a moment to rewrap, and incidentally furnished an inspiration. He indicated it airily.

"Saw you this morning coming out—delicatessen shop across the street," he said glibly. And then, in an outburst of honesty which the girl's eyes seemed somehow to compel: "That's true, but it's not all the truth. I was on the bus last night, and when you got off alone I—I saw you were an American, and that's not a good neighborhood. I took the liberty of following you to your gate!"

He need not have been alarmed. Harmony was only grateful, and said so. And in her gratitude she made no objection to his suggestion that he see her safely to the old lodge and help her carry her hand luggage and her violin to the *pension*. He paid the trifling score, and followed by many eyes in the room they went out into the crisp night together.

At the lodge the doors stood wide, and a vigorous sound of scrubbing showed that the *portier's* wife was preparing for the inspection of possible new tenants. She was cleaning down the stairs by the light of a candle, and the steam of the hot water on the cold marble invested her like an aura. She stood aside to let them pass, and then went cumbrously down the stairs to where, a fork in one hand and a pipe in the other, the *portier* was frying chops for the evening meal.

"What have I said?" she demanded from the doorway. "Your angel is here."

"So!"

"She with whom you sing, old cracked voice! Whose money you refuse, because she reminds you of your opera singer! She is again here, and with a man!"

"It is the way of the young and beautiful—there is always a man," said the *portier*, turning a chop.

His wife wiped her steaming hands on her apron and turned away, exasperated.

"It is the same man whom I last night saw at the gate," she threw back over her shoulder. "I knew it from the first; but you, great booby, can see nothing but red lips. Bah!"

Upstairs in the salon of Maria Theresa, lighted by one candle and freezing cold, in a stiff chair under the great chandelier Peter Byrne sat and waited and blew on his fingers. Down below, in the Street of Seven Stars, the arc lights swung in the wind.

IV

THE supper that evening was even unusually bad. Frau Schwarz, much crimped and clad in frayed black satin, presided at the head of the long table. There were few, almost no Americans, the Americans flocking to good food at reckless prices in more fashionable *pensions;* to the Frau Gallitzenstein's, for instance, in the Kochgasse, where there was to be had real beefsteak, where turkeys were served at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and where, were one so minded, one might revel in whipped cream.

The *Pension* Schwarz, however, was not without adornment. In the center of the table was a large bunch of red cotton roses with wire stems and green paper leaves, and over the side-table, with its luxury of compote in tall glass dishes and its wealth of small hard cakes, there hung a framed motto which said, *Nicht Rauchen*—No Smoking—and which looked suspiciously as if it had once adorned a compartment of a railroad train.

Peter Byrne was early in the dining room. He had made, for him, a careful toilet, which consisted of a shave and clean linen. But he had gone further: He had discovered, for the first time in the three months of its defection, a button missing from his coat, and had set about to replace it. He had cut a button from another coat, by the easy method of amputating it with a surgical bistoury, and had sewed it in its new position with a curved surgical needle and a few inches of sterilized catgut. The operation was slow and painful, and accomplished only with the aid of two cigarettes and an artery clip. When it was over he tied the ends in a surgeon's knot underneath and stood back to consider the result. It seemed neat enough, but conspicuous. After a moment or two of troubled thought he blacked the white catgut with a dot of ink and went on his way rejoicing.

Peter Byrne was entirely untroubled as to the wisdom of the course he had laid out for himself. He followed no consecutive line of thought as he dressed. When he was not smoking he was whistling, and when he was doing neither, and the needle proved refractory in his cold fingers, he was swearing to himself. For there was no fire in the room. The materials for a fire were there, and a white tile stove, as cozy as an obelisk in a cemetery, stood in the corner. But fires are expensive, and hardly necessary when one sleeps with all one's windows open—one window, to be exact, the room being very

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The remedy is in the use of enduring

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—100% efficient—woven from a remarkable wire (90% pure copper) that will *not* rust. Fog, salt mists, rain, smoke, the dampness of tropical swamps, sulphur or ammonia fumes are powerless to harm Pompeiian Bronze. Barring fire or accident, it lasts as long as your house, each mesh whole and unbroken—a *permanent*, positive protection.

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First weavers of wire by power in the world. Makers of Clinton Wire Lath—the first metal lath produced and the best to-day for stucco and inside work. Interesting book of "Stucco Houses," showing many types, sent upon request.

NEVER RUST
NEVER PAINT
NEVER WEAR OUT
SIMPLY DUST AND PUT ON

Learn the Truth About Advertising

It may hurt your *feelings*
But will help your *business*

THE man who is missing great opportunities because he "doesn't believe in advertising" needs one of these books as much as the man who is spending thousands.

The self-satisfied advertiser, posing on a platform of gold bricks, will find himself exposed—to his own benefit.

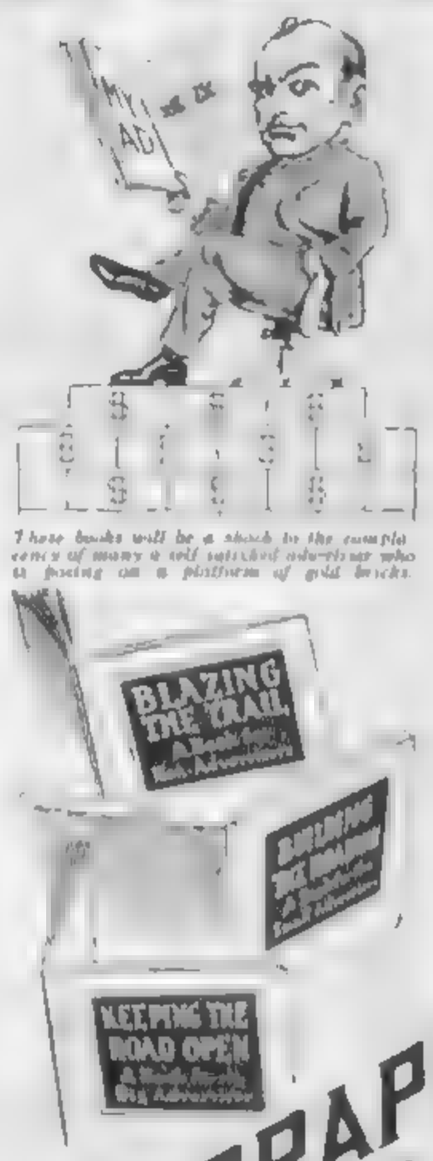
The trustful business man who "leaves it all to someone else" will be apprised of his danger.

The man who says "I've tried it and got stung," will be shown the way to real results.

And he who is already a capable and successful advertiser will be shown how he can increase his profits still further.

Advertising stripped of its mystery, handled without gloves, presented in a radically new way—that is what you will find if you really want the truth.

If you are a non-advertiser, check "A" on the coupon. Check "B" if you are spending $25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" if you are spending over $25,000. Attach coupon to your business letterhead and sign your name and official position.



These books will be a shock to the complacency of many a self-satisfied advertiser who is posing on a platform of gold bricks.

THE MULTIGRAPH
1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland, Ohio

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

Send booklet (free) checked above, as explained in your advertisement in *The Sat. Evening Post*, March 14.

Attach this coupon to your business letterhead, signing your name and official position, and mail to above address.

A pocket KNIFE SHARPENER GIVEN AWAY

The tough, sharp crystals of a Pike India Oilstone just *eat* steel. It's fun to see how quickly they put a dandy, keen edge on carvers, kitchen knives, tools, etc. No other stone cuts so fast without losing its shape. Adopted now by manual training schools, big machine shops, etc. Nothing like it. This is only one of the famous

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Just Two Proofs That it Pays to Buy Direct from the Factory!

We are furniture manufacturers who sell DIRECT. What's more—our original method—saves the big profits—saves a large part of the packing costs and freight charges. This enables us to save you money on furniture. Learn how this has been our free book of Home, Office and Club furniture. We guarantee every article, your money back if you are not satisfied.

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This splendid Rocker made of solid Quartered Oak—36 in high—30 in wide—24 in. deep cushion and back pillow complete—covered with Mo...

Shipped in Three Sections
It's Play to Assemble the Furniture!

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Height 30 ins
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Send for big free book showing furniture for every room in the house

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small—and spends most of the day in a warm and comfortable shambles called a hospital.

To tell the truth he was not thinking of Harmony at all, except subconsciously, as instance the button. He was going over, step by step, the technic of an operation he had seen that afternoon, weighing, considering, even criticizing. His conclusion, reached as he brushed back his hair and put away his sewing implements, was somewhat to the effect that he could have done a better piece of work with his eyes shut and his hands tied behind his back; and that if it were not for the wealth of material to work on he'd pack up and go home. Which brought him back to Harmony and his new responsibility. He took off the necktie he had absently put on and hunted out a better one.

He was late at supper—an offense that brought a scowl from the head of the table, a scowl that he met with a cheerful smile. Harmony was already in her place. Seated between a little Bulgarian and a Jewish student from Galicia, she was almost immediately struggling in a sea of language, into which she struck out now and then tentatively, only to be again submerged. Byrne had bowed to her conventionally, even coldly, aware of the sharp eyes and tongues round the table, but Harmony did not understand. She had expected moral support from his presence, and failing that she sank back into the loneliness and depression of the day. Her bright color faded; her eyes looked tragic and rather aloof. She ate almost nothing, and left the table before the others had finished.

What curious little dramas of the table are played under unseeing eyes! What small tragedies begin with the soup and end with dessert! What heartaches with a salad! Small tragedies of averted eyes, looking away from appealing ones; lips that tremble with wretchedness nibbling daintily at a morsel; smiles that sear; foolish bits of talk that mean nothing except to one, and to that one everything! Harmony, freezing at Peter's formal bow and gazing obstinately ahead during the rest of the meal, or no nearer Peter than the red-paper roses, and Peter, showering the little Bulgarian next to her with detestable German in the hope of a glance. And over all the odor of cabbage salad, and the *Nicht Rauchen* sign, and an acrimonious discussion on eugenics between an American woman doctor named Gates and a German matron who had had fifteen children, and who reduced every general statement to a personal insult.

Peter followed Harmony as soon as he dared. Her door was closed, and she was playing very softly, so as to disturb no one. Defiantly, too, had he only known it, her small chin up and her color high again; playing the Humoresque, of all things, in the hope, of course, that he would hear it and guess from her choice the wild merriment of her mood. Peter rapped once or twice, but obtained no answer, save that the Humoresque rose a bit higher; and Doctor Gates coming along the hall just then, he was forced to light a cigarette to cover his pausing.

Doctor Gates, however, was not suspicious. She was a smallish woman of forty or thereabout, with keen eyes behind glasses and a masculine disregard of clothes, and she paused by Byrne to let him help her into her ulster.

"New girl, eh?" she said, with a birdlike nod toward the door. "Very gay, isn't she, to have just finished a supper like that! Honestly, Peter, what are we going to do?"

"Growl and stay on, as we have for six months. There is better food, but not for our terms."

Doctor Gates sighed, and picking a soft felt hat from the table put it on with a single jerk down over her hair.

"Oh, darn money anyhow!" she said. "Come and walk to the corner with me. I have a lecture."

Peter promised to follow in a moment, and hurried back to his room. There, on a page from one of his lecture notebooks, he wrote:

Are you ill? Or have I done anything?
P. B.

This with great care he was pushing under Harmony's door when the little Bulgarian came along and stopped, smiling. He said nothing, nor did Peter, who rose and dusted his knees. The little Bulgarian spoke no English and little German. Between them was the wall of language. But higher than this barrier was the understanding of their common sex. He held out his hand, still smiling, and Peter, grinning sheepishly, took it. Then he followed the woman doctor down the stairs.

To say that Peter Byrne was already in love with Harmony would be absurd. She attracted him, as any beautiful and helpless girl attracts an unattached man. He was much more concerned, now that he feared he had offended her, than he would have been without this fillip to his interest. But even his concern did not prevent his taking copious and intelligent notes at his lecture that night, or interfere with his enjoyment of the stein of beer with which, after it was over, he washed down its involved German.

The engagement at Stewart's irked him somewhat. He did not approve of Stewart exactly, not from any dislike of the man, but from a lack of fineness in the man himself—an intangible thing that seems to be a matter of that unfashionable essence, the soul, as against the clay; of the thing contained, by an inverse metonymy, for the container.

Boyer, a nerve man from Texas, met him on the street, and they walked to Stewart's apartment together. The frosty air and the rapid exercise combined to drive away Byrne's irritation; that, and the recollection that it was Saturday night and that tomorrow there would be no clinics, no lectures, no operations; that the great shambles would be closed down and that priests would read mass to convalescents in the chapels. He was whistling as he walked along.

Boyer, a much older man, whose wife had come over with him, stopped under a street light to consult his watch.

"Almost ten!" he said. "I hope you don't mind, Byrne, but I told Jennie I was going to your *pension*. She detests Stewart."

"Oh, that's all right. She knows you're playing poker?"

"Yes. She doesn't object to poker. It's the other. You can't make a good woman understand that sort of thing."

"Thank God for that!"

After a moment of silence Byrne took up his whistling again. It was the Humoresque.

Stewart's apartment was on the third floor. Admission at that hour was to be gained only by ringing, and Boyer touched the bell. The lights were still on, however, in the hallways, revealing not overclean stairs and, for a wonder, an electric elevator. This, however, a card announced as out of order. Boyer stopped and examined the card grimly.

"'Out of order'!" he observed. "Out of order since last spring, judging by that card. *Vorwärts!*"

They climbed easily, deliberately. At home in God's country Boyer played golf, as became the leading specialist of his county. Byrne, with a driving arm like the rod of a locomotive, had been obliged to forswear the more expensive game for tennis, with a resulting muscular development that his slight stoop belied. He was as hard as nails, without an ounce of fat, and he climbed the long steep flights with an elasticity that left even Boyer a step or so behind.

Stewart opened the door himself, long German pipe in hand, his coat replaced by a worn smoking jacket. The little apartment was thick with smoke, and from a room on the right came the click of chips and the sound of beer mugs on wood.

Marie, restored to good humor, came out to greet them, and both men bowed ceremoniously over her hand, clicking their heels together and bowing from the waist. Byrne sniffed.

"What do I smell, Marie?" he demanded. "Surely not sausages!"

Marie dimpled. It was an old joke, to be greeted as one greets an old friend. It was always sausages.

"Sausages, of a truth—fat ones."

"But surely not with mustard?"

"*Ach, ja—englisch* mustard."

Stewart and Boyer had gone on ahead. Marie laid a detaining hand on Byrne's arm.

"I was very angry with you today."

"With me?"

Like the others who occasionally gathered in Stewart's unconventional ménage, Byrne had adopted Stewart's custom of addressing Marie in English, while she replied in her own tongue.

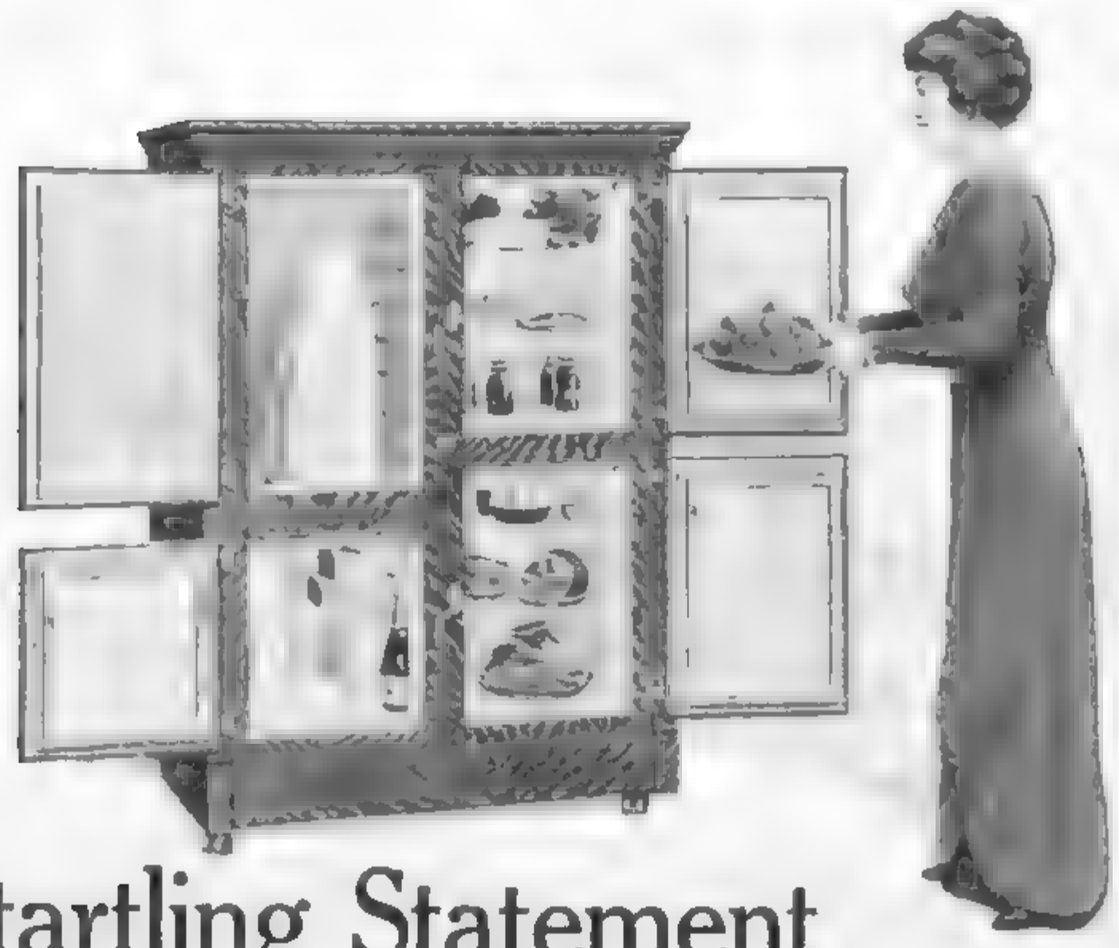
"*Ja.* I wished but to see nearer the American *Fräulein's* hat, and you—— She is rich, so?"

"I really don't know. I think not."

"And good?"

"Yes, of course."

(Continued on Page 61



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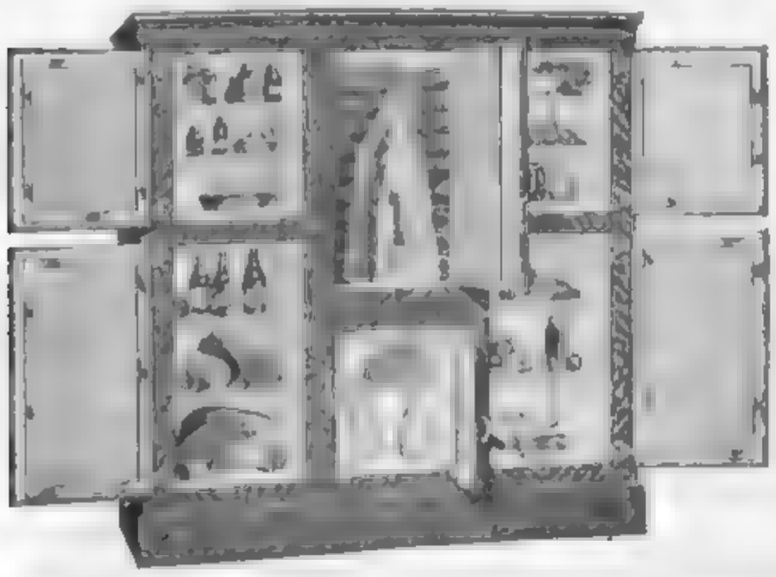

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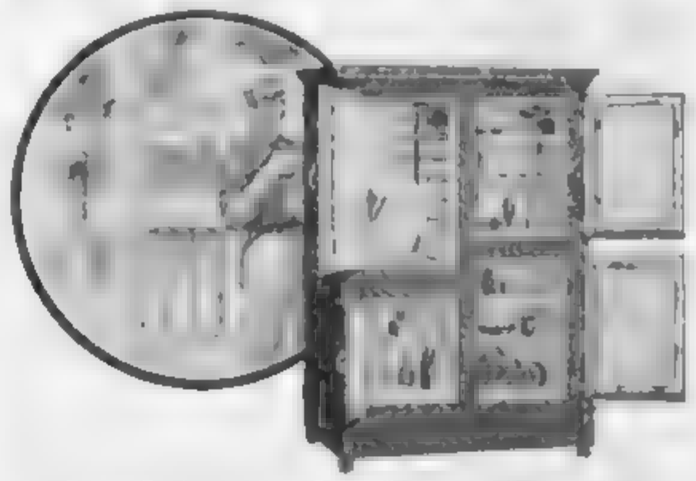

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These are strong statements. But they will bear the most careful scrutiny. They have been substantiated by the experience of home-builders everywhere.

They will all prove to be true, although other materials may *seem* to give one or more of these qualities for a time. Test each one for yourself. Check them up.

Consider other forms of facing-material. Stone—of doubtful virtue and too expensive, except in restricted districts where it is too common. Stucco—essentially a pretense and not adapted to American climates. Frame—first-cost rapidly getting higher because of decreasing lumber supply, and most expensive in up-keep.

Hy-tex Brick is the most beautiful facing-material—see the prominent residential boulevards of any American city. Hy-tex is the most fire-safe—ask your insurance man. Hy-tex is the most permanent and adaptable to every style of architecture—ask your architect. Hy-tex is the most comfortable—ask the man who lives in a Hy-tex house. Hy-tex is the most economical—*make us prove it.* Send now for our booklets:

"Genuine Economy in Home Building," a beautiful, 64-page booklet illustrated in colors and dealing in a comprehensive way with the problems that confront every prospective home-builder. Sent anywhere for ten cents.

"Bonds and Mortars," a 28-page illustrated booklet on design in patterns for brickwork, showing the wide possibilities for the expression of beauty in brick walls. Sent for ten cents.

"Suggestions for Small Hy-tex Homes," a helpful book of plans for homes of moderate cost. Sent for four cents.

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Largest Manufacturers of Face Brick in the World.

BRANCH OFFICES and EXHIBIT ROOMS: Baltimore, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Davenport, Ia.; Dubois, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Toledo, Ohio; Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 58)

Marie was small; she stood, her head back, her eyes narrowed, looking up at Byrne. There was nothing evil in her face, it was not even hard. Rather there was a sort of weariness, as of age and experience. She had put on a white dress, cut out at the neck, and above her collarbones were small, cuplike hollows. She was very thin.

"I was sad tonight," she said plaintively. "I wished to jump out the window."

Byrne was startled, but the girl was smiling at the recollection.

"And I made you feel like that?"

"Not you—the other *Fräulein*. I was dirt to her. I ——" She stopped tragically, then sniffled.

"The sausages!" she cried, and gathering up her skirts ran toward the kitchen. Byrne went on into the sitting room.

Stewart was a single man spending two years in post-graduate work in Germany and Austria, not so much because the Germans and Austrians could teach what could not be taught at home, but because of the wealth of clinical material. The great European hospitals, filled to overflowing, offered unlimited choice of cases. The contempt for human life of overpopulated cities, coupled with the extreme poverty and helplessness of the masses, combined to form that tragic part of the world which dies that others may live.

Stewart, like Byrne, was doing surgery, and the very lack of fineness which Byrne felt in the man promised something in his work, a sort of ruthlessness, a singleness of purpose, good or bad, an overwhelming egotism that in his profession might only be a necessary self-reliance.

His singleness of purpose had, at the beginning of his residence in Vienna, devoted itself to making him comfortable. With the narrow means at his control he had the choice of two alternatives: To live, as Byrne was living, in a third-class *pension*, stewing in summer, freezing in winter, starving always; or the alternative he had chosen.

The Stewart apartment had only three rooms, but it possessed that luxury of luxuries, a bath. It was not a bath in the usual sense of water on tap, and shining nickel plate, but a bath for all that, where with premeditation and forethought one might bathe. The room had once been a fuel and store room, but now boasted a tin tub and a stove with a reservoir on top, where water might be heated to the boiling point, at the same time bringing up the atmosphere to a point where the tin tub sizzled if one touched it.

Behind the bathroom a tiny kitchen with a brick stove; next, a bedroom; the whole incredibly neat. Along one side of the wall a clothespress, which the combined wardrobes of two did not fill. And beyond that again, opening through an arch with a dingy chenille curtain, the sitting room, now in chaotic disorder.

Byrne went directly to the sitting room. There were four men already there: Stewart and Boyer, a pathology man named Wallace Hunter, doing research work at the general hospital, and a young piano student from Tennessee named MacLean. The cards had been already dealt, and Byrne stood by waiting for the hand to be played.

The game was a small one, as befitted the means of the majority. It was a regular Saturday night affair, as much a custom as the beer that sat in steins on the floor beside each man, or as Marie's boiled Wiener sausages.

The blue chips represented a krone, the white ones five hellers. MacLean, who was hardly more than a boy, was winning, drawing in chips with quick gestures of his long pianist's fingers.

Byrne sat down and picked up his cards. Stewart was staying out, and so, after a glance, did he. The other three drew cards and fell to betting. Stewart leaned back and filled his long pipe, and after a second's hesitation Byrne turned to him.

"I don't know just what to say, Stewart," he began in an undertone. "I'm sorry I didn't want to hurt Marie, but ——"

"Oh, that's all right." Stewart drew at his pipe and bent forward to watch the game with an air of ending the discussion.

"Not at all. I did hurt her and I want to explain. Marie has been kind to me, and I like her. You know that."

"Don't be an ass!" Stewart turned on him sharply. "Marie is a little fool, that's all. I didn't know it was an American girl."

Byrne played in bad luck. His mind was not on the cards. He stayed out of the last hand, and with a cigarette wandered about the room. He glanced into the tidy bedroom and beyond, to where Marie hovered over the stove.

She turned and saw him.

"Come," she called. "Watch the supper for me while I go down for more beer."

"But no," he replied, imitating her tone. "Watch the supper for me while I go down for more beer."

"I love thee," she called merrily. "Tell the Herr Doktor I love thee. And here is the pitcher."

When he returned the supper was already laid in the little kitchen. The cards were put away, and young MacLean and Wallace Hunter were replacing the cover and the lamp on the card table.

"*Bitte zum speisen!*" called Marie gayly from her brick stove, and the men trooped out to the kitchen.

The supper was spread on the table, with the pitcher of beer in the center. There were Swiss cheese and cold ham and rolls, and above all sausages and mustard. Peter drank a great deal of beer, as did the others, and sang German songs with a frightful accent and much vigor and sentiment, as also did the others.

Then he went back to the cold room in the *Pension* Schwarz, and told himself he was a fool to live alone when one could live like a prince for the same sum properly laid out. He dropped into the hollow center of his bed, where his big figure fitted as comfortably as though it lay in a washtub, and before his eyes there came a vision of Stewart's flat and the slippers by the fire—which was eminently human.

However, a moment later he yawned, and said aloud, with considerable vigor, that he'd be damned if he would—which was eminently Peter Byrne. Almost immediately, with the bed coverings, augmented by his overcoat, drawn snug to his chin, and the better necktie swinging from the gasjet in the air from the opened window, Peter was asleep. For four hours he had entirely forgotten Harmony.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

False Fingers

ARTIFICIAL fingers for workmen are the remedy a big manufacturing concern has devised to prevent the crushing of workmen's fingers in punch presses where metal strips are punched out. A workman was required to put the metal into the press while the punch was up, and then, after the strip was punched, to pick it up with his fingers and substitute another blank; and many accidents resulted in spite of warning and care.

The engineers of the company then devised a rubber disk, flat on the end of a stick, with a suction action in the rubber disk, controlled by a button in the handle of the stick. The workman places the rubber disk on the metal blank, pressing with his thumb on the button, and the disk grips the blank firmly.

Releasing the button causes the disk to release the metal blank.

Thus the device acts as a substitute for the fingers of the workman in the dangerous part of the work. Incidentally it was soon discovered that work proceeded twenty per cent faster with these sticks than in the old way.

"He Should Worry"

He can make 'em bigger'n that, an' he can make a snow man too, if he wants to.

Chapped hands and cracked lips? Never. Mother knows that

Vaseline

Reg U. S. Pat. Off

Camphor Ice

is the best thing ever for protecting him against chapping from cold winter winds. Before he goes out and after he comes in, a little on his hands, face and lips keeps them soft and healthy. Drug and department stores everywhere.

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SANITAX BRUSHES are sold by all good dealers in a wide variety of grades and handles, including Open Back, Separable Back or Military Styles.

Price $1.00 Upwards

If you value Hair Beauty, Hair Health and Scalp Cleanliness, send for a copy of "Your Hair." This booklet of practical suggestions on Care of the Hair, mailed FREE on receipt of Dealer's name.

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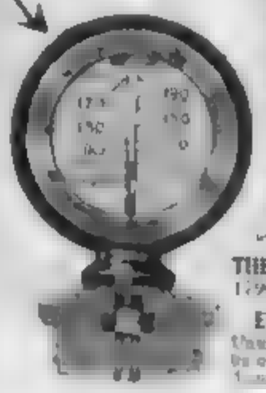

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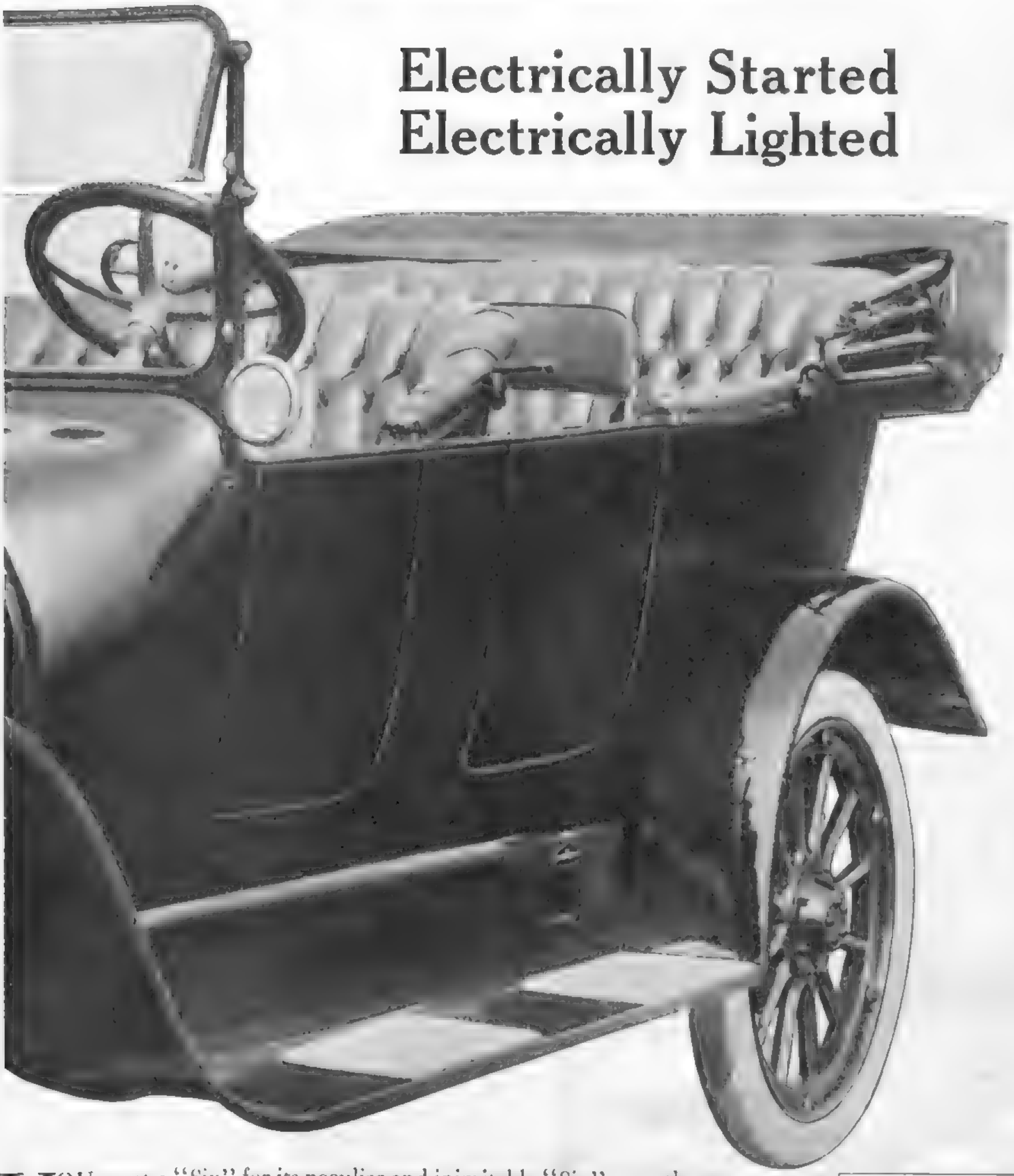

YOU want a "Six" for its peculiar and inimitable "Six" smoothness.
And you want that "Six" which offers most for the money.
Therefore you want a "Six" whose important parts are *manufactured* and not purchased.
You want no lesser standard than the Studebaker standard of manufacturing.
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And how can you look further, when you find all of these things in the Studebaker SIX—*linked to the lowest price in the world?*

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[illegible] Coupe	$885
[illegible] Touring Car	$[illegible]0
[illegible]	$[illegible]0
Six-Passenger SIX	$1550

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[illegible] Touring Car	$1375
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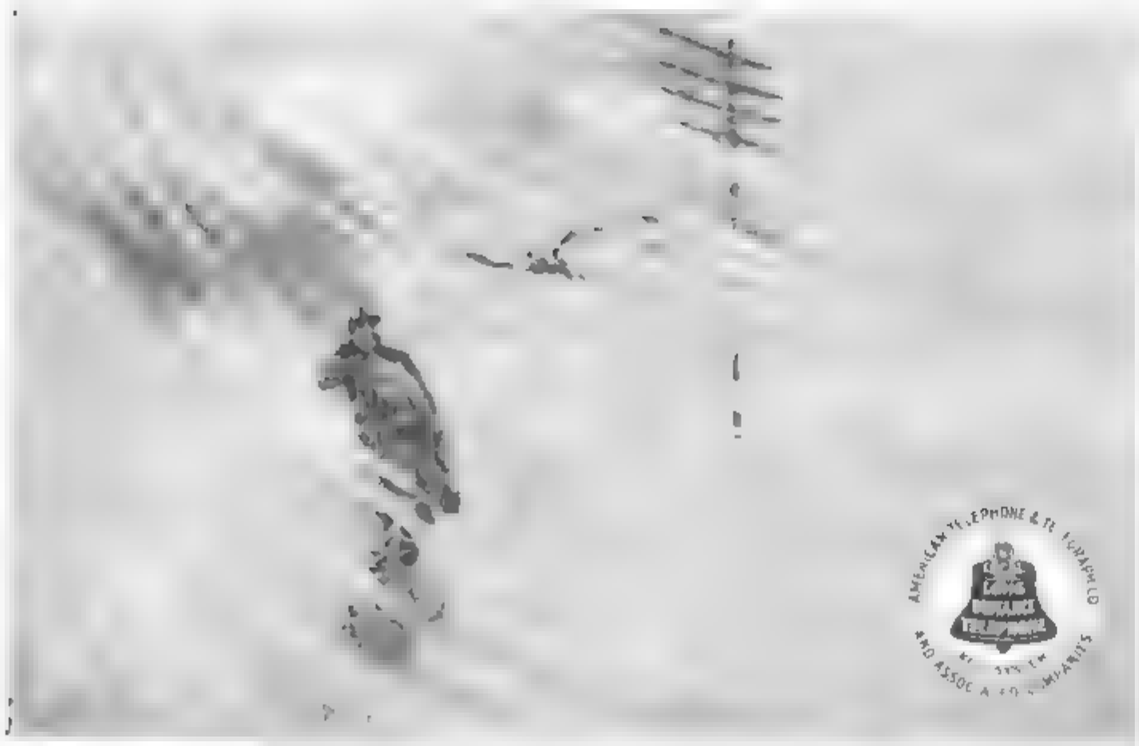


The Spirit of Service

WHEN the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and roads are blocked, the telephone trouble-hunter with snow shoes and climbers makes his lonely fight to keep the wire highways open.

These men can be trusted to face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of service animates the whole Bell telephone system. The linemen show it when they carry the wires across mountains and wilderness. It is found in the girl at the switch-board who sticks to her post despite fire or flood. It inspires the leaders of the telephone forces, who are finally responsible to the public for good service.

This spirit of service is found in the recent rearrangement of the telephone business to conform with present public policy, without recourse to courts.

The Bell System has grown to be one of the largest corporations in the country, in response to the telephone needs of the public, and must keep up with increasing demands.

However large it may become, this corporation will always be responsive to the needs of the people, because it is animated by the spirit of service. It has shown that men and women, co-operating for a great purpose, may be as good citizens collectively as individually.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Sharpens every kind of old-style razor and every make of safety-razor blade
GOING DOWN
Razor goes Down when Left hand pulls
GOING UP
Razor goes Up when Right hand pulls
Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper
—perfect shaves from any razor—old-style or safety!
There's only one right way to strop a razor. The diagonal, heel-to-toe stroke. Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper sets that pace. It holds the razor firmly, the strop goes back and forth in a diagonal motion which gives a perfect heel-to-toe stroke and puts a keen, smooth edge on any razor better and quicker than the best barber can do it by hand.
It fits all razors, old style or safety. It can't get out of order or cut the strop. Anybody can use it.
Stop wasting good safety-blades! Stop scraping with dull razors! Get Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper and see for yourself that perfect stropping means perfect shaving always!
Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper is on sale in 3,000 good stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send us $2.50 [illegible] Accept no substitute. If the blade doesn't move up as shown it isn't a Slyde-Stroke
At good stores everywhere $2.50 (Canada, $3.00) or postpaid by mail
(Dealers: Our offer is worth writing for now!)
SAMUEL KANNER, 552 Broadway, New York
Ask for Slyde-Stroke razors—made to shave with!

TEAMWORK IN TRADEBUILDING

(Continued from Page 22)

And these standards are now recognized throughout the trade.

"Goods are now sold on an accepted and clearly understood basis. What is more, every decent man in the trade is glad that these standards have been fixed and have been made to stick. Also, the old cunning trick of making special allowances or giving special rates on sizes has been very generally eliminated. All this is as much to the benefit of the consumer as to the manufacturer or jobber; it is tradebuilding in the best sense, because it is the building of better trade ethics."

The National Hickory Association furnishes another example of farsighted and constructive work in dealing with the diminishing supply of raw material. Largely through its efforts a carefully platted survey of the visible supply for many years to come has been made. The results of this investigation were so alarming that a searching and scientific investigation of possible economies in the use of hickory was begun by the National Association. By government tests it was determined that red or heart-wood hickory is not, as had been previously supposed, inferior in strength to the white wood from the same tree. This step alone effected an immense saving in hickory of the higher grades.

Then the association began a search for other needless sacrifices of this precious material. They found an almost wanton waste of "short lengths."

"The value of hickory lumber," explains Secretary H. D. Hartley, "depends on the length of the piece. Buggy-pole hickory twelve feet long is worth $90 a thousand feet; nine-foot shaft hickory brings $75; two-foot hickory for spokes is worth only $30. Before the association tackled this problem there was very little exchange of short stuff between the various lines of manufacturers using hickory. The carriage manufacturer, for example, practically threw away all pieces shorter than the length of his smallest unit. This waste was enormous and appalling. Today, through the work of the National Association, there is, I firmly believe, an exchange of at least twenty-five per cent of the entire volume of hickory used. In other words, the people cutting lengths of six feet or more are supplying, from their 'waste,' one-half of the materials used by the manufacturers who demand four, three and two foot stuff. The total saving climbs into big figures, and it could never have been accomplished through individual effort. The solution of this problem was possible only through a national association."

Probably no better example of tradebuilding by standardization can be cited than that done by the National Canners' Association in its large laboratories in Washington. Its declared object is to definitely standardize all canned foods so that the consumer may know exactly what he is buying without opening the can.

Standardized Canning Peas

"Peas, for example," says the laboratory expert, "have already been fairly well standardized. Number ones are the buckshots for fancy garnishes. Number twos have a little more body and starch, and are too fancy for the tables of any but the very wealthy. Number threes are the grade bought by people who live well and can afford what they want. Then follow the grades of coarser, harder and more mealy peas. Once these grades are firmly fixed in the practice of the canner the consumer will be able to buy with accuracy and at a price that corresponds with the grade demanded.

"Undoubtedly the biggest single service of work we have done in standardization, however, is to stop adulteration by the use of water, or in some cases by the use of too much water—for certain products require a little water for perfect sterilization. Tomatoes, for example, require no water; and the same may be said of a long list of other foods. So I feel that it is fair to say we have driven the water out of the can. Besides we have put on pressure for a full can, and the results of this pressure are satisfactory. We are out after adulteration as hard as any food inspector."

Every domestic-science publication and domestic-science teacher is supplied with the scientific literature in which the findings of the laboratory are set forth. It has been determined, for example, that fruit cooked under pressure makes from twenty to twenty-five per cent more jelly, of better quality and far more distinctive of the fruit. Boiling in retorts—where pressure can be applied that raises the temperature from two hundred and twelve degrees to two hundred and twenty-five degrees—is now the common practice in factories.

The association exerts constant pressure on its members to keep their manufacturing processes up to the highest point of efficiency and in step with the latest discoveries made in the association laboratory, which is equipped with facilities for putting up two thousand cans of food a day. As many things are possible in laboratory practice that are not practical on a commercial scale, the association has found it desirable to meet this emergency by having a plant that is able to handle scientific canning experiments in commercial quantities.

In the storeroom of this laboratory are scores of cases of canned foods put up in various ways under United States army supervision, from the manufacturer of the can to the completed product. These cases are known as pedigree packs and are keyed so that the condition of each pack, as finally determined by laboratory analysis, may be connected with the causes creating it. These pedigreed packs are now three years old; and whenever an examination of a case is made the findings are placed on file at army headquarters, so that the ideal army pack may be determined and reduced to a practical standard.

Improvement of Factory Practice

Improvement of factory practice is another line of teamwork effort consistently followed by this association. Only a little while ago tomatoes were commonly received at the factories in field run—the choice and the culls, the smooth and the wrinkled, the sound and the unsound, all mixed together. This chaotic mass was passed on to the army of peelers, who did the sorting as they peeled.

This meant that the rotten fruit has ample opportunity to contaminate the sound and that the sorting was done with poor judgment. The association has taken vigorous hold of this problem and coached the canners in the economy and desirability of having the sorting done by a trained corps of inspectors the moment the fruit is delivered at the factory. This new practice has resulted in a greatly improved product.

As the food officials have adopted a standard of bacteria for the canned product, the association puts its advice to members in these words: "Spend more money on the sorting belt and you will save when your goods come under the official microscope."

A lowered cost of operation, a greatly improved product and an ability to get a closer line on the quality of fruit delivered by the individual grower are the gains made by this practice.

One canner who rigorously applied these association methods was growing four hundred acres of tomatoes for his own factory when he began the new sorting practice. That season his goods showed such quality that he was obliged the next season to put in twenty-four hundred acres—and was still unable to meet the demand.

The development of special products receives close attention by the association experts. Ten years ago the largest packer of string beans took the product of seventy acres; today a single canner is packing beans from seven hundred acres.

Only a little while ago practically all pumpkins were grown in cornfields as a filler crop. Investigation showed that pumpkins grown in this way do not reach full ripeness and flavor. The association recommended packers of canned pumpkins to have their supply grown in the open, where perfect maturity can be obtained. The result has been a marked improvement in the quality of the product and a great increase in the demand for it.

"Teamwork among competitors is the only form of pressure that could possibly have elevated the standards of the canning industry to the extent they have already been elevated; and we feel that the association has only begun its big constructive work. The attitude of the members of the

Nobility Chocolates

Nobility Chocolates will win you by their taste, because candy care and candy expense make them the most delicately flavored and smoothest chocolates that ever watered a candy tongue. No two candies alike in any box.

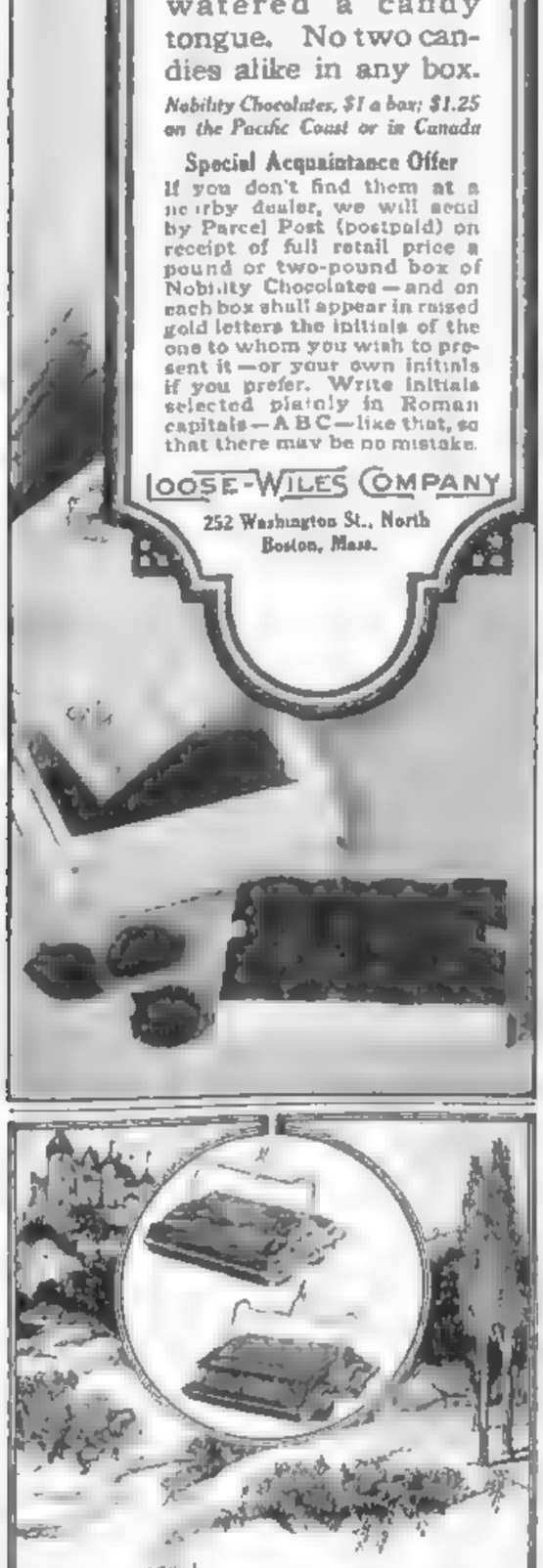
Nobility Chocolates, $1 a box; $1.25 on the Pacific Coast or in Canada

Special Acquaintance Offer

If you don't find them at a nearby dealer, we will send by Parcel Post (postpaid) on receipt of full retail price a pound or two-pound box of Nobility Chocolates—and on each box shall appear in raised gold letters the initials of the one to whom you wish to present it—or your own initials if you prefer. Write initials selected plainly in Roman capitals—A B C—like that, so that there may be no mistake.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY

252 Washington St., North Boston, Mass.



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IN COTTAGE or palace, no matter what other methods are employed for sweeping carpets or rugs, there still remains the every day necessity for a good, hand propelled carpet sweeper that promptly and efficiently gathers up all dirt and litter without noise dust or effort.

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

is clearly the accepted sweeping appliance practicable for daily use and furnishes the fullest measure of solid comfort and convenience. An extra sweeper for upstairs doubles its helpfulness. There is a pattern for every home. Prices range from $2.75 to $5.75, depending upon style and locality. Sold by the best stores everywhere.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
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TYPEWRITERS

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ⅓ to ½ rates, [illegible] with privilege of examination. Write for Cats. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

National Association toward the scientific department is indicated by the fact that the amount of money devoted to that branch is settled by the answer to the question: 'How much can you use to advantage?' In a year or two I expect to see the laboratory and educational end of the association using fifty thousand dollars a year.

"When we began almost every canner thought he knew more than every other canner; now we look to the laboratory to tell us how little we knew and how much we have to learn. We have already learned enough, however, through the contact of the association and the work of the scientific department, to put the whole canning business on a different basis. We should throw up our hands and want to quit the business if we had to blunder along without the help that we get from the association.

"Any man in the industry can have the benefit of any work done by the association. He doesn't have to ask for it: we hunt him out and thrust it on him. There's nothing unselfish about this; we simply can't afford to have a poor, a slovenly or an incompetent canner in the business. One canner's output of poor goods is a knock for canned foods that is felt through the whole industry, and it fouls the reputation of the whole trade. This association has spent as high as two hundred dollars in investigating a single case of alleged poisoning from canned goods. We aim to investigate every such case that is reported in the press.

"It is true that in most instances we find that the canned food has simply served as the goat—but that does not matter. The association is out to locate every canner who is putting unworthy or unwholesome food on the market, whether he is a member of the association or not. And we shall not be content until this line of product is the best standardized and the most carefully and intelligently manufactured line offered to the consumer. This hope could never be realized without a vigorous association; never!"

Foreign-Trade Development

So far as foreign markets are concerned, tradebuilding by association effort undoubtedly finds its highest development in the foreign department of the National Association of Manufacturers, which maintains a corps of experts for the handling of practically every problem that could confront the manufacturer who has decided to go out after an export trade.

"We have," declares the head of this department, "the largest foreign-trade development bureau attached to any commercial body or to any government in the world. Besides the large staff of experts and specialists at the head office, we have eighteen hundred regular correspondents scattered throughout the world, who not only furnish us trade information but who are to be relied on for specific credit information, and even for coöperation in making collections."

A manufacturer of stationary engines, ambitious for foreign trade, shipped an engine to a point in Brazil two thousand miles up the Amazon. It was unloaded on the dock by the transportation company and instantly grabbed by the buyer. The manufacturer exhausted himself in correspondence efforts to collect the amount due, but could get no satisfaction. Then he appealed to the association. Its foreign department took the matter in hand through one of its correspondents, who not only collected the full amount of the bill but twelve per cent interest for the period during which it had remained unpaid.

Another venturesome manufacturer shipped nearly a thousand dollars' worth of goods to an unknown customer at a remote point in West Africa. Apparently he might as well have donated the goods to the unknown missionaries of the Dark Continent or dropped them into the sea. The eye of this distressed manufacturer happened, however, to fall on a bulletin concerning foreign-trade opportunities assumed by the association. He at once intimated to the head of the foreign department that here was a foreign-trade opportunity that was decidedly open. Within four weeks from the receipt of his letter the association had collected his bill and delivered the proceeds to him.

The first difficulty the average American manufacturer encounters in his initial contact with foreign trade is that of language. To meet this the National Association of Manufacturers has a bureau of translation.

Four Big Song Hits

That should be in every home

They are singing them everywhere. *The stars are featuring them.*

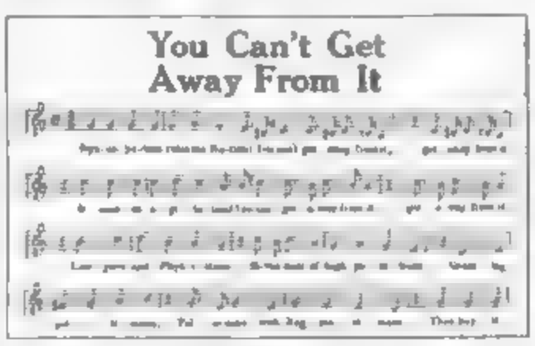
I Wish You'd Keep Out Of My Dreams

You won't be able to keep this melody out of your dreams. Beautiful in every respect.

This Is The Life

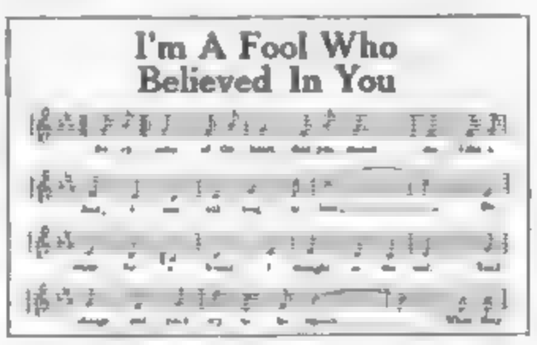
Happy words wedded to a happy melody, making a happy combination to make you happy.

You Can't Get Away From It



Introduced by Bert Williams, a song you can't get away from

I'm A Fool Who Believed In You



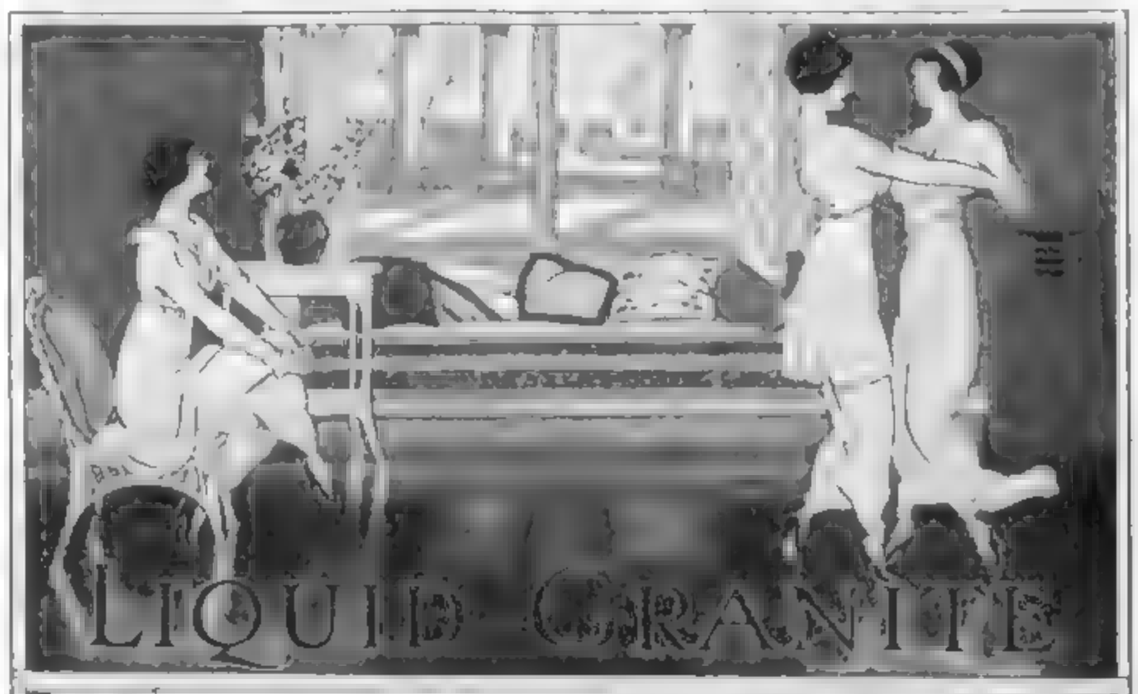
Regardless of the title this is a beautiful song

Instrumental Music 10 cents

Demi-Tasse (Successor to Too Much Mustard)
Brazilian Beauties (Tango Original)
Oh, You Turkey (Rag Trot)
Boston Stop (Hesitation Waltz)
Swanee Ripples (Rag Beautiful)
Maori (Samoan Tango)
Trotters' Lane (One Step)

You can get all these hits at Woolworth, Kress, Kresge, McCrory and all other 5c and 10c Stores. Also at Department and Music Stores. Or each mailed direct, postpaid, for 12c in stamps.

Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co., 112 West 38th Street, New York City
(Where the song hits originate)



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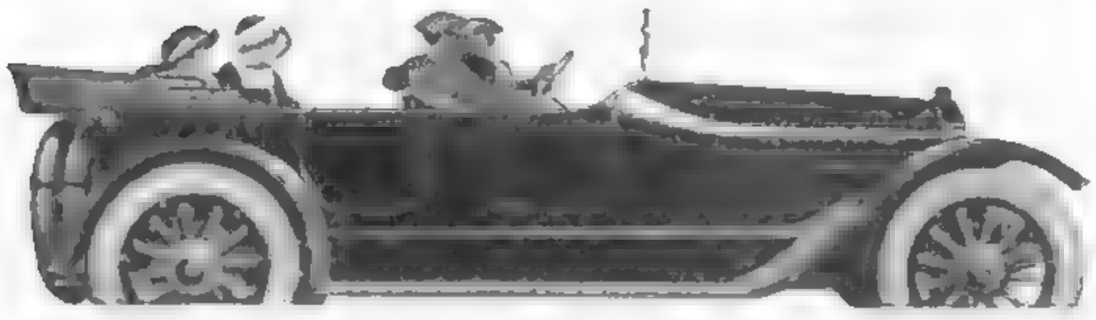
National



Buy performance and forget machinery

YOU don't have to be a mechanical expert to safely buy a *National*.

Your watch is valuable because it gives correct time without your worrying about what is inside the case.

You enjoy a *National* on the same principle—it is faithful and capable always without your worrying about the machinery inside.

We think you'll agree with us that the best car for you is the one that gives maximum service and pleasure—which gives you such perfect performance that you can forget it has machinery operating inside it.

The *National* is world famed for reliability. Fourteen years of successful experience is behind every mechanical feature. We take the responsibility for its construction—you enjoy the results.

Don't buy mechanical parts. Buy a *whole car*. The *National* is so built that all its parts operate harmoniously to produce a unit of service and satisfactory results. The *National* owner buys performance—not specifications. We sell demonstrated results of our experience and back them by our responsibility. This is why *"You Don't Have to Raise the Hood."*

"Fight" of Four vs. Six is foolish

The number of cylinders is not of most importance. The real test is the whole car and its performance. A single mechanical feature is good only when all the other parts help it to make good. There must be harmony of parts. A good Six is a good car and a good Four is a good car. That's all there is to it, if the car is a *National*.

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This is our staple car—our highest achievement. Proved superior in tests, including International 500-mile race. Five models, $2750 to $3400, with still further improvements and refinements. Motor 4⅞ x 6; electric starter and lights; a most luxurious and dependable car—The World's Champion.

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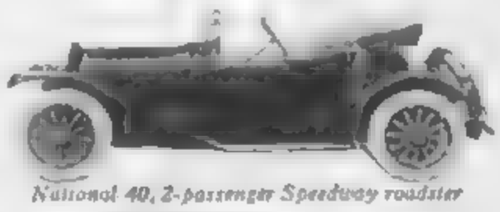
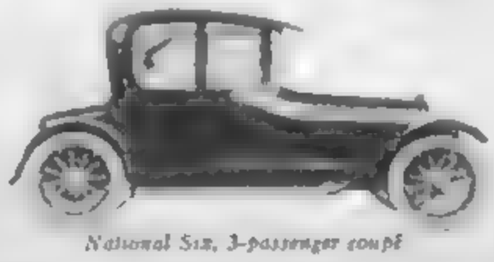
The new Six is beautiful, graceful in design, the most comfortable car you ever rode in—roomy, convenient, noiseless. Motor 3¾ x 5½; 132-inch wheelbase, electric starter and lights; left side drive, center control; complete in every detail, *full* equipment, $2375.

National 40, 7-passenger touring car



National 40, 2-passenger Speedway roadster



National Six, 3-passenger coupé

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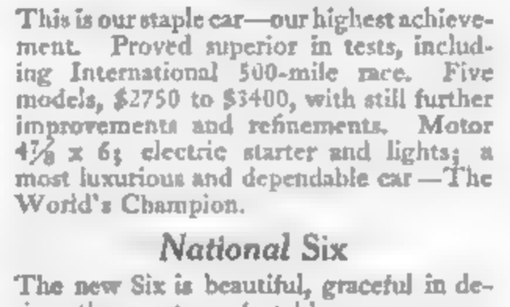

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, TUCSON, ARIZONA

Last year about one thousand manufacturers made use of this bureau and many thousands of letters and documents were translated from and into thirty different languages.

A confidential bulletin of foreign-trade opportunities is sent out twice a month to the membership. If the manufacturer who has not yet tried his hand at foreign trade feels that one of these opportunities belongs to him he has only to apply to the foreign department of the association to receive special advice from experts. This advice will not only cover the general conditions of the opportunity but will apply to all the details of consular invoices, marine insurance, credits, foreign advertising mediums, customs duties, patents and trade-marks.

If he is not discouraged by these preliminary consultations from seriously attacking an export campaign, the association takes the next step and secures from its correspondents in the countries in which he wishes to push his goods special reports intended to show him the character and extent of competition he will encounter, the racial obstacles and prejudices with which he will have to contend, and any changes in the style of goods likely to make them more acceptable.

He is also given information concerning the most desirable foreign agents with whom possible connections may be made. This closer and more personal survey may be carried still further. The association will send special agents into the territory the manufacturer wishes to invade, either to perfect arrangements for an export campaign or to secure further information not otherwise obtainable.

For all general service—and this includes personal consultation with the specialists of the foreign department—the manufacturer is at no expense beyond his regular membership obligations. Only when the service becomes special is he required to meet the additional expenses thus incurred.

Though this department of the association is distinctly for the purpose of encouraging and assisting American manufacturers to reach out for foreign trade, it undoubtedly renders an equally valuable service in preventing them from making costly mistakes and falling victims to unscrupulous foreign traders, who are fertile in schemes to separate the pushing manufacturer of the States—unfamiliar with foreign usages and markets—from his goods.

Up-to-Date Pirates

An incident that gave a strong impetus to the expansion of the foreign department of the association, and taught the manufacturers of the United States the value of teamwork in connection with adventures in the field of export trade, is illuminating. A hundred or more American manufacturers were approached by a representative of the Oceanic Export Company—this name will serve as well as the one actually used—and told that a very large order for a shipload of miscellaneous goods had been received from a general supply company in Australia.

Here was a flattering opportunity for the manufacturers in the States to open up a new and wellnigh unlimited field for their products. The manufacturers were flattered—especially when shown what purported to be the order from the great Australian house. The document had a convincingly British appearance and looked like real money, with more to follow. Besides, the plan of payment proposed appeared so plausible that not a manufacturer questioned it. Drafts against the Australian company were to be placed in the hands of the Export Company to be delivered in London, and the proceeds were to be transmitted direct by a London bank to the manufacturers.

Machinery, hardware, wines, cigars, clothing, guns, agricultural implements, and many other kinds of good American wares were received at a certain New York dock and loaded on the Butterfly—not the real name of the vessel—for the long voyage to Australia. Just before this ship sailed, her owners, the two proprietors of the Oceanic Export Company, indorsed their collection of drafts on the Australian supply company and secured sixty thousand dollars, which was snugly stowed away—in gold—in the captain's cabin.

Just sixteen days after the Butterfly had flown the cheering news was announced that the Oceanic Export Company was in bankruptcy. One of the manufacturers who had been duped happened to relate his experience to an officer of the National Association of Manufacturers and was told that perhaps its foreign department could help out in the dilemma. The association first appealed to the British consul and the cables were set working. The good ship Butterfly had completely disappeared! Finally she was reported at Puerto Cortéz, Honduras.

"They've put into the only country on the globe," explained the legal adviser of the association, "from which they cannot be extradited; but we'll see the secretary of state."

The Department of State was given five hundred dollars with which to meet cable and other expenses, and the British consul was instructed to hold the Butterfly and its officers. Meanwhile the owners of the Export Company and the Butterfly were indicted and the district attorney was furnished funds with which to send officers to Honduras to bring back the offenders.

Through the courtesy of the President of Honduras the officers were told to take the prisoners away. But the courtesies of the occasion demanded a dinner in honor of the British consul, and this was given the night before the prisoners were to be transported. One of the owners of the Export Company was apparently very ill and the other—his brother—was permitted to nurse him, under guard, on board the Butterfly.

A Lesson to Smaller Exporters

When the consular dinner was ended it was found that one prisoner had escaped. The officers brought back the other, together with the captain and the mate. They received due punishment, and more than a year later the man who had escaped was captured, tried and sentenced. The association then raised two thousand dollars among the creditors, brought the Butterfly to Mobile and sold her, recovering altogether about twenty per cent of the value of the goods obtained from the trusting American manufacturers with an appetite for export trade.

This experience, however, not only put the more daring export pirates out of business but demonstrated to American manufacturers the value of association work in connection with adventures in the field of foreign trade.

Still another invaluable field of trade-building is suggested by the systematic work of the National Association of Credit Men in educating the retailer—especially the country merchant—in better business methods. This association is industriously coaching the retailer—especially in the country—in the right way of figuring costs and profits; in the necessity of charging interest on overdue accounts; in a more simple, consistent and effective system of giving credit; in more careful attention to discount terms and opportunities; and in the advantages of more businesslike relations with both his customers and his creditors.

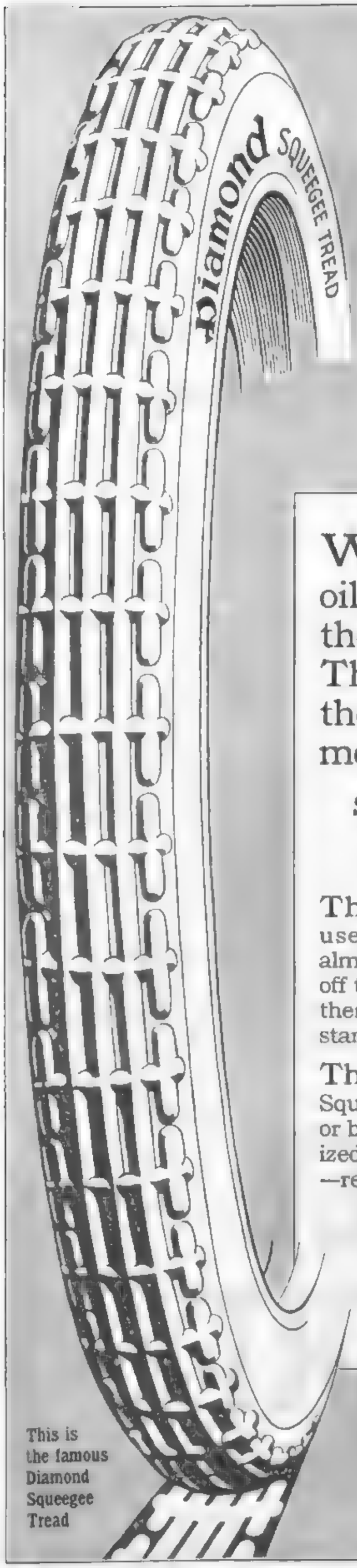
Something of the same work is also done by the National Association of Wholesale Grocers, whose effort is especially directed to educating the smaller wholesalers and jobbers in a more accurate system of cost-keeping. According to President Oscar B. McGlasson, of this organization, the only competition to be feared as a menace to the industry as a whole is that of the jobber who does not know his costs and whose business is run ignorantly, instead of intelligently.

One of the biggest jobs of the up-to-date business association is that of reducing to black and white the vital history of its kind of manufacturing—gathering, digesting and recording every kind of information of practical value to every man in that line of production, so that it may be instantly available and understandable to all.

Only an association can do this peculiar and invaluable work in a comprehensive way. The individual manufacturer cannot collect the statistics of his competitor's plant, and the outsider is barred for the same reason. The association, organized for the express purpose of serving the good of all, is recognized as the proper agent for this work—and the association can do it at the minimum of cost to the individual manufacturer.

A live association, aggressively operated on modern lines, is a perpetual trade congress that is attending systematically to the things which are everybody's business—and consequently nobody's business when not taken in hand as a teamwork task.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Forrest Crissey. The fourth and last will appear in an early number.



This is the famous Diamond Squeegee Tread

Just as effective as putting sand on the track

Vitalized Rubber

Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires

When the rail is wet or covered with oil, ice or sleet, a little sand on the track gives the car wheel the necessary traction.
That's how Diamond Squeegee Treads work—they provide the traction that prevents the skid—meaning safety.

Squeegee Treads grip and hold the pavement

The Squeegee Tread is not used as an ornament. They are almost human in action—they scrape off the slime, dry the road surface and then dig in and HOLD—no chance to start a skid.

The extra tough, thick bars on Squeegee Tread will not grind off, chip or break, because they're made of Vitalized Rubber—they stay firm, full-shaped—ready for duty for a long time to come.

Squeegee Treads *wear longer* because of the extra thickness of Vitalized Rubber at the point of contact—making them the most *economical* all-the-year-around tire you can buy.

Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires have made good

The Vitalized Rubber that is used in all types of Diamond Tires is toughened by a process that makes it a better rubber for the purpose than nature intended.

When you buy rubber shod mileage for your car, why not get Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—the tire that has made good for thousands of other motorists—the tire that will give you the mileage you pay for and have a right to expect? Money can not buy a better tire—so why use any other?

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU

Ask for Diamond Tires

BEST FOR AUTOMOBILES, BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES.

You fire up a jimmy pipe

that's filled jamful of Prince Albert and you'll get what you're looking for in pipe smoke joy.

No use arguing or losing sleep about the question. There's one answer—Prince Albert! You, nor any other man, ever smoked tobacco with such class for bully deliciousness—flavor, fragrance, aroma!

P. A.'s what men call a *man's smoke*. It's real and true and red blooded. Men like it because it makes good, today, tomorrow—all the time! It's always fresh; it always tastes good—and every puff just does tickle your palate so!

Never was such pipe smoke tobacco as P. A., because it's made by a patented process that cuts out the sting and throat-parch and just leaves the stuff that makes every man who smokes P. A. jimmy pipe joy'us *for life!*

You get this hot:—Polish up your smoking irons. Get 'em tuned for action. You buy some P. A. in the tidy red tin and go to it, because it's your right to be jimmy pipe joy'us! Since P. A. hit the turf, three men smoke pipes where one smoked a pipe before. And that average is growing right smart like.

You buy Prince Albert *everywhere* tobacco is sold. That's for your convenience, so you don't have to change your brand every time you want to smoke some pipe on the road! You stick to P. A. because P. A. will stick to you. Buy Prince Albert in the toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; in handsome pound and half-pound humidors. And take a tip. Before you do the next thing you get acquainted with

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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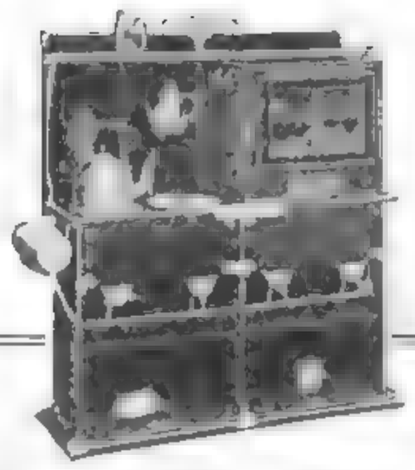

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You come in and see Florence oil cook stove work and you won't until you have.

You can have a slow, simmering fire on one burner and a quick, hot fire on another at the same time. You have a quick, hot fire exactly to suit the work you have in hand. Just set the burners as you want them and the Florence is ready for use. No need to wait for the oil to heat. The moment the match is applied the Florence is ready to cook with.

"It is so simple, so clean, so convenient, so cool, that I don't know what I should do without it.

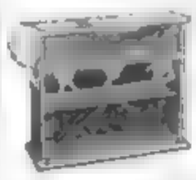
"My husband has tested the FLORENCE with other stoves and he says it produces a wonderful amount of heat for the oil consumed. I find it costs only about two cents an hour to run all four burners."

"The Turning Point in Oil Stove History"

FLORENCE *Oil Cook Stoves*

"Look for the Lever"

In the Florence you have at last the *safe*, reliable oil stove. [illegible] stove that I have ordered at $5. Other [illegible] $5. All [illegible] for catalog or ask [illegible]



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Read with each eye at thirteen inches. If [illegible] blurs, have your eyes examined and lenses fitted to a Shur-on Eyeglass or Spectacle. [illegible] Shur-ons are [illegible] stylish, durable and simple. [illegible] nose Shur-on is stamped in the bridge and the Shur-on trade mark is in the finger grips to protect you. [illegible] Optician and Oculist.

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WHEN PUSSY-FOOT CAME TO TOWN

(Continued from Page 19)

"When does you aim fer me to start up?"

"You kin start up right away——"

Virgil stiffened and struck hard while Criddle's mood was soft. First, he cautiously turned his head.

"Perkins oughter be a witness to dis."

"Git him—he jes' stepped in nex' do'."

Virgil darted out. Pussy-Foot and the real-estate agent were still there, but no Perkins. He hurried back.

"Perkins done gone some'res." Criddle attempted to get up; Virgil shoved him back in his chair. "Set still, Criddle! I wants to git dis fixed widout no mo' foolishness. Nobody can't sell dat reegalia 'cept me!"

"Sholy! Sholy! Warn't Perkins over to Saul Jordan's?"

"I got to charge 'em fo' six bits per each?"

"Lawd! Perkins done gone to send dat deespatch to Savanny——"

Criddle struggled to rise. Virgil held him wedged fast in the chair.

"Dat leaves me fo' an' a quarter profit—per each?"

"Run and ketch him, Virgil. Don't let Perkins send dat deespatch!"

"I kin hold my meetin's in de club an' not pay no rent?" Criddle gained his feet and by sheer weight was forcing the lighter negro toward the door. Virgil contested every inch, nailing him down, one by one, to each of the joyful specifications. "I got to be Chief Mentor an' wear a red collar; an'——"

The resistless bulk of Criddle thrust Virgil through the doorway.

"Run, Virgil! Run!"

Virgil Custard scurried up the street just so long as he felt that Criddle was watching; then slacked up to think.

"Reckon I better run, sho nuff! Ef dey chases Pussy-Foot out o' town befo' I gits started Criddle sholy will cut me off at de knees."

Criddle was peering anxiously from the doorway of the Coffin Club when Virgil dashed up and announced:

"Perkins done deespatched to Savanny spite o' all I could do."

"Whar he?" Criddle demanded.

"He ain't comin' here no mo' today."

"Dar now!" jostled out of Criddle as he dropped into his chair—and that was all. Virgil kept shaking him by the shoulder, but could not get another word. The huge black man sat immovable.

"Criddle, ef you ain't gwine to do nothin' I got to look out fer myself." Swooping in next door Virgil jerked Pussy-Foot aside and whispered: "Dey done deespatched fer de chief o' police at Savanny."

"Somebody sho' is makin' hisse'f a mighty lot o' trouble," Pussy-Foot remarked quietly, and continued the even tenor of his negotiations with the real-estate agent; but he watched out of the tail of his eye until Virgil left.

Virgil's reëntrance into the Coffin Club and Pussy-Foot's exit from the adjoining house were practically simultaneous. Ten minutes later Virgil's entrance, by the door, into Pussy-Foot's sleeping room was less than three minutes subsequent to Pussy-Foot's exit therefrom—by a window. This exit, though swift, was effectual and left nothing behind. The white umbrella had vanished from the corner; the slick yellow valise had disappeared from the table; bureau drawers stood open and empty—everything was empty.

"Pussy-Foot sho lit out in a hurry." The calamity jarred Virgil; Pussy-Foot had evaporated with the club that he meant to hold over the head of Reverend Baltimore Criddle. "Dar now! Criddle sho is gwine to make me sweat fer sassin' him."

Virgil did not like to sweat; so he caught the first street car to the A. & V. Station, where Pussy-Foot was huddled in a corner of the waiting room, one full hour ahead of any departing train.

"What's de matter, doctor?"

"I got bizness in Jackson; be back tomorrer," said the doctor, with a pitiable appeal for credulity in his scary eyes.

"Come clear, doctor—you's runnin' away from Criddle!"

Pussy-Foot curled up like a shrimp.

"'Tain't fair fer niggers to be callin' down white folks on top o' me. I 'lowed to pass it up an' skip out."

"Don't do nothin' like dat—stay here an' bluff 'em."

The Howard Watch

IN higher railroad circles there is a very natural ambition to carry a watch that is not merely Railroad Standard, but a standard for railroad watches.

It is well known that Railroad Officials and the higher grades of Trainmen show a marked preference for the HOWARD Watch.

But there are also among the rank and file a surprising number who have the wholesome ambition to own a HOWARD, and who make it a point to get one, even at the cost of some self-sacrifice.

In America, as nowhere else, the typical railroad president, corporation executive, head of an industry or a business house, is the man who has made his way up from the ranks.

And it is often the man in the ranks, impelled by his self-respect, his professional pride, and his ambition for the better things of his calling, who saves to get a HOWARD.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at $170 - and the Edward Howard model at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

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Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A Real Man's Razor—

this beautiful razor is one of the finest examples of Torrey skill in razor making. It guarantees comfortable shaving.

If your dealer hasn't Torrey razors, write to us; we'll tell you where to get them, and send you FREE booklet, "How to Shave."

The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

The J. R. Torrey Razor Company
Worcester, Mass.

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250 styles

The smooth, easy-writing qualities, long wear, and ability to hold a large quantity of ink, are some of the things that have helped to make Esterbrook's Jackson Stub No. 442 the most popular of all stub pens.

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Ask your stationer

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Suppose your car is held up by thugs tonight in some lonesome country spot, how would you fare?

Be prepared! Carry a Colt. Slip it between the cushions, in the tool box, or in your pocket. Have it ready for instant action. Doesn't matter how hard your car hits the pike, the Colt can't go off accidentally, because, when you load and cock it, the Grip Safety (see circle) *automatically locks it.*

At "Hands Up!" you just grab your Colt and cover your man in the twinkling of an eye—you can beat the hold-up man—you can "fire the first shot first," because you don't have to fiddle with or think about "safety" devices. When you pull the trigger you automatically (without thought) press in the Grip Safety and the Colt shoots.

For car and home protection the Colt is ideal, because it's the quickest to get into action and it is positively—*automatically*—safe. Ever pulled up on the road to have target practice? It's great sport—keeps a crowd happy.

Don't be stalled off a Colt if you want the best pistol—it costs you no more. Write for catalog 85.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

Colt FIREARMS

Say "Colt" when you want a revolver or pistol. That name stands for sterling quality in small firearms

The Standard for 70 years
Adopted by
United States Government

"Bluff which? Is you ever wo' striped clothes an' studied 'bout bluffin' de bizness end of a shotgun?"

Virgil was burning daylight trying to argue with a man whose legs were twitching like a stampeded rabbit's.

"I got to do sumpin!" he said.

Pussy-Foot clung to him at the door.

"Fer Gawd's sake, gimme a dog's chance to git away! Spread de news I'm gone to Memphis ——"

Virgil tore loose and escaped. At the corner he stopped in a deluge of sunshine and bewilderment.

"Dat's what comes o' tryin' to play bofe ends against de middle! Done lost out complete. I oughter got dem niggers togedder. Dat's it! Dat's it! Git 'em togedder ——" Virgil never had time to fool with street cars; his legs outran them.

Perkins had persistently avoided the Coffin Club, waiting an answer to his telegram. This bit of thoughtfulness left Criddle alone to fill the solitude with prudent activities; but he did not fill the money drawer—he emptied that into his shiny black satchel.

"Forty-seben dollars—'tain't no more'n nuff to pay my way. Ef I could tarry ontil day after tomorrer, when de dues comes rolling in, I'd have plenty money." Criddle hated to run before those dues came rolling in, but he would be prepared.

This was the dilemma into which Virgil Custard dropped like a loose-jointed rag-baby hurled from a catapult. Breathlessly he blurted out:

"Criddle, you better hotfoot to de A. & V. an' square yo'se'f wid Doctor Mathias—he's catchin' dat fust train fer Pensacola."

"Huh! Nary one o' you niggers can't study nothin' 'cept Pensacola!" Criddle closed his satchel with a vicious snap. "Let him go! I'm done pulled out from here—more'n a thousand miles away already. Lissen to me, Virgil: Keep dis from Perkins ontil I'm gone; den you kin be Gran' Organizer yo' ownse'f. Dese niggers won't foller Perkins."

Criddle mentioned the devil, looked up and saw the devil's shadow. A swift kick hid his satchel beneath the sable draperies that hung from the coffin. Perkins was coming through the front doorway downcast and disappointed, crumpling a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Criddle, we're up against it!"

"Lemme see!" Criddle snatched the telegram and read:

"Doctor Mathias not wanted here. Must be a mistake."

Criddle had not smiled for more than a week; now he turned loose the accumulations, left Perkins staring, and dragged Virgil into the street. "Git me a hack, Virgil—an' git it quick."

"Whar you gwine?" Virgil hung back.

"To the A. & V.—ketch Pussy-Foot. Perkins ain't got no sense. O' cose de poleeces at Savanny don't know 'bout Doctor Mathias. Pussy-Foot warn't gwine by no sech name."

A rollicking, yawning, wide-open hack swung out of Belmont Street and started north, traversing the entire business length of Washington Street. Every human being who had a glimpse of nigger sense saw that something momentous had occurred. Reverend Baltimore Criddle and Doctor Mathias disposed themselves in exceeding comfort on the rear seat; they conferred amicably, bowing right and left.

With the highest fraternal honors, Brother Criddle assisted Brother Mathias to alight and enter the Coffin Club, while the gaping world looked on; but the world refused to gape outside. Black and tan, brown and yellow, the itchingly curious world came crowding in. The world found Criddle and Pussy-Foot and Virgil Custard holding sweet counsel together at almost the exact spot where that hammer had banged against the thin partition. Criddle's fat, constructive finger described in lofty curves the improvements his unctuous voice proclaimed:

"We'll cut a big do' through here an' throw dese two places togeder. In yonder is de Undergroun' Railroad an' de Mysterious Twelve, while de Coffin Club remains a-doin' bizness at de ole stan'. Brudder Mathias, he's de Supreme Warden o' de Life Department—pays 'em while dey lives." Then Criddle grinned at Virgil. "An' Parson Custard, dis worthy young gent'mun on my right, he becomes from dis day Chief Mentor o' de High Court o' C'rinthians—fer which he's gwine to git plenty o' members right off."

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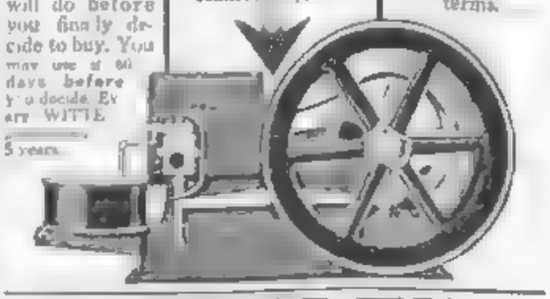

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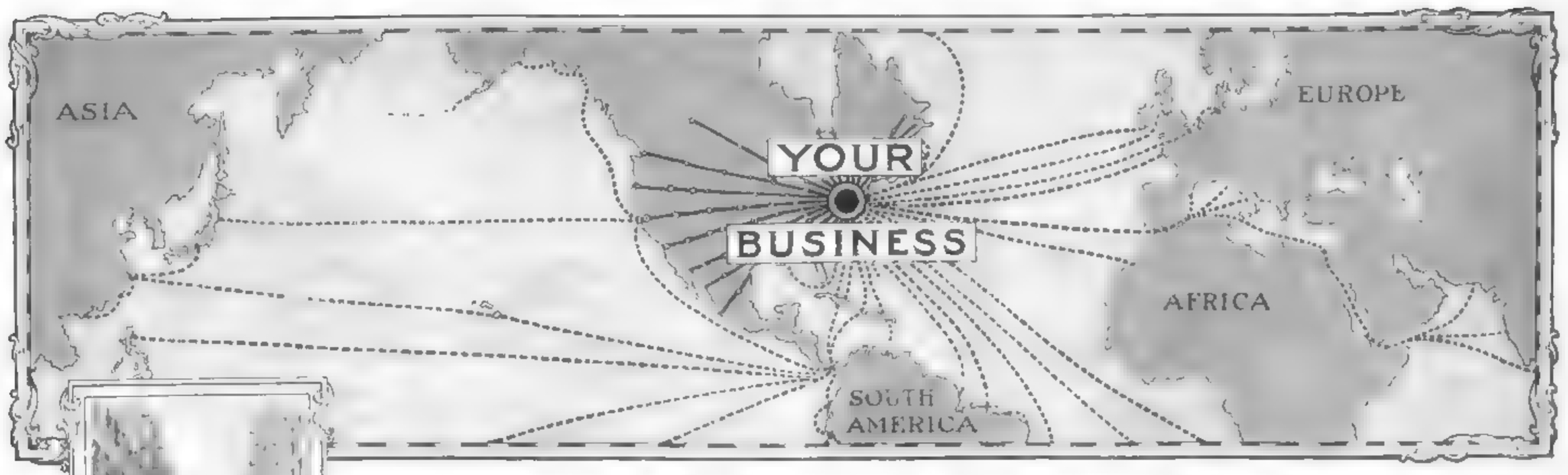

To the Man Who Wants to Get MORE BUSINESS in the East

A recent report of the Census Bureau at Washington classes New York as the "chief center of manufacture for the United States." In New York City there are 28 different lines of business, each one of which produces and sells considerably over $10,000,000 worth of goods per year.

IN one industry alone New York supplies half the total output of the United States. As a financial center New York is more than six times greater than any other city in the country. Twenty-six per cent of the banking power of the United States is centered in New York—and 10 per cent of the banking power of the world.

These are stupendous facts and figures. They emphasize the vast and far-reaching importance of New York as a focusing point for business—as a base from which YOU should operate if you want to increase or develop import or export trade, or if you want more business in the East, with lower selling expense, reduced transportation costs and quicker deliveries.

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BECAUSE you would then command the most efficient and complete manufacturing and shipping facilities in the United States.

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BECAUSE in New York you would have a labor supply not to be found in any other American city.

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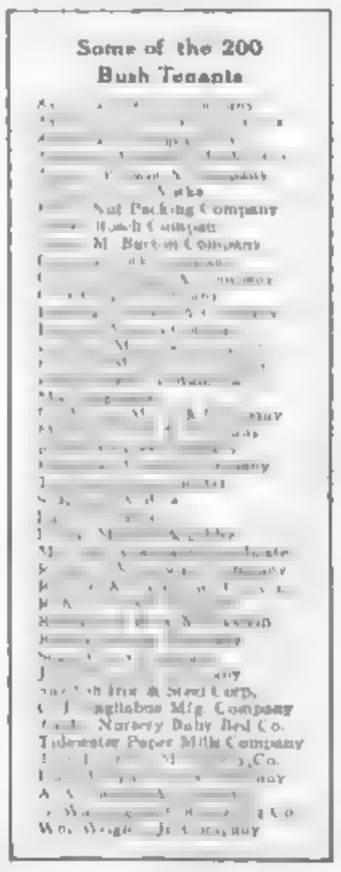

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THE AMATEUR LAMBS

(Continued from Page 16)

"But suppose," said the Principal Person, drawing near and lowering his voice—"suppose something should come out that would have a vital effect on Shoehorn, some government decision, or something like that—then wouldn't it have a good rise?"

"Possibly," the broker replied; "but I don't see what else can come out besides that the Government is going to settle its suits against Shoehorn amicably."

"W-h-a-t!" gasped the Principal Person. "Has that come out?"

The Principal Person felt himself getting cold and then warm. His fingers twitched. His heart beat wildly. He sensed a sinking sensation in his stomach.

"Well," the broker replied, "I knew it about a week or ten days ago and so did the wise ones over in New York and Boston. That's what Shoehorn has had its rise on. It's all over. The wise ones have made theirs, as I look at it."

"Of course," the broker comforted, after the manner of his kind, "I'm not saying that when the official announcement is made it won't go up a point or two, provided the market is in a receptive state; but it isn't any better for investment purposes than a lot of other seven per cent stock selling at about the same level, and not as good as some. Unless the market is buoyant when the announcement comes out I have an idea that Shoehorn will stick round about where it is now."

And he walked away, leaving the Principal Person standing sick and weak on the curb. The nonchalant manner in which the broker had referred to having this exclusive and important inside information for a week or ten days before the syndicate got it—the syndicate that was supposed to be on the inside—made the Principal Person ill. Also, it made him sicker to think he had bought two hundred shares of Shoehorn at 110, when the chances were it would not go any higher and might go much lower—provided it was as the broker had said and the insiders had pushed it up and taken their profits.

Easy Come, Easy Go

He went into the office where he had bought his stock. The clerk behind the counter grinned cheerfully at him. He nodded and moved on to the boardroom.

There was no quotation of National Shoehorn on the board. It stood at 109¼, where it had closed the night before.

"Nothing doing yet," said the Principal Person to himself; and he went out and walked about for an hour.

Then he came back. Still there had been no sale of National Shoehorn.

The Principal Person sat down in a chair in the boardroom to think the thing out. He went over the talk of the broker carefully. This sudden cessation of the activity in the stock made it seem reasonable that the insiders had taken all their profits and that any further movements would be downward. And the syndicate had two hundred shares at 110! If Shoehorn went down to 109 they would lose two hundred dollars in addition to commissions and interest.

Obviously the thing to do was to sell out at 109¾, take the loss at a quarter on two hundred shares, and then wait until the stock had sagged down to 106 or 105, or such a matter, and buy it again for the rise that was sure to come when the official announcement was made.

The loss of a quarter of a point on two hundred shares was not so much. It would prevent bigger and further loss; and then another rise was sure to come. A mere matter of fifty dollars, and the commissions and a small interest charge!

He hung on. That night the Mere Member came round, but the Principal Person told him not to fuss him, as he had other things to worry about and the speculation was doing finely. The next day was a holiday. There was no market. On the next day the Principal Person was early at the boardroom. There was no action in his stock. There it stuck, at 109¾.

He spent feverish half hours in the boardroom and feverish half hours outside. Finally, soon after two o'clock, when there had not been a quotation, he decided to get out. He figured he could sell for 109½ at

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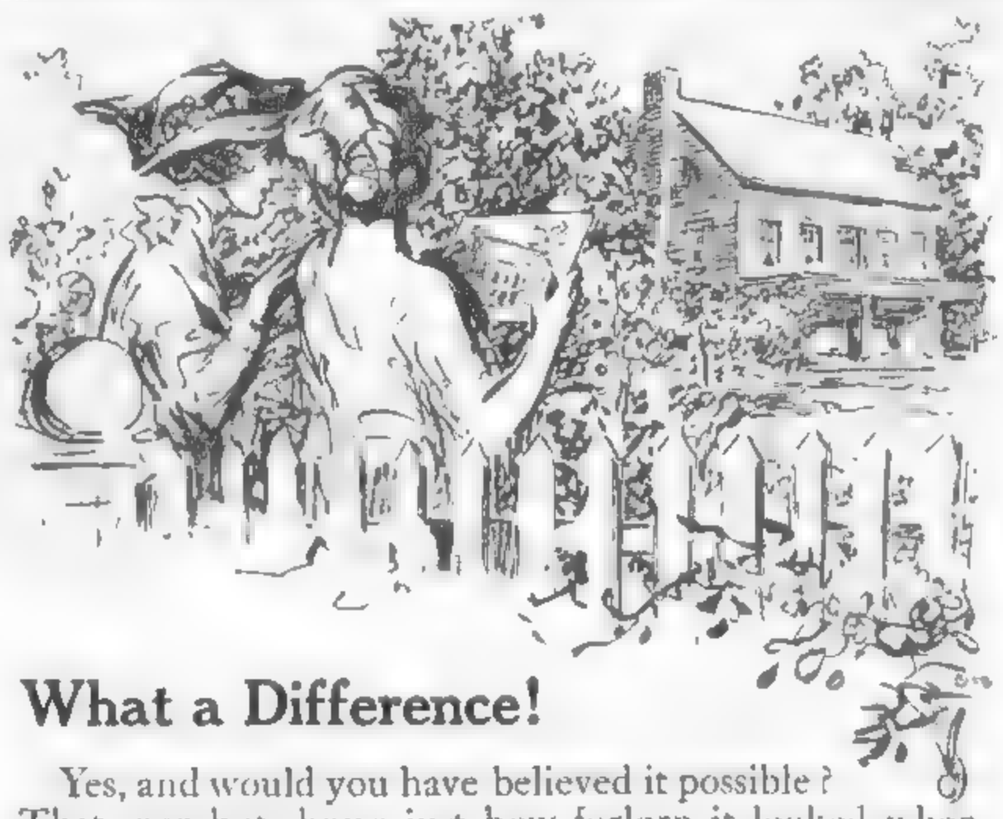

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the very lowest, inasmuch as the latest quotation was 109¾.

He must get out. That was certain. All his money and all the money of the Mere Member was tied up there, and they must not lose it. He feverishly wrote an order to sell two hundred shares of National Shoehorn at the market, and told the clerk he would be in his office. The clerk smiled pleasantly and took the order to the operator for transmission to New York. Before the Principal Person had his overcoat off in his office his telephone rang.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello! This is the broker's office talking. Sold to your account one hundred Shoehorn at 107½ and one hundred Shoehorn at 107⅝."

"W-h-a-t!" he shouted into the transmitter. "A hundred and seven! You mean a hundred and nine, don't you?"

"Sold to your account one hundred Shoehorn at 107⅛ and one hundred Shoehorn at 107⅜," the man at the other end of the wire repeated coldly—and hung up.

The Principal Person sat inert in his chair for half an hour. Then he got up, put on his hat and overcoat, and walked down to the office of the broker. As he neared the door he tried to pull a smile. It was a ghastly effort. The clerk grinned at him cheerfully.

"Kinder got to you!" he chuckled.

"Yes," said the Principal Person, making a valiant effort to appear as though the loss of six hundred dollars was an every-day occurrence with him. "Yes. How do you account for it? That last quotation was three-quarters over 109, and you sold me out at a little more than 107. I don't understand it. I figured on getting 109; at least."

"Well," replied the cheerful clerk, "that Shoehorn is a very radical stock. Here's your statement."

He handed the Principal Person a sheet of paper, on which were some rows of typewritten figures. The Principal Person stuffed it into his pocket and went back to his office. Once there, he locked the door and examined the statement minutely.

Breaking the Sad News

The details were as enervating as they were definite. It was recorded on the sheet that he and the Mere Member had bought two hundred shares of National Shoehorn at 110, which, with commissions, amounted to $22,025; and that there were interest charges for three days of $9.34. It also showed that the syndicate had sold one hundred shares of National Shoehorn for 107⅛, which amounted to $10,735.50, and had sold one hundred shares for 107⅝, for which there was a credit of $10,698. The margin of two thousand dollars was credited and there were some interest statistics he did not understand.

One thing was plain enough—it stood out as if it were typewritten in letters of fire: Instead of two thousand dollars to the credit of the syndicate, there was a balance due of but $1399.16.

That night the Mere Member came joyously in.

"Well, old sport," he shouted, "how much richer are we tonight? How much did we grab off today?"

The Principal Person looked at him sadly.

"Sit down, my boy," he said gently; "sit down and prepare yourself for a shock."

"What's the matter?" asked the Mere Member. "Have we lost?"

"Lost!" repeated the Principal Person bitterly. "That is a conservative way of putting it. We have been soaked for six hundred dollars."

"But how —— You're joking! You said we couldn't lose!" choked the Mere Member.

"I know I did," replied the Principal Person; "but I was mistaken."

They sat and stared at the floor for half an hour. Then the Principal Person got up, lighted a cigarette, and looked at the miserable Mere Member.

"We got in too late," he said. "It was old stuff. Everybody had the news before we did. I thought it was new. It would have been good if we had got it in time."

The Principal Person stopped and looked at the Mere Member, who was shrunken and shriveled in his chair. He shook the Mere Member by the shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "how long had you known about this settlement between the Government and National Shoehorn before you told me about it?"

"Oh," replied the Mere Member, "about ten days or two weeks, I guess. Why? Did that make any difference?"

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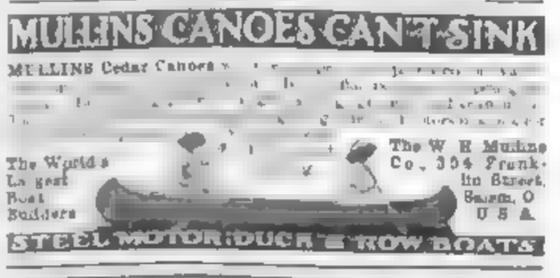

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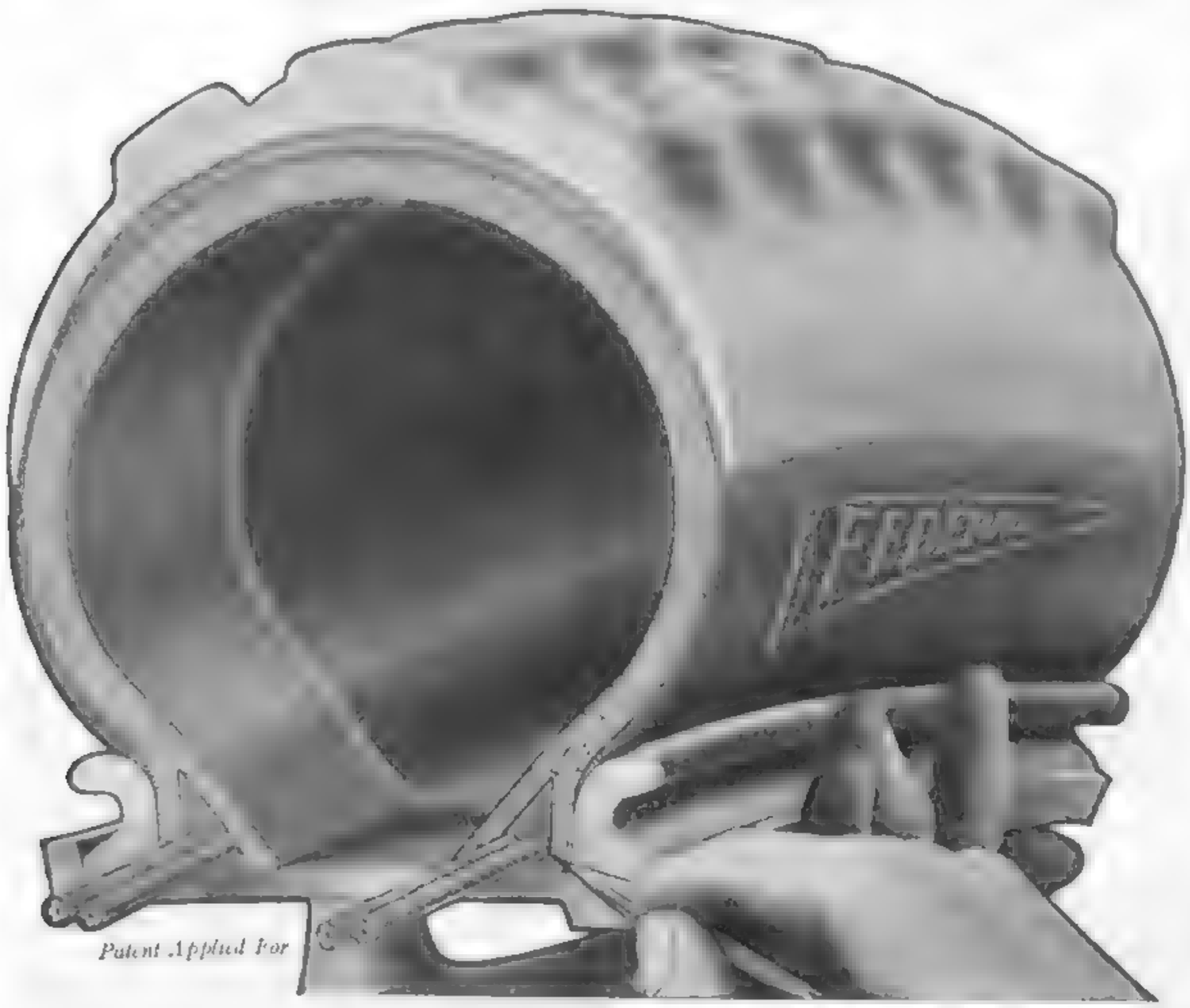
Double - Cable - Base



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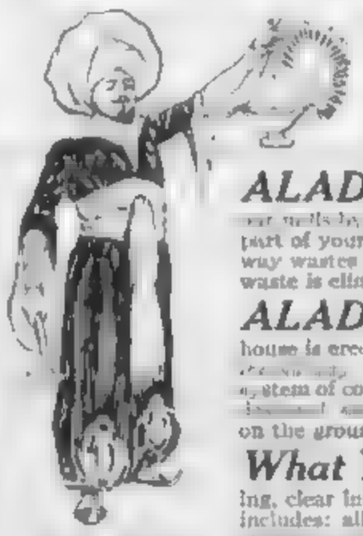

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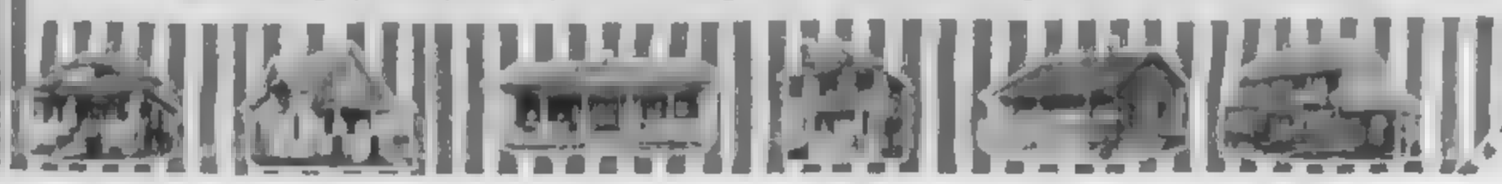

A NON-COMBATANT OF BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 10)

what the baseball writer says, but that makes no difference to the letter writers; and he seems to derive much pleasure in printing the letters—at least all that are printable.

Many baseball managers say they do not read the newspapers during the season and advise their ballplayers not to read them—especially if the players are having a run of hard luck on the field. I have yet to see a manager miss anything in the way of criticism of himself, however; so I guess they read the papers all right. There are even some baseball managers who seem rather to resent the presence of baseball writers round their clubs and regard them in the light of hangers-on; but the majority of both managers and secretaries, and even the magnates, are not only glad to have the writers but treat them with great consideration.

As for the ballplayers, they generally take the writer in as a sort of member of the family—especially when the club is on tour. Most ballplayers do not resent criticism if they feel it is justified, and most of them can enjoy a laugh at their own expense, even when it appears in print.

That is especially true of a club that is out in front or pretty well up in the race. The boys are feeling good and do not care much what is said about them. When the going is a little rough there is more apt to be a general feeling of peevishness.

Naturally it is a lot nicer to travel with a winner than a loser, not only for the reason I have mentioned but also because you do not have to be constantly offering excuses for a winner.

A baseball writer comes to know all the family secrets of a club, including skeletons. He comes to know all the little hopes and fears of every man in the club. He knows the leftfielder is supporting a widowed mother; that the second baseman is drinking a bit too much on the sly for his own good; and that the first string catcher is the stingiest man in seven states. It is apt to prove slightly embarrassing at times—this intimacy; for there may come a day when a ballplayer may make a bad break and lose an important game, and the writer naturally does not feel much like roasting the player as the fans perhaps feel the player deserves to be roasted.

It is pretty hard to pan a fellow you have lived with for months and who regards you as a friend. Besides, the writer knows the player feels worse about his break than any one else could possibly feel. If a dramatic critic had to travel with a theatrical company for several months before they produced their play, his criticism would probably be tempered with a lot of mercy.

The Monotony of the Road

I have been round with a ball club so much that I fear I am developing many of the characteristics of the ballplayer. For instance, whenever the train comes to a halt I feel impelled to rush out and purchase a sandwich; not that I am hungry, perhaps I have dined only an hour before, but because getting the sandwich and eating it will give me something to do; it will momentarily relieve the tedium of travel.

It is what the ballplayers call an air-brake appetite. They all have it. The sound of the brakes is a signal for the dash to the lunch counter.

Like a ballplayer, too, I travel much and see little. I cover thousands of miles every year and visit many cities, but there are only two things I am able to recall about the towns a month later: One is whether the hotel was extra poor or extra good—if it was just a middling poor hotel, or only fair, I might not recall it—my memory retains only the extremes in that respect; the other thing I remember is the general whereabouts of the telegraph office and the operator service thereat.

Put me down in that town two years later and my sense of location will lead me unerringly to the telegraph office. I may forget the ball yard, but not the telegraph office.

As for going round and taking a look at the sights of interest—never! Mighty few baseball players of my acquaintance and no baseball writers are afflicted with that sort of curiosity. Any spare time is utilized in sleeping or eating. Once in a while a recruit may bob up with a penchant for visiting historic scenes and edifices, and prowling round museums; but he tires of it after the first season.

Occasionally in the summer bad weather will keep a club housed up in a hotel for several days at a stretch, and that means considerable cardplaying—the stock amusement of all ball clubs on tour. The ballplayers have nothing whatever to occupy their minds; but between hands—oh, yes; I play!—the baseball writer has to think up something to send his paper, and off-duty stories are trying matters. I suppose they are particularly trying to the readers.

"No game; wet grounds!" This laconic line of the Associated Press would adequately cover the situation, but the sporting editor wants something more verbose than that. He has his space to fill. Gossip of the players and speculation on the possibilities of the next game usually answer, with several hundred words on the salient proposition that it rained—and how he rained!

There must, of course, be some reference to Jupiter Pluvius. Personally I am rather hazy as to the exact identity of Jupiter Pluvius, my information being confined to the fact that he had something to do with rain; but I think I have given him as much publicity as any baseball writer in the business.

It seems to me that a baseball writer on an afternoon paper has a much harder job than a man on a morning paper. The latter writes the game after it is over and it is his day's work. The afternoon man has to sit beside a telegraph operator in the press box, and dictate the game play by play for the baseball extra. If you are close enough you can hear him droning away:

When Player Turns Author

"Murphy blazed a single to left; Oldring whiffed; Chapman booted Collins' easy roller, and Murphy took second; Baker dribbled a slow one to Chapman and Collins was doubled in a fast play—Chapman to Lajoie, to Johnston. One hit; no runs; one error."

The last remarks are for the benefit of the man down at the office, who is compiling a boxscore from the writer's story as it goes along—and perhaps at the same time supplying a scoreboard for an excited throng out in front of the building. If a writer happens to be late at the game or not feeling quite up to dictation, the story will go in just the same. There are operators in every press box in the big leagues who have been handling the keys at the ball yards for twenty years or more, and they are always willing to serve in a pinch.

After he is through dictating the writer on an afternoon paper must tear off a column of comment for the sporting page the following afternoon. As the morning papers will have practically killed the story of the game for him he has to figure out some new angle.

The World's Series is supposed to be the grand finale to the baseball season every year—and so it is as far as the fans are concerned. I think the reaction from the excitement of the summer is immediate and they lose interest at once. Most of the big-league writers cover the series for their respective papers, no matter where it takes place; and last fall there were more than three hundred writers in the press boxes at New York and Philadelphia during the championship battles. They came from all over the country.

My paper is fond of getting some prominent player figuring in the series to allow it to use his name over stories about the game. It provides him with an experienced writer who meets him after the game, gets the player's ideas on what happened and whips them into readable shape. I have had this interesting assignment on several occasions; and I desire to say for myself and for my collaborator that we produced some grand stories. Once or twice I had a co-author whose ideas were somewhat confused, not to say incoherent, because he happened to contribute heavily to the loss of games; but our readers had no cause for complaint.

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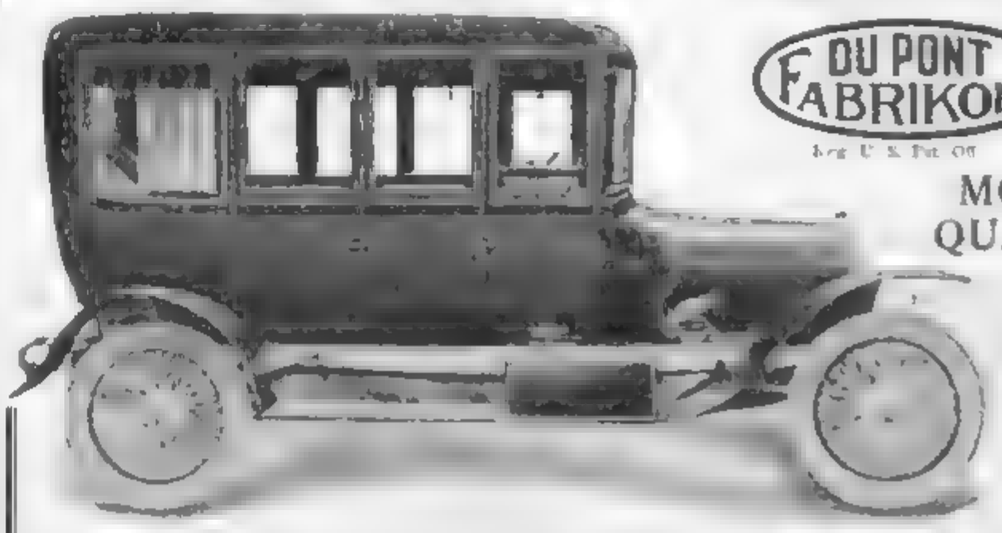

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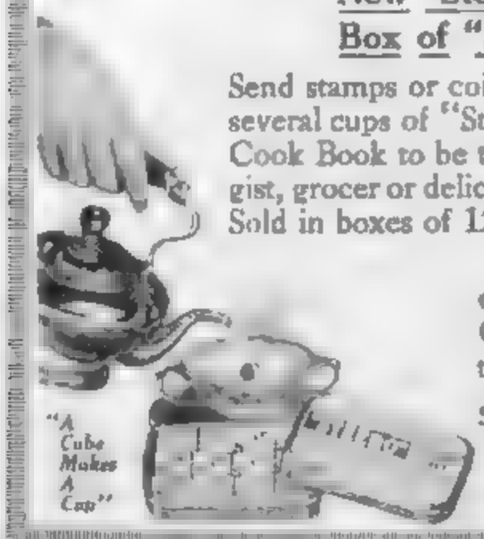

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use of his name, while I—but no matter; I receive my weekly stipend.

Prominent actors and prominent playwrights, who are generally prominent fans, are fond of easing their way into a press box and some publicity at World's Series time by permitting some excellent reporter to write a story of the game for them under their prominent signatures. I hesitate to comment on this practice because I am a baseball writer and the reader might think I am prejudiced. Besides that, who am I to mention—even ever so lightly—the idiosyncrasies of managing editors?

Nowadays every well-regulated newspaper has weekly and even daily stories by some well-known ballplayer, through an enterprising syndicate; but I doubt whether more than two or three players really write their own stuff or even see the stories before they are printed. I desire to compliment some of them, however, on gamely standing for some of the things that are said for them. Just before the last World's Series the National Commission, which is the governing power of baseball, talked of prohibiting the players actually engaged in the series from selling the use of their names; but nothing came of the talk. Only about half the Giants and the Athletics figured as authors.

After the World's Series in October there is a lull in the baseball world that carries over until December. Football comes along and takes up most of the space of the sporting pages. After the football games have been played and all the All-American elevens selected, baseball creeps back into the papers little by little.

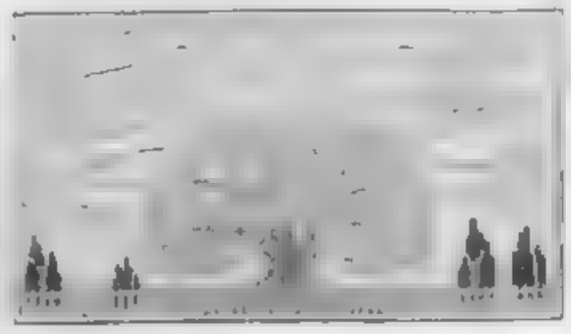
In December come the league meetings, when the magnates get together at some hotel—usually in New York—to discuss their affairs. These meetings always draw a big crowd of managers and ballplayers, who arrange trades or make sales of players and otherwise furnish news for the baseball writer. Following the meetings comes still another lull, and then along in January the stock stories of the winter begin to appear. Some ballplayers are always holding out for more salary or retiring from baseball; and, though ballplayers seldom do retire until they are retired, their announcements are worth some space and comment if they are players of prominence.

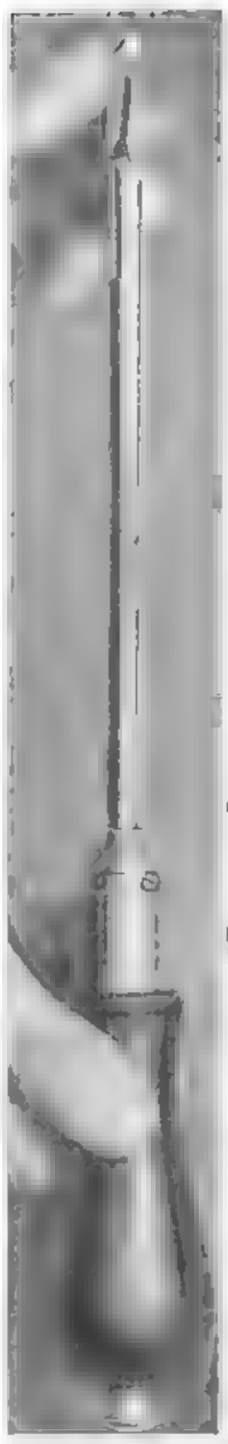
Winter Ball Gossip

Then some club is always firing and hiring a manager—in either case it is a good winter story. These baseball magnates are getting mighty crafty in their publicity methods of late years. When a manager is let out his successor is not appointed at once, even though the magnate may have the successor in mind. That leads to columns of speculation in the newspaper as to the identity of the successor; and then when he is finally engaged there are more columns. Simple directness is becoming practically unknown in the business dealings of baseball.

During the past winter the Federal League gathered most of the publicity going round. It picked the right time to break into the newspapers, and all the money it claims to have behind it would not have purchased half the space it received free of charge; in fact it received that space at considerable cost to the press.

Some distinguished men have been baseball writers in their time, though I do not think any of them were ever brother members of mine in the Baseball Writers' Association of America. George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne and Victor Murdock are among the writers of the past. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, was a baseball writer. So, too, was Charles W. Murphy, president of the Chicago Cubs; in fact the latter was sitting in a press box, as I understand it, when he got the hunch to buy the Chicago Cubs and make for himself a million dollars, more or less. Where he got the money to do the buying I cannot say—not in a press box: you may be sure of that.





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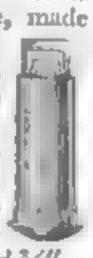

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It is good for many years of "heavy days" work.

* * * *

Sooner or later you will write and foot your bills simultaneously.

You can't begin too soon. Delay simply means more time-waste and error-risk in your office.

Write today to our New York office for booklet, "The New Remington Idea," which describes this remarkable machine in detail.

* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown below.

Each is a member of the famous Remington family.

Each is a complete easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature.

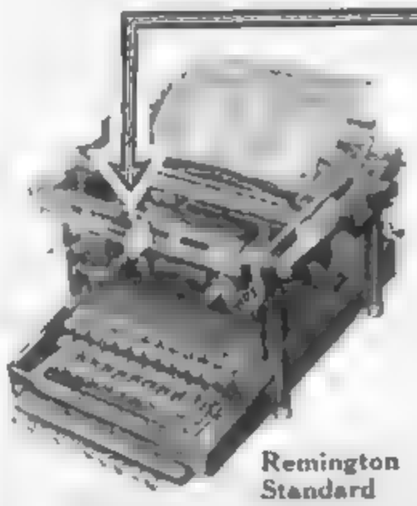
Each is designed and built so as to insure maximum durability.

Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Write today for booklet, "The New Remington Idea."

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting TYPEWRITER

(VISIBLE MECHANISM)



Remington Standard

Monarch Model

Smith-Premier Model

Your totals are shown here as fast as the figures are typed

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City *(Branches Everywhere)*

For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remington brand paper, carbon paper and ribbons

Nearly 200 car manufacturers use the Stewart Speedometer

The most Popular Speedometer in the world

THE Stewart Speedometer is not only the most popular speedometer in the entire world but it is also the most popular automobile accessory the world has ever known.

Nearly 200 motor car manufacturers use it as standard or special equipment. Think of it! Not another *automobile* accessory in the world is used on so many cars.

Some manufacturers of accessories call your attention to a list of 20 or 30 car manufacturers who use their product. Others show 40 or 50. Some few proudly claim as many as 60. But look at the list of Stewart Speedometer users—almost 200!

Why such complete supremacy?

Why has the Stewart become the most popular speedometer?

First—

The Stewart is built on the famous magnetic principle—the principle that revolutionized the speedometer industry. Previous to the introduction of the magnetic instrument all speedometers were of the centrifugal type. Now what do you find? Watch the cars. Check up the first hundred that you come in contact with, you'll find nearly every car carries a magnetic speedometer. In fact, it is hard to find cars not equipped with the magnetic speedometers—they are so universally used.

Car manufacturers prefer the magnetic type of speedometers unless they want to economize. The magnetic speedometer costs more than any other. That's why the best manufacturers use it.

Dealers find it easy to sell cars equipped with the magnetic speedometer because the public insists on the magnetic instrument, first, last and all the time.

Second—

The Stewart Speedometer, in addition to being built on the correct and reliable-for-life principle, is of the finest mechanical construction. It has jeweled bearings, is temperature compensated and is accurate under all climatic conditions. It is built just like a fine watch. It has the largest and most costly odometer made; the mileage dials are of solid bronze with very large figures; the flexible shaft, the result of twenty years experience in the manufacturing of flexible shafting, is unusually strong and durable; the swivel joint, which we were the first to introduce for speedometer use, is an extremely expensive addition as we make it; in fact throughout, the whole instrument is a remarkably fine and marvelously accurate piece of mechanism. It could be no better.

Third—

Each Stewart Speedometer is backed by the world's largest and most thorough chain of service stations. Each station is in charge of a Stewart expert who has a staff of factory trained men at his command. Each station is completely equipped with instruments, parts, dies and tools to give full factory service.

Fourth—

The Stewart instrument is built in the largest speedometer plant in the world—larger than all the others combined. We have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in the finest automatic machinery and special tool equipment. We employ the largest and best paid staff of skilled mechanics in the speedometer business.

And these are but a few of the main reasons why manufacturers, dealers and the public are united in specifically insisting on the one speedometer—the magnetic type Stewart.

Study the long list of cars that are equipped with Stewarts. See that the car you select is equipped with a Stewart. Any dealer or manufacturer will gladly supply it.

Automobiles using Stewart Speedometers as standard or special equipment for 1914

Abbott
Adams
Allen
Alter
Ames
Anger
Anglaize
Apperson
Armleder
Auburn
Auto Car
Available
Avery
Bailey Truck
Baker Electric
Beck
Benz Six
Boyd Fire Trucks
Brasu Truck
Brintwell
Brockville
Brockway
Brown
Buick
Burg
Cady
Cameron (Beverly, Mass.)
Cameron (New Haven, Conn.)
Cartercar
Chase
Chautauqua
Clark
Clark Delivery
Colby
Coleman
Continental (Franklin, Ind.)
Continental (Minneapolis, Minn.)
Crane & Breed
Crawford (Hagerstown, Md.)
Crawford (Saginaw, Mich.)
Crescent
Crow
Crown (Louisville, Ky.)
Crown (Milwaukee, Wis.)
Dayton
De Haven
De Luxe
De Tamble
Detroit Electric
Detroiter
Diamond T
Dorris
Durable Dayton
Eagle Motorcycle
Easton
Emblem
Empire (Connersville, Ind.)
Empire (Indianapolis, Ind.)
Empire (Oswego, N. Y.)
Enger
Excelsior
F-A-L
Fargo
Federal
Field Electric Bus
Four Wheel Drive Truck
Fritchle
Gabriel Truck
Geneva
Glide
Gramm Truck
Great Western
Greyhound
Haas
Harder Truck
Harley-Davidson
Harvey
Hatfield
Haverford
Havers
Haynes
Henderson
Henderson Motorcycle
Herreshoff
Hewitt-Ludlow
Howard
Hudson
Hulburt
Humming Bird
Hupmobile
Ideal
International
Ives
Jackson
Joerns-Thiem
Juno Truck
Kelly
Kentucky
King
Kissel
Kopp Truck
Krebs
Krickwell
Krit
Lambert
Landshaft Truck
Le Moon Truck
Lexington
Lippard-Stewart
Little Giant
Lord Baltimore
L. P. C.
Luverne
Maccar
Mais
Marathon
Marion
Martin
Marvel
Mason
Maxwell (Detroit, Mich.)
Maxwell (Hammondsport, N. Y.)
McLaughlin
Mercury
Metropol
Metz
Middleboro Truck
Miller
Modern
Moline
Moon (St. Louis Mo. Buggy Co.)
Moon (St. Louis Mo. Motor Car Co.)
Moore
Moore Truck
Morsland
Moyer
Niagara
Norwalk
Nyberg (Anderson, Ind.)
Nyberg (Chattanooga, Tenn.)
Oakland
Old Reliable
Overland
Paige-Detroit
Palmer & Singer
Paterson
Pathfinder
Peerless Truck
Perfex
Pierce
Piggins
Pullman
Rambler
Regal
Richmond
Robinson
Rowe
Sandow
Sanford
Saxon
Selden
Service
Siebert
Speeter
Standard (Dayton, Ohio)
Standard (Detroit, Mich.)
Stanley
Sternberg
Stewart
Studebaker
Sullivan
Triumph
Trojan
Tuttle
Universal
Van Winkle
Wagenhals
Wahl
Ward
Waverley
Westcott
White
White Star
Willet
Woods Electric
Woodworth Motor Truck
Zimmerman

Why don't the other manufacturers of speedometers publish the list of cars which they claim are equipped with centrifugal speedometers?

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Illinois, and Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES

Atlanta, Ga. · Boston, Mass. · New York, N. Y. · Buffalo, N. Y. · Chicago, Ill. · Philadelphia, Pa. · Cleveland, Ohio · Pittsburgh, Pa. · Detroit, Mich. · St. Louis, Mo. · Indianapolis, Ind. · San Francisco, Cal. · Kansas City, Mo. · Los Angeles, Cal. · London · Paris · Minneapolis, Minn.

And Service Stations in all cities and large towns

Stewart Speedometer

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

PRESENTLY there will be a new bank in your town or in the big town nearest you. Its title will be Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago—or whatever the town's name is; or it will be Blank Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. The new law says each Federal reserve bank shall establish branches in its district; so no doubt every important city will have either a reserve bank or a branch that will do the same business the parent institution does.

Possibly, as you see the new sign on the plate-glass window, you will wonder what this concern has to do with you. It is not likely that you can buy any stock in it. The stock will be offered first to the national and state banks in the district in the proportion of six hundred-dollar shares for every ten thousand dollars of each bank's capital and surplus. No bank that comes in can subscribe for more or less than that. National banks must subscribe or surrender their charters. State banks can subscribe or not as they please.

As the stock is entitled to six per cent cumulative dividends, all of it in each district will probably be taken by the banks. If the banks in any district do not take all the stock allotted to that district the remainder will be offered to the public at par. If any should be offered in your district I should advise you to subscribe for it to the extent of your spare cash.

No person or company can subscribe for or hold more than twenty-five thousand dollars of the stock that is not taken by banks, and the preference undoubtedly will be given to small subscribers. This public stock has no voting power, but I judge it would be an excellent investment. However, there is not likely to be any public stock, as the banks no doubt will take it all; and a bank, having once bought the stock, cannot sell it. So, for purposes of direct investment, you may as well cross the new banks off the list.

Of course you cannot open an account with the new bank, for it will accept deposits only from other banks and from the Federal Government. If you wish to buy or sell any gold coin or bullion, or to get a loan on gold coin or bullion, the new bank may deal directly with you; but probably your transactions in that line will not be so extensive that your own bank cannot accommodate you very satisfactorily.

The New "Emergency Exits"

Likewise the new bank may deal directly with you in the purchase or sale of United States bonds. Of more practical importance, it may deal directly in the purchase of "bills, notes, revenue bonds and warrants, with a maturity not exceeding six months, issued in anticipation of the collection of taxes or in anticipation of the receipt of assured revenue by any state, county, political subdivision or municipality in the continental United States, including irrigation, drainage and reclamation districts."

States, counties and cities are chronically anticipating taxes—spending the money a few months before it is actually collected—and for paper of that kind the resources of the new banks will be directly available. Also, the new banks may deal directly with the public in purchasing bills of exchange based on actual commercial transactions.

With these exceptions, the new banks will deal only with other banks and with the Federal Government; but in so dealing they may decidedly and beneficially affect you. On the indorsement of any member bank a Federal reserve bank may discount notes, drafts and bills of exchange arising out of actual commercial transactions and having not more than ninety days to run.

Now the stock of consumable goods in the country is just as large after a panic as it was before—there is just as much grain, meat, clothing, furniture, and so on. Also, there are exactly as many people in the country who want those goods and would be able to pay for them if their business or employment were going on in a normal way. The country never runs out of consumable goods or out of consumers. What it runs out of is money.

You buy, say, a carload of flour and make it into crackers, which you sell to a wholesaler, who sells it to retailers, who sell it to farmers, who feed the harvest hands with it. All along the line credit plays a part. The flour mill gives you thirty days, you give the wholesaler thirty days, he gives the retailers thirty days, and they give the farmers time to sell their new wheat; and the flour mill itself is buying its wheat partly on borrowed money.

Normally it works smoothly enough. The miller and you and the wholesaler and the retailers have capital enough to keep the transaction safely margined all the way through. But a financial crisis happens. The banks come down on the miller, wanting his wheat loans paid; he comes down on you and you on the wholesaler. In the pinch somebody may break.

The new banks provide, so to speak, an emergency exit all the way along. The miller with good wheat in his bins can always borrow money on it, because his bank can take his note over to the Federal reserve bank and discount it at any time. Your bank will discount the note the solvent wholesaler has given you, because your bank can immediately rediscount it at the Federal reserve bank. The wholesaler can get the retailers' notes discounted, because as soon as they pass through a bank the Federal institution will rediscount them. In short, with the new banks sound commercial paper, based on actual commercial transactions, can always be converted into money.

The Rediscount System

There is a Federal Reserve Board, consisting of the secretary of the treasury, the comptroller of the currency, and five others appointed by the president of the United States. This board is authorized to issue, to an unlimited amount, circulating notes that shall be obligations of the United States, redeemable in gold at Washington, or in gold or lawful money at any Federal reserve bank.

On application of a reserve bank the reserve board may issue to the bank such amount of these notes as it sees fit, provided the bank deposits as collateral an equal amount of rediscounted commercial paper. So, as long as a Federal reserve bank has rediscounted commercial paper, it can get circulating notes as good as the present national bank notes—notes that unquestionably will pass current everywhere.

Practically, therefore, good commercial paper can be converted into money at any time. There can be no such suspension of cash payments as occurred in 1907.

There is no limit on the amount of notes that may be issued; but, of course, there is a restriction. The notes are redeemable in gold, as all sound money in a country like the United States must be; and the amount of gold in the country—or in the world—is limited. The law provides that every Federal reserve bank shall keep forty cents in gold on hand as a reserve for every dollar of circulating notes it has outstanding.

Whenever a dollar of these notes is issued there must be, then, a dollar of good short-time commercial paper deposited as collateral and forty cents in gold to be held as a reserve. Thus there is, in fact, a very important restriction on the amount of notes that can be outstanding at any time.

It is true the Federal Reserve Board is authorized in an emergency to suspend this gold-reserve requirement; but if it does so and the reserve falls below forty per cent, then a tax of one per cent a year on the deficiency is imposed; and if the reserve should fall below thirty-two and a half per cent there is to be a tax of one and a half per cent a year on each two and a half per cent of additional deficiency. Thus if the reserve should fall to thirty per cent the tax would be two and a half per cent a year. This tax of course would increase by so much the interest the Federal reserve bank charged on rediscounts.

If a decided pinch occurred a member bank could still take its commercial paper to the Federal reserve bank of its district and get it rediscounted; but it would have to pay a high rate of interest and the interest rate would increase automatically as the gold reserve fell. It amounts to saying: "In a crisis you can still convert your commercial paper into money, but you must pay a high price for the privilege."

Old Hampshire Bond

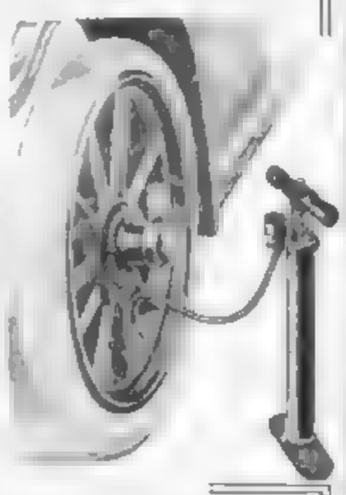
THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, USED for your letterheads and envelopes, reveals your business and its methods to all who read—for the man who is not proud of his business and ambitious for it feels no incentive to put his letters on such paper as Old Hampshire Bond. You can prove this at your printer's. Just ask him to name over a few firms who always specify Old Hampshire Bond. The names of firms using Old Hampshire Bond are the names of business and professional top-notchers—no other class can quite see the economy of buying such a good paper. Old Hampshire Bond, like good clothes, looks well at your journey's end, and will add influence to your argument. ¶ Write on your present letterhead and have us send you samples of modern letterheads on this stock. If you care to include 10c. in your letter and get a liberal package of our Semi-Business stationery.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.
THE ONLY PAPER MAKERS IN THE WORLD MAKING BOND PAPER EXCLUSIVELY

No Dirt or Dust Goes in the Tire

The "Stapley" Tire Pump takes in the air at the top—no dirt or dust can get into the tire. The automatic valve opener permits the tire valve to close without any loss of air. The "Stapley" inflates even the heaviest tires with surprising ease.



The pump cylinders are made from seamless brass tubing and will not rust. No leaky joints. It's a *reliable* pump.

"Bridgeport" BRASS TRADE MARK

TIRE PUMPS

The name "Bridgeport" on a pump is a guarantee that it will give efficient service. Our pumps are made to work easily and last long. We guarantee every one. The "Aeolus" and the "Windjammer", as well as the "Stapley", will do everything you expect of them.

Ask your dealer to show you "Bridgeport" Pumps. Write for new booklet describing the complete line—from the small bicycle tool-kit pump to the compound automobile pumps.

Bridgeport Brass Company
300 East Main Street Bridgeport, Conn.

"SEARCH-LIGHT" BICYCLE LAMP—
Makes its own gas, burns brilliantly, will not [illegible]. Handsomely nickel-plated; may be attached to either head or frame and adjusted [illegible]. Mailed Bridgeport Brass Co. Ask your dealer or write for new booklet

Play Billiards
at Home—the Cost is Trifling

A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play on the Table while paying for it. **No Special Room is Needed.** Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard).

$1.00 DOWN

Prices from $15 up.
CUES, BALLS, ETC., FREE

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Tables

are splendidly made and correct in every detail. The most expert shots, calling for skill of the highest order, can be executed with the utmost precision. Some of the leading professionals use Burrowes Tables for home practice.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today or mail this coupon!

E. T. BURROWES CO., 822 Center Street, Portland, Me.
Please send catalog of Billiard Table offers.
Name
Address

Hurt yourself ————————?

New-Skin

will fix it!

It covers the cut or scrape with a waterproof coating that prevents infection from without, and allows the wound to heal. Even the smallest cut should not be neglected. Have New-Skin on hand for emergency use.

All druggists carry New-Skin, in convenient 10c. size, and 25c. bottles for the home. The genuine has our name on the box. Home size by Parcel Post for 25c. in stamps. Address Dept. A, Newskin Company, New York.

When you need it—you need it badly

A Young Man Who Wasn't a Failure

A YOUNG man was employed by a construction company in the Middle West. He had had a grammar school education. In his daily work he had acquired a lot of practical information along mechanical lines. He was faithful and conscientious in his work. But when a foreman or superintendent was to be chosen, he was "passed up" in favor of younger men to whom *he* had taught the practical side of the business.

He felt vaguely the fault was his. So he set about finding the trouble. He analyzed the men that had been promoted over his head; he analyzed himself. And he found that what they had and he lacked, was a *technical education.*

From a fellow employee he borrowed a circular issued by one of the national correspondence schools. He enrolled as a student and worked in the evenings. Three months later he secured his diploma. At the time of his enrollment, he was earning $50.00 a month. Shortly after he graduated, his wages began to increase. Now he is general manager of a western construction company specializing on power plants and is earning over $4000 a year. His success is the direct result of his decision to *study his work scientifically.*

If you feel you have reached the end of your rope in your present position, write us a letter. You don't need any cash. We will pay the bills. You can select your own college, technical school or musical conservatory.

Just as soon as we hear from you, we will explain the plan. It won't require one cent of expenditure on your part. Address your letter to

The Educational Division, Box 241

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

The object is to discourage all borrowing that is not absolutely necessary whenever money becomes really stringent, and to compel an overextended business community to shorten sail.

In fact, a tax—the rate to be established by the Federal Reserve Board—attaches to these notes from the beginning, even when the gold reserve is above forty per cent. The reserve board may in its discretion refuse to issue circulating notes to any reserve bank. Having issued notes to a reserve bank the board may fix such a tax on the notes as it sees fit. Thus the board has absolute power to prevent currency inflation.

That is the real nub of a currency system—to have enough to get through an emergency and yet place such limitations on the amount as will tend to discourage reckless borrowing and overexpansion. A great fault with our present system is that there is never enough to get through a pinch, the result being more or less widespread suspension of cash payments, as in 1907 and 1893.

Another fault is that when business becomes dull there is no practicable way of taking up the slack. Idle money piles up in bank vaults, which creates a temptation to make speculative loans and thus prepare the ground for another pinch. Under the new system when one Federal reserve bank takes in the notes of another it must at once forward them for redemption to the bank that issued them. One reserve bank cannot pay out the notes of another in the course of business under penalty of a ten per cent tax. All it can do is to send the notes home for redemption. Thus, it is expected, the quantity of notes in circulation will not exceed the real needs of business at any time.

At present a country bank is required to keep fifteen cents on hand as a reserve out of every dollar of its deposits; but only six cents of the fifteen need be in cash in its own vault. The other nine cents may be deposited in a city bank—say, Omaha or Detroit or Philadelphia; but the Omaha, Detroit or Philadelphia bank may keep half of its reserve on deposit with a bank in New York, Chicago or St. Louis. Thus the bank reserves are scattered among a hundred different institutions.

Commercial Loans at Low Rates

If you are an importer or exporter the new system may have a direct, immediate effect on your business, for the law provides that "any member bank may accept drafts or bills of exchange growing out of transactions involving the importation or exportation of goods and having not more than six months to run." This means that you can arrange with your bank to guarantee payment of a bill of exchange drawn against an actual shipment of goods.

You wish, say, to import a cargo of coffee from Brazil. It will be three or four months after the date of purchase before the cargo arrives and is distributed. You do not wish to borrow the money and pay full bank interest on it for that length of time. The exporter does not wish to lie out of his money so long. He draws a bill of exchange on you for the value of the cargo, payable at ninety days, with bills of lading attached showing that the coffee has been shipped. Your bank guarantees the payment of that bill. Being guaranteed by the bank it can be discounted anywhere at a very low rate of interest.

In Europe, where this method is extensively used, the ordinary rate of discount for bank-accepted bills is only about half our ordinary rate for straight commercial loans. No doubt these bank-accepted bills under the new law will to a very important extent take the place of call loans on Stock Exchange collateral, which our banks use for secondary reserve.

Theoretically but not in fact—the Stock Exchange call loan can always be converted into cash; hence under normal conditions a very low rate of interest is charged on it; but under the new law bank-accepted bills can always, in fact, be converted into cash, because the Federal reserve banks will discount them. So they should get a low rate of interest.

As to management, each Federal reserve bank will have nine directors, three to be appointed by the Federal Reserve Board and six to be elected by the member banks, each such bank having one vote; but only three of the six elected members are to be bankers. The other three are to represent the agricultural, commercial or industrial interests of the district, and must not be officers, directors or employees of any bank.

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

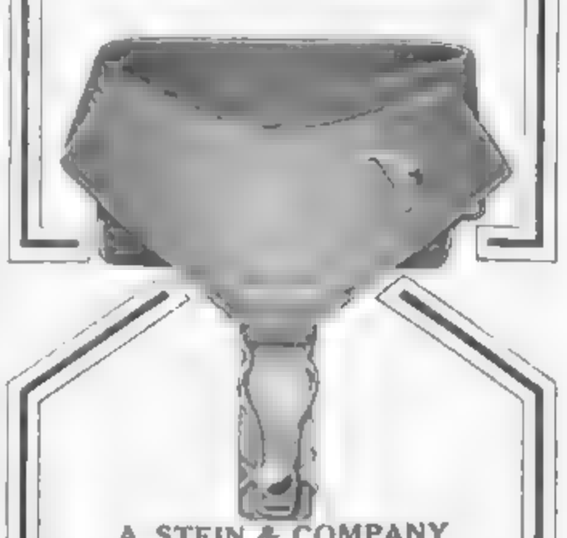
WHEN you buy garters, the salesman wants you to have the best.

Don't take something that "looks like"

PARIS

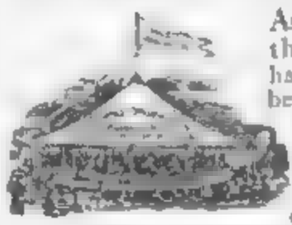
They're all making the "looks-like" kind.

See for yourself; the man on the box; the name on the back of the shield. You want the best for wear and for comfort.



A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
CHICAGO NEW YORK

A BIG INCOME



As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry Go-Round to the highest grade Carousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Pat'd Automatic Contrivers
172 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

WARNER'S
Rust-Proof Corsets
Made-to-Wear

NOT TO RUST, BREAK or TEAR

$1. to $5.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED
SOLD EVERYWHERE

FINE PANAMAS

Genuine Imported Panama Hats for ladies and gentlemen, closely woven, [illegible] fully finished, leather sweat band, silk ribbon trimmed; men's hat [illegible] or bell [illegible] 6 inch brims; cannot be equaled for same money. State size. Exp. prepaid anywhere. $6.00

HOUSTON HAT CO
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BARGAINS in REBUILT AUTOS

Rebuilt cars taken in to [illegible] new [illegible] exactly [illegible] Write quick for full description and prices to

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For Interesting and Valuable Information about

PATENTS WANTED

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E. G. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 7 Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

The Kodak Story

The story of the Kodak album—it's a continued and never concluded story that grips you stronger with every chapter—a story that fascinates every member of the family from grandmother to the kiddies because it's a personal story full of human interest. Let Kodak keep that story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First, a healthy skin— then a beautiful complexion

The healthy skin *must* come first. Keeping it clean is not enough — it must be protected. Lifebuoy Health Soap, as its odor shows, contains an antiseptic solution which purifies and protects the skin, and thus promotes its health and beauty.

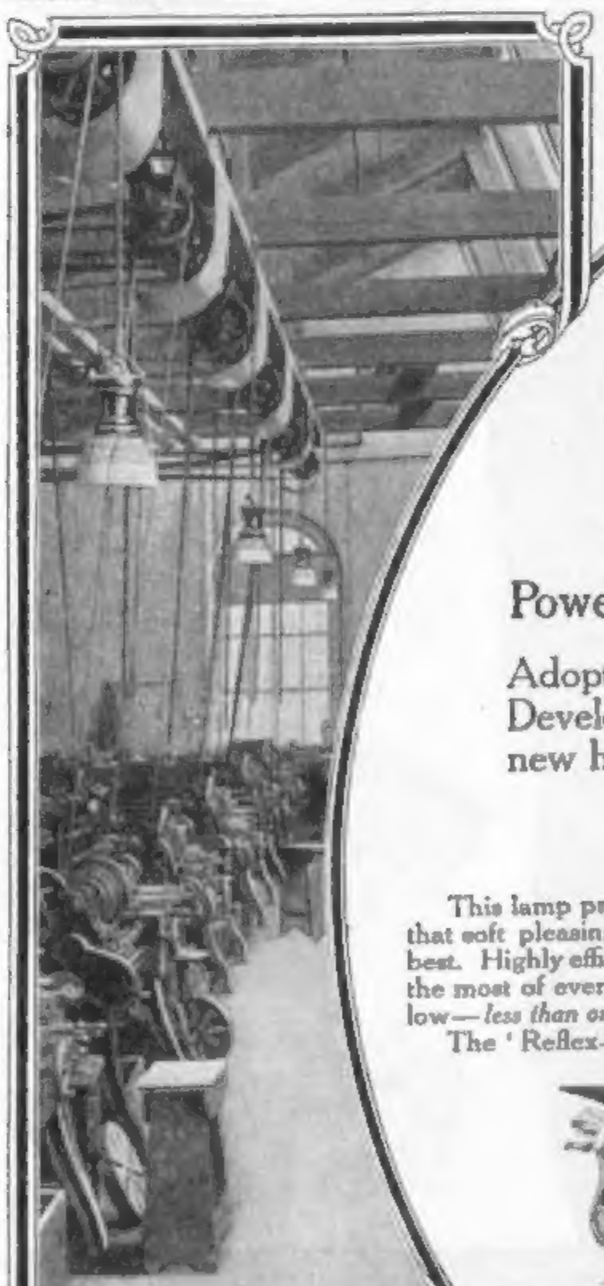
Let us send you this charming picture

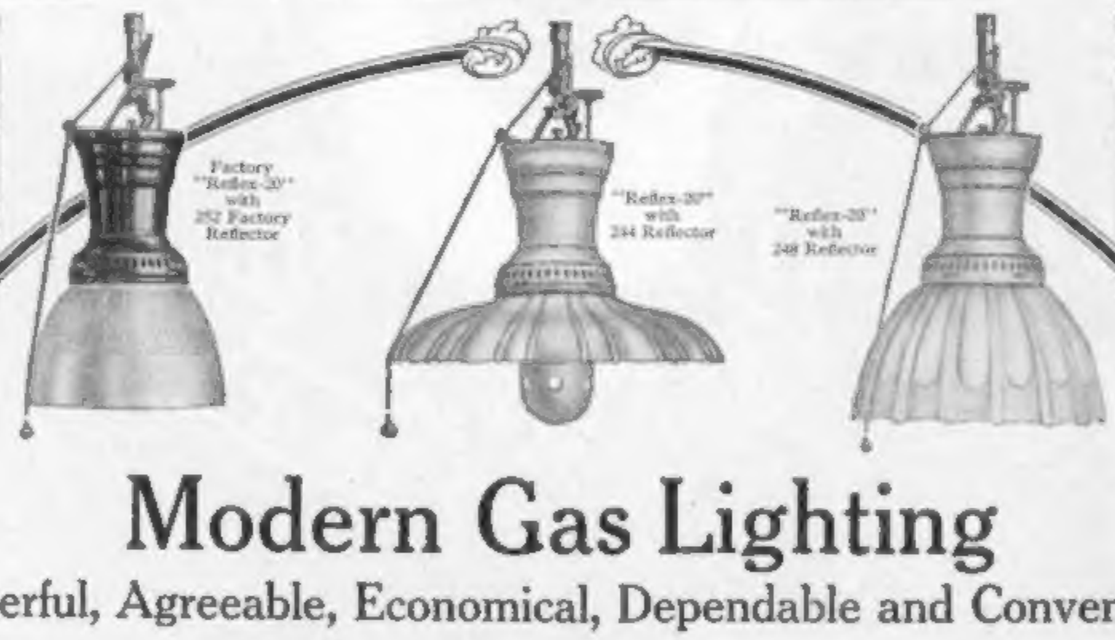
This beautiful picture by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a reproduction of which is shown above, was painted for the purpose of showing the typical "Lifebuoy complexion."

It proved to be such a charming; lifelike picture that we have had it reproduced in full colors, 11½ x 17 inches, on heavy antique paper, worthy of a handsome frame.

Send us 12 cents in stamps to cover postage and we will send you the picture and two big full size cakes of Lifebuoy Soap Free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 8, Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP 5c





Modern Gas Lighting

Powerful, Agreeable, Economical, Dependable and Convenient

Adopted by keen business men, for its high efficiency in store, office, factory. Developed to its most modern, most useful form in the Welsbach Company's new high-power indoor lamp—the

"Reflex-20"

This lamp produces a great volume of illumination, of that soft pleasing quality characteristic of Gas Light at its best. Highly efficient reflectors distribute the light, making the most of every ray. The cost of operation is extremely low—*less than one cent an hour.*

The 'Reflex-20" has one mantle, of unusual size and strength, and a compact, simple construction that makes it singularly adaptable to many lighting requirements. In ornamental forms—direct and semi-indirect—it is appropriate to the most imposing buildings; while its simpler styles are equally pleasing and satisfactory in less pretentious surroundings.

"Reflex-20" plus your Gas Company's service, illuminates Business in the modern way!

Ask your Gas Company to show you the varied adaptations of the powerful "Reflex-20." All "Reflex" Lamps and "Reflex" Mantles are made only by the Welsbach Company. Look for the "Reflex" trade mark and the Welsbach Shield of Quality on the box. Imitations do not give the same service and satisfaction.

Trade Mark

WELSBACH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER, N. J.

REFLEX
Trade Mark

FACTORY LIGHTING with the "REFLEX-20"

STORE LIGHTING with the "REFLEX-20"

When you *know* Gas Lighting you *prefer* it

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

The new EVER-READY is improved beyond compare. Dollars added to the value—but not one cent to the price. The grandest shaving safety razor in all razordom. We will return your dollar if the EVER-READY does not give you the best shaves of your life. The new outfit is a sensational money's worth—one dollar complete. Sold by dealers everywhere.

$1 Complete

The new EVER-READY Safety Razor is a mechanical marvel. It is almost inconceivable to realize that so wonderful a shaving instrument in a complete 12-bladed outfit, can be retailed for $1.00.

Not alone is the new safety frame of the new EVER-READY made and guaranteed for no less than ten years' consecutive service, but it is the simplest, quickest adjustable razor possible to produce.

Made of heavy metal, triple-plated, rustproof and sanitary. The top plate, which smoothes the face, preparing the beard for the blade contact, opens and closes with the lift of the fingers, automatically positions the blade and cannot get out of order. The frame permits handling of the blade without fear of cutting the fingers. This is important and well to remember.

There is nothing to learn but to lather—shaves all beards alike—needs no adjustments.

The handle is gracefully shaped and long enough for the biggest hand. Solid enough to last an eternity.

But look at the illustration. Then cast your eye upon the new outfit that makes your dollar as proud as a gold piece.

Note the new EVER-READY Safety Frame —with top plate lifted, showing "Radio" blade in position.

-with 12 Radio

TRADE-MARK

Steel Blades

To the millions of regular EVER-READY users—to thousands of users of several makes of standard frames—the new "Radio Steel" blade is a shaving revelation.

Never was a safety blade so perfectly keen and keenly perfect. We have achieved a guaranteed uniformity to the shaving edge of the blade.

No more variance of blade quality—ten "Radio" blades in the package means ten of the finest—each one as good as the best of the twelve blades in the dollar outfit. The keenness is so intense as to feel velvety in opposition to the strongest beard, and it's a keenness that takes repeated shaves to dull. Each blade is individually wrapped and protected in a patented package.

The wrapper on each blade (note illustration) bears the trade mark face and the words "EVER-READY Radio Steel Blade"—remember to look for the face and the name.

Almost any Druggist—Hardware Store—Cutlery—Jeweler—or General Store in your town sells "EVER-READY Radio Steel Blades" and EVER-READY Safety Razors.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Makers
Brooklyn, New York

New Ever-Ready Outfit

Extra Blades 10 for 50¢

Chalmers
The Master "Six"

$2175
Fully Equipped—f.o.b. Detroit

Are You on the Fence?

You can't afford to delay buying your new car much longer. Spring is here. Now, if ever, you want your car.

If you are on the fence, decide now. The best selling cars will soon be gone.

This is true of the Chalmers Master "Six"—the fastest selling "Six" of 1914. This great new car has literally taken the country by storm. We could sell at least 1000 more Master "Sixes" if we could build them. Here is the one car you will surely want to see before you decide on any.

We have been told repeatedly that the Master "Six" is the greatest automobile value on the market. Here are five big reasons for an opinion which is almost universal among six-cylinder enthusiasts.

1. The Master "Six" is a Real Six.

It is not a *near* "Six," not an imitation. But the newest product of the big Chalmers factory.

And above all else, you want a "Six."

All the brains and money back of the highest priced cars—those that sell at $3000 to $6000—are devoted to building "Sixes." This year just about all cars above $3000 are "Sixes."

The problem for the Chalmers engineers was to build a *real* "Six"—with the silence, luxury, smoothness, flexibility of the high-priced "Sixes"—at a medium price. The Master "Six" is their answer.

Only with quantity production and most efficient manufacturing is such a "Six" possible. If we built the Master "Six" in hundreds instead of in thousands its price would be from $3000 to $3500 instead of $2175.

No other type of car can equal the silence, smoothness, flexibility and luxury of the Master "Six." These qualities are built into the Chalmers. No auxiliary mechanism is needed to help out the Master "Six." The Chalmers Standard Road Test is the proof.

2. Chalmers design gives most service at lowest cost of upkeep.

It took two years of hard work to produce the Master "Six" motor. It is a genuine long stroke, T-head motor—Chalmers built. That means all moving parts enclosed for silence and cleanness; fuel heated three ways, for economy; tungsten steel valves of diamond hardness for long wear; large oval cams for smoothness and quietness. It means every part built and fitted with microscopic accuracy.

The Master "Six" motor is non-stallable. Made so by the powerful, ever-ready Chalmers-Entz starter. Move a single switch and the motor starts; and keeps running until you wish it to stop.

The 1914 motor shows proved the Chalmers the Master Car of the year.

3. The Chalmers Master "Six" is truly a manufactured car.

And that is the only kind you will want to buy.

Practically every part of the Master "Six" is built complete in Chalmers shops. That means that one Company—and none is stronger than Chalmers—guarantees the whole car. It means most careful workmanship and rigid inspection. It means quality and service which assure years of extra wear.

Manufacturing Chalmers cars complete enables us to eliminate many parts makers profits. The saving goes to you in added value throughout the car.

Whatever you buy, get a manufactured car.

4. We build quality first—price comes afterward.

Money can't buy better steels, paint, castings or more careful workmanship than we put in Chalmers cars. Measure the Chalmers with any other; you'll see we build these materials into real cars—more for the money, we think, than you can get elsewhere.

But, greatest of all, Chalmers price is right. We build many cars, so we sell them on a narrow margin of profit. Chalmers cars are not over-priced to give extra allowances in trading in used cars. We believe in giving the value in the list price and in a fair discount to dealers; we don't believe in an over-priced car.

It pays to buy a car that is priced on a cash basis and not on a trade basis.

Don't look at the allowance for your old car so much as at the difference you pay between your car and a new car.

Chalmers cars sell at one price everywhere and to everyone. And so they sell cheaper in proportion to quality than many. Just study the Master "Six" and convince yourself.

5. Luxury and style—we'll leave that to you.

Looks in a car count a lot. And the Master "Six" is a car you can always be proud of. It has streamline body, tapered bonnet, molded oval fenders, clean running boards, tires at rear, left drive, center control—in a word, every feature of style you can want.

Upholstery is deep and comfortable. Bodies are roomy. Doors are extra wide, and admit you from either right or left side.

Electric lights, electric starting, demountable rims, rain-vision windshield—these and a score of other things give utmost convenience. Finish is the best.

If you are on the fence, *now* is the time to decide. Eighty per cent of our output of Master "Sixes" has already been delivered—so if you want one, get off the fence now. Go to any Chalmers dealer. Take the Chalmers Test Ride. When the car itself has convinced you, place your order and get your Master "Six" when you want it. If you have a car to trade, ask a Chalmers dealer to quote you an allowance.

A Lighter "Six," $1800

For the man who wants a smaller and less expensive car—a light-running, smooth-running and luxurious "Six" at the price of a four.

Light in weight to save fuel and tires, yet generous in size and strung for the strain of service. With a motor like but lighter than the Master "Six," yet ample in power and with speed to spare.

A lighter car but not a little one; a cheaper car but not a skimpy one. And sold at a price which has brought the luxury of the "Six" within the reach of all.

Look at these Features and Try to Match Them at the Price

Six Cylinders	Timken Roller Bearings
48 Horsepower	Locked Transmission Gears
126-inch Wheel Base	Chalmers Sectional Piston Rings
Electric Starter	Multiple Disc Clutch
Non-Stallable Motor	Clean Running Board
Electric Lights	Left Drive; Center Control
Tungsten Steel Valves	34-inch Wheels
Streamline Body	Rayfield Carburetor
Molded Oval Fenders	Underslung Springs
Triple-Heated Fuel	Tapered Bonnet

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Dancing is delightful to the music of the Victrola

Every one enjoys dancing to music of such splendid volume, such clearness and perfect rhythm—and the Victrola plays as long as any one wants to dance.

The Victrola brings to you all kinds of music and entertainment, superbly rendered by the world's greatest artists who make records exclusively for the Victor.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play the latest dance music or any other music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors